May 26, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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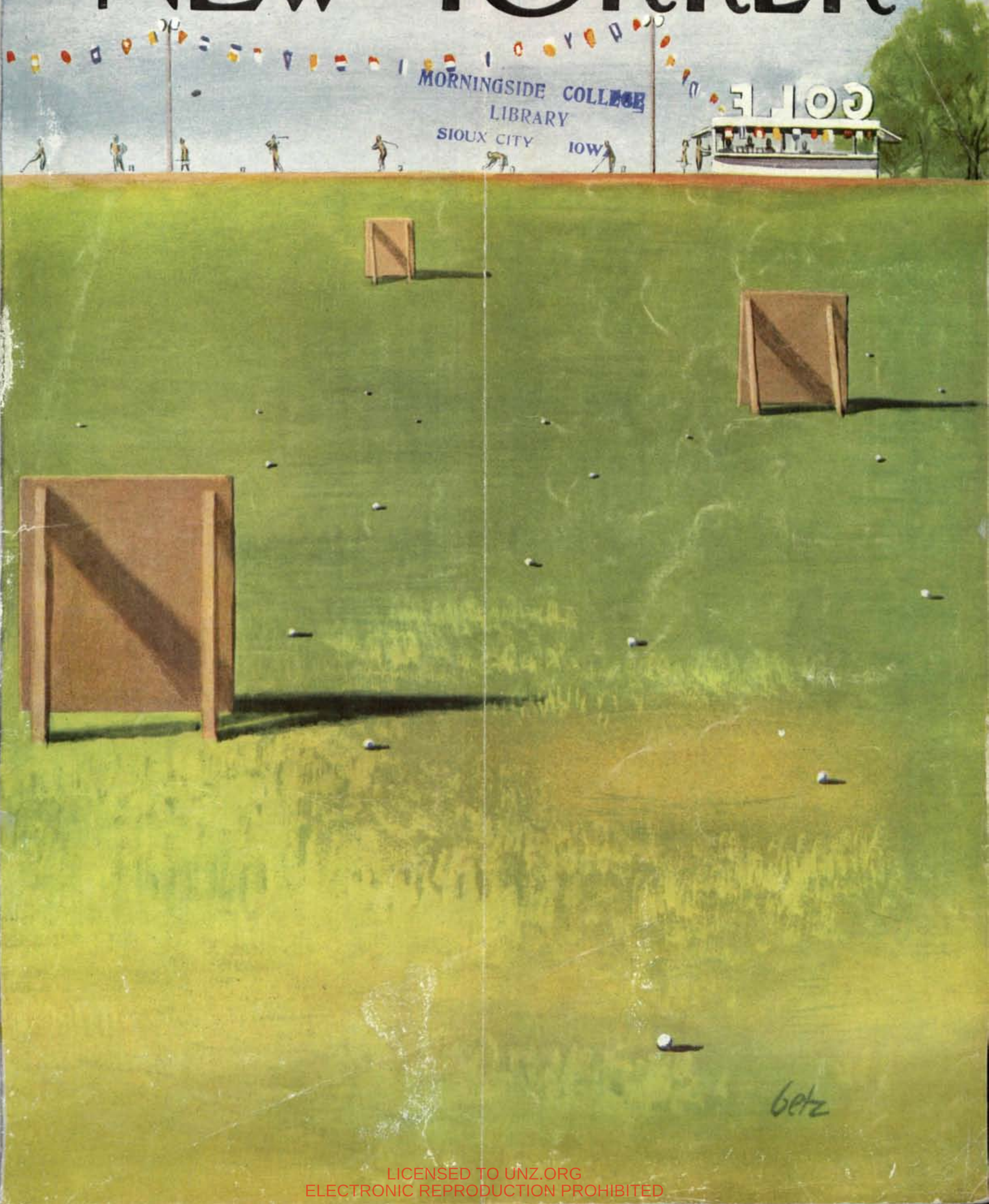

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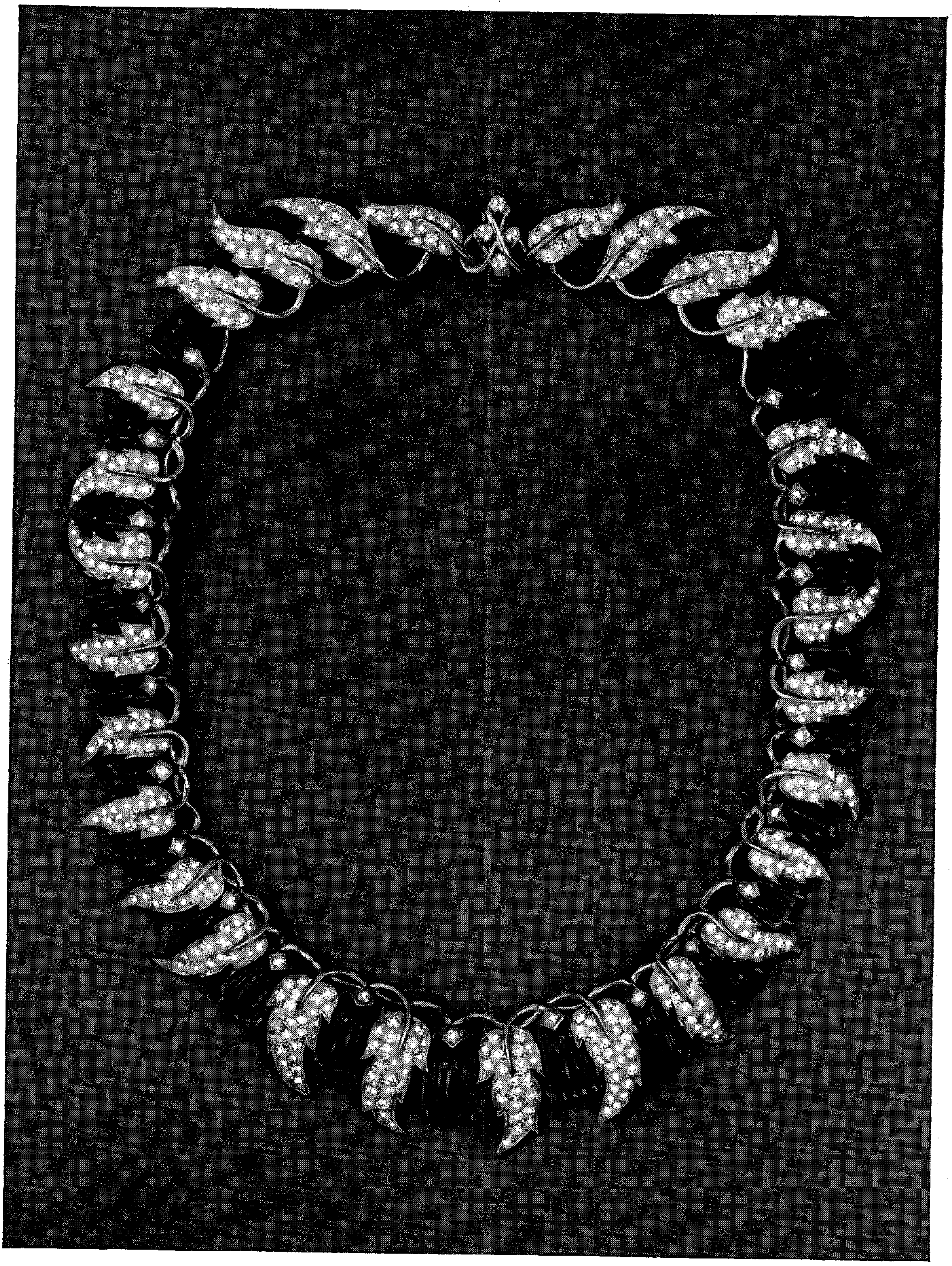

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth is, as usual, magnificent in this comedy about automation or something, but the play really hasn't much else to recommend it. It employs, along with Miss Booth, Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—An extremely moving account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. In this memorable drama by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, Susan Strasberg is marvellous as the young heroine, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber, as her father and mother, are superlative, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—A revival of Noel Coward's 1925 exercise in bibulous drawing-room foolishness that becomes a very funny business when Nancy Walker cocks a snook at Coward's dialogue and reduces the affair to slapstick. She gets solid assistance from Margaret Phillips and Alice Pearce. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great Sebastians—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have devised a comedy melodrama about modern Czechoslovakian politics that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne play for considerably more than it is worth. The cast also includes Ben Astar, Simon Oakland, and Eugenia Rawls. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

A Hatful of Rain—Although Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are both laudable in this melodrama dealing with a drug addict and his upstanding wife, the play itself, by Michael V. Gazzo, is not too expertly written. Frank Silvera and Henry Silva are also in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Claudette Colbert now has the leading role in Carolyn Green's slight and fairly simple-minded comedy concerning adultery and its effect on the tax rate. Robert Preston and Claude Dauphin support her stoutly. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lark—Julie Harris makes a wonderfully executive but still quite touching Joan of Arc in Lillian Hellman's trenchant adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play. Boris Karloff, Theodore Bikel, and Joseph Wiseman are all praiseworthy in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 2.)

The Matchmaker—Thornton Wilder's knockabout comedy is very good indeed, and Ruth Gordon is most happily cast as its star, Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those whose matches are made. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Middle of the Night—Edward G. Robinson's fine acting does a lot to overcome the rather flat and stenographic quality of Paddy Chayefsky's play about a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and June Walker are in the supporting cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—Ira Levin's adaptation of Mac Hyman's novel about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force is one of the most hilarious low comedies you've ever seen. Andy Griffith is triumphant in his first New York appearance, and there are also exceptional jobs turned in by Myron McCormick, Roddy McDowall, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ponder Heart—Joseph Fields' and Jerome Chodorov's adaptation of Eudora Welty's novel about the Deep South has only an intermittent resemblance to the original, but it is still often very funny. David Wayne is superb at the head of a cast that includes Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's complex allegory seems hardly worth unravelling, but Bert Lahr is entrancing as one of the symbols in it. E. G. Marshall, Kurt Kasznar, and Alvin Epstein are the others. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 9.)

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—George Axelrod's comedy about a Hollywood screenwriter who sells his soul for various rewards, including a blonde, is alternately quite funny and very silly. The accomplished cast includes Orson Bean and Jayne Mansfield. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** Tennessee Williams' play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world. With Barbara Bel Geddes and Thomas Gomez. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **INHERIT THE WIND:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni, as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley, as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION:** Agatha Christie's practiced mystery melodrama. The play has a cast of thirty, headed by Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day.)

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—Although Sammy Davis, Jr., demonstrates all kinds of talent in this elementary account of the career of a song-and-dance man, the piece seems more suited to a night club than to the theatre. In the cast are Mr. Davis's father and uncle, as well as Jack Carter, Pat Marshall, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 27.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Mr. Loesser's music is good enough, but the whole thing is a little too diffuse to be entirely successful. Robert Weede, Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast; Jo Mielziner designed the scenery and Motley the costumes; and Joseph Anthony is the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Fair Lady—Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who composed the music, have turned Shaw's "Pygmalion" into one of the most fascinating musicals ever to blow into town. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote; Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton designed the sets and costumes, respectively; and Hanya Holm staged the dances. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pipe Dream—This Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, based on John Steinbeck's novel "Sweet Thursday," has its stirring moments, but altogether it will probably prove something of a disappointment to admirers of this famous pair. Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler are the highly engaging stars. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gwen Verdon is a lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY:** Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. With Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly,

	Page
BOOKS	133
THE CURRENT CINEMA	119
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
CONCERT RECORDS	130
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
THIS AND THAT	94
THE RACE TRACK	76
A REPORTER AT LARGE	102
THE SKY LINE	121
THE THEATRE	72

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Julie Wilson are among the garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Kiss Me, Kate," with Kitty Carlisle and David Atkinson, will play through Sunday, May 27.... ¶ The last in this season's series of three revivals will be "Carmen Jones," with Muriel Smith and Cozy Cole. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, May 29-30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 31, and will run through Sunday, June 17. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, May 29, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—"The Man with the Golden Arm," an adaptation by Jack Kirkland of Nelson Algren's novel. With Frederick O'Neal, Robert Loggia, and Peggy Feury. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. Jason Robards, Jr., and Farrell Pelly head the cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"The Littlest Revue," a show put together by Ben Bagley, with music and lyrics mostly by Ogden Nash and Vernon Duke and sketches by Nat Hiken, Billy Friedberg, Eudora Welty, and a number of others. The cast includes Charlotte Rae, Beverly Bozeman, and Joel Grey. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Diana Barrymore and Muriel Rahn in "The Ivory Branch," a play by Sara Reavin. Opens Thursday, May 24. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays and Sundays at 7 and 9.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Grete Mosheim and Tige Andrews. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Chauncey Gray's veteran varsity opens up in the Embassy Club, one of our most elaborate town houses, at ten, along with a rumba band; the music before then is strictly for dining, not dancing. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—If the walls (and the older residents) of this fabled caravansary could only talk.... Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there's Robert Clary, a Gallic version of Pinocchio, and perhaps the most comical version, too. Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez, who are also on hand, put *most of the amateur dancers present to shame.* There's also first-rate party music by Stanley Melba's band and a trio. Everyone shows up weekdays at dinner and supper. Sundays, there's only a dinner show; Mondays, the room is a closed shop.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet or a reasonable facsimile makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter, the epitome of impeccability, leads his dance band and glee club through their high jinks, and Mark Monte's group tootles in between. Their outpourings are interrupted at dinner and supper by Paul Hartman, who horses around with a few dances, a lot of funny sayings, and two beautiful objets d'art—Betty Luster and Undine Forrest. They exit, laughing, on Wednesday, May 30. Next evening, Jacqueline François, a chanteuse of some renown back home, will finally make the switch from Paris to Manhattan. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra hums away at teatime every afternoon in the handsome Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the lofty Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group brightens one corner at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Lombardo family takes wing for the summer on Tuesday, May 29. Eddie Lane's band arrives the following night. Closed Sundays.

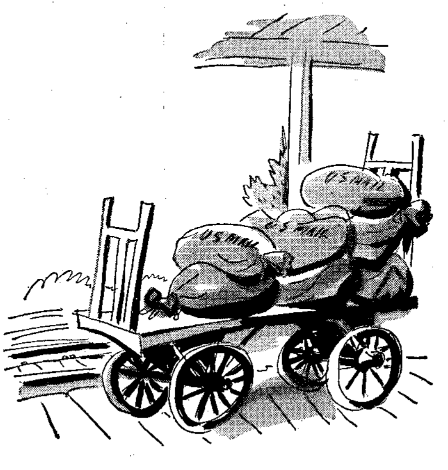
St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a reasonable likeness of heaven on earth, is enlivened all evening by the tinkling of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small bands. Around midnight, Julie Wilson breezes in from "The Pajama Game" with her guileful arias about life among the vehemently unidle rich. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, in which Louis Bellson and Charlie Shavers are the most important enlisted men, sounds as hale and hearty as ever in the Café Rouge. The only trouble is that it doesn't play enough. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A centrally located waiting room and refreshment stand for people who don't mind putting up with nightly invasions by sightseeing tours. Two jug-and-string bands alternate on the rostrum.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The script of the incumbent baby-grand revue is probably an adaptation of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue, but the inmates are much more fun. The most rapid-fire witticisms belong to Lou Nelson, an old pensioner here. They all perform at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra function for dancing after nine.



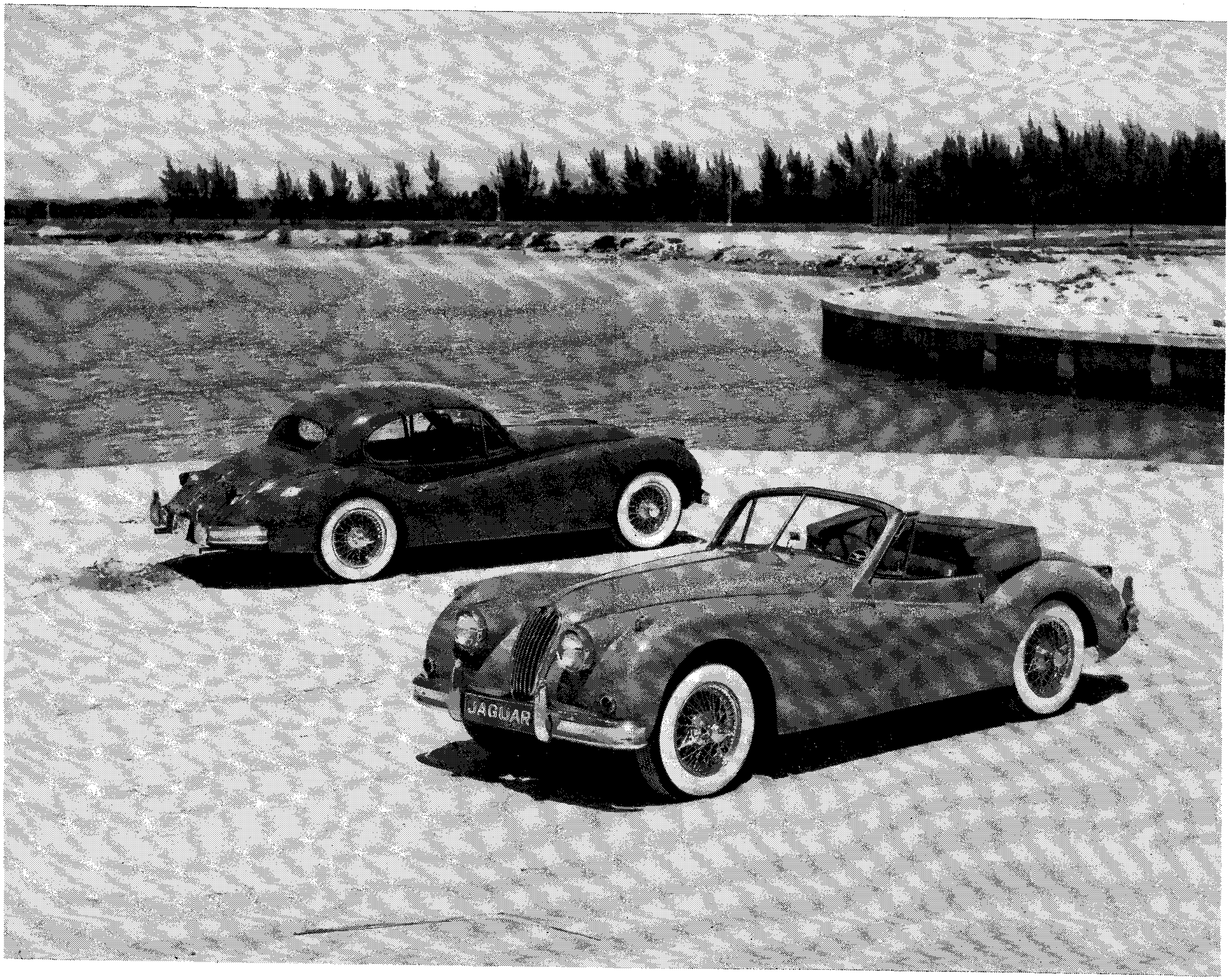
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Pearl Bailey's expert seminar on how a girl can live by her wits will wind up on Saturday, *May 26. So, too, will the season in the* Empire Room, which is her forum, and the dance music of Nat Brandwynne's orchestra. ... ¶ The Starlight Roof will open for the summer on Monday, May 28. Harry Belafonté, an Apollo in shirtsleeves, will show up at dinner and supper to give his folk songs a small shot of Benzedrine, and a couple of bands will egg the customers onto the floor. Closed Sundays.... ¶ From eight-thirty to one, in a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dancing to the new-line music of Cy Coleman's trio and the old-line music of Jozsi Ribari's band. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra, which performs from eight to twelve, is the whole deal.

Note—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Sort of a greeters' open house at one end, sort of a music box at the other, where Kurt Maier is on point duty at his piano from eight to ten and from eleven to the end. Closed Mondays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the executive-suite genre, except when Renato Rossini applies himself and his guitar to smoldering Iberian cadenzas. He appears from nine to one. Closed Sundays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Addicts of Goldie Hawkins' previous playpens should feel very much at home in this one. The salient features are a long bar, checked tablecloths, an Old Home Week *esprit,* and the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner. Wayne Sanders, the alternate professor, departs on Friday, May 25; Otis Clements replaces him on Tuesday, May 29.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): No hearts and flowers in the bright little cocktail and dinner concerts of the Barbara Carroll trio, which, even in its moments of introspection, is aware that the new music is here to stay. It stays every day but Sunday.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): An enterprise conducted in the grand manner. Casual music all evening, plus (at ten-thirty and midnight) Greta Keller throatily singing her own particular tales of the Vienna woods. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Annette Warren, whom this tiny diners' club fits like a glove, is in command after the theatre every evening, trilling hand-picked lyrics in a fetching voice. Ralph Strain and Don Evans, both of whom are well up on the principles and purposes of mood music, take turns at the piano from seven o'clock on. The first is off Sundays; the *second is off Mondays....* **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasoning for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those dreamy little mythical Central European kingdoms. It is, in addition, a preserve for the nearly extinct zimbalon, two excellent examples of which are often operated in tandem. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard, the best of which comes from the industrious six-man band when it tackles an entire Lehár operet-



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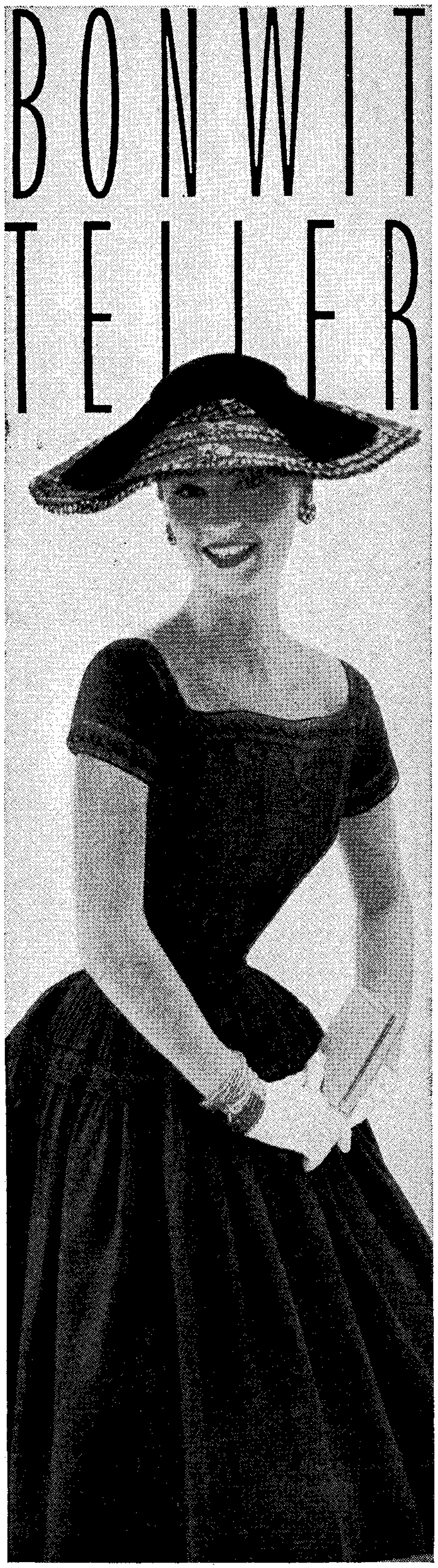

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ta; in other words, no place to read Krafft-Ebing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, Laurie Brewis, the London edition of the show-tune encyclopedia, is at the piano after eight. No music Mondays. . . . **CHEZ LUCIE,** 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-4604): Norbert Faconi's violin, abetted by three other soft-spoken musicians, one of whom is a zimbalonist, glides from table to table every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the pantry making fudge in this meeting place of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with whoever is at the Steinway.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante is still testing to destruction whatever (words, music, fellow-man) comes his way. Peter Lawford, Mr. D.'s favorite vis-à-vis, barely escapes with his life. All this just about makes up for the phantasmagoria in which they are embedded. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The fevered chants of Johnnie Ray, last year's Elvis Presley, are the magnetic pole of the night-long charivari that goes on here. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Enid Mosier, an urchin equipped with Bermuda shorts, West Indian ballads, and a Trinidad steel band, is putting on a sort of come-as-you-are fiesta in the rear room. Another sound for sore ears is Suzy Goday (jazz buffs will remember her as Carol Vern), enviably restyled by Kay Thompson, the old night-club miracle worker, as a real live singing, walking, talking doll. The proceedings are uplifted by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty does quiet cocktail and dinner piano in the lounge; the Lyons trio and the steel band carouse there after 2 A.M. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Two noticeable voices are raised in song. One belongs to Maxine Sullivan, who can still make listening a pleasure; the other belongs to Johnny Mathis, a neophyte but skillful jazz singer. Joey Carter cracks the jokes, a lot of which are quite funny. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Rarely a dull moment, and never a quiet one. The principal reasons: Bibi Osterwald, a thunderbolt in songbird's clothing; Tony and Eddie, a pair of point-blank parodists; and Phil Leeds, who plays the fool with consummate skill. The roster of midnight revellers also includes the Three Flames, manic musicians; Jimmie Daniels, an urbane balladeer; and Bruce Kirby, the utility comic. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The off-Broadway revue assembled by Julius Monk, a well-remembered *conférencier*, is operated by an excellent staff of junior executives (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, all of whom have been on or near Broadway before) in one of the smallest cellars on record. The spirit is one of mockery; the words are to the wise. Piano duets by Murray Grand and Stan Keen are the backdrop. The rumble starts at ten-thirty, and keeps on going, Sundays excepted. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): One of the happiest of the season's class reunions is being staged by Mabel Mercer and Cy Walter, those postgraduate students of night life. Mr. Walter's brisk piano arabesques are available at dinner and supper; Miss Mercer's calm, persuasive projection of ballads that have extrasensory perception begins after the theatre. Sam Hamilton's pensive piano is on tap, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been at the twin pianos these many years, there is also Penny Malone, who has the oddest brainstorms. Sundays, there are ancient movies instead of Miss Malone, and Mondays, there are amateur nights. . . . **BEVERLY CLUB,** Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): Bobby Short, who has sung his light, fantastic songs in supper clubs from his native Hollywood to Helsinki, is at last keeping New York up late. His upbeat piano is a tremendous help; the pillars across the room are not, so a table down front is almost a necessity. Jack Corlies' trio plays for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Sylvia Syms (sometimes she's happy, sometimes she's blue) is, as usual, giving aces and spades to nearly every other song stylist extant. Her setting is a trio headed by Ronnie Selby. There's more music by Roger Steele's threesome, and Buddy Greco's quartet is joining up on Friday, May 25. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Shock therapy by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, and once in a while even from Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. Ralph Sutton's piano and Buzzy Drootin's drums keep the intermissions piping hot. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The quartet of Rose Murphy and the trio of Johnny Costa, which vacillate between a sort of dinner music and a sort of jazz, will steal away on Saturday, May 26. On Monday, May 28, Jonah Jones' quartet and Alex Kallao's trio, familiar figures on the premises, will return to action. Sundays, the floor is held by Jack Elliott and his new-era trio, who are all work, no byplay, and not in the least dull boys. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): George Shearing's progressive party, five in all, is back on his beat. Julian Adderley's band, more or less a stranger around town, is the relief group. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus here is provided by some old-time Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Don Elliott's quartet and George Wallington's trio stay close to the thoughtful progressive mood of this valuable little conservatory. Their music starts around nine. The Wallingtons are off duty Sundays, the Elliotts Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is the Steinway modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sundays and Mondays, when he is there all night, and Saturdays, when he is off. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The Tony Aless-Seldon Powell sextet and the Herbie Mann quartet are thinking out loud about how American music will sound in the future. On Thursday, May 31, Lester Young's quintet, with Beverly Kenny on vocals, will move in. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in bed. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): One of the pleasanter sights in town is Jutta Hipp, her ponytail hairdo solemnly wagging in time to her crystal-clear pianoforte exposition of *le jazz progressif*. Her trio (Edmund Thigpen, on drums, and Peter Ind, on bass, are her playmates) sets to at ten. Bernie Nierow fills in the interstices from nine on with a cheerful grade of piano. Monday is their sabbath. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A perilous night at sea, midway between Scylla and Charybdis. At one time or another, Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, and at 7 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): On Saturday, May 26, the grill will be brought far above room temperature by such early settlers as Bobby Hackett, Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Bud Freeman, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Sonny Greer, Zutty Singleton, and Jimmy

Rushing. Curtain at nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The forecast for Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, is winds of gale force (mostly from the Southland), among them Roy Eldridge, Benny Morton, Eddie Barefield, J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Jo Jones, Zutty Singleton, Danny Barker, and Henry Goodwin.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Ernst Barlach—A double-barrelled loan exhibition of this German artist's works. His sculptures and drawings are at the Borgenicht Gallery (61 E. 57th St.), and his graphic works are at the Weyhe Gallery (794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.). Through Saturday, May 26.

Roger Bezombes—The first American showing by a contemporary French Expressionist whose paintings are somewhat in the line of van Gogh; through Thursday, May 31. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Arbit Blatas—Thirty-one black-and-white drawings, of which ten portray other artists—Picasso, Utrillo, and so on; through Saturday, June 2. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Georges Braque—A review of his sculptural career as exemplified by a group of fifteen bronzes, dating from 1939 to the present; through June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.)

Rolf Cavael—Wiry, sprightly abstract paintings, in a first solo showing of one of the German moderns; through June 9. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St. Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.)

Robert Cronbach—Constructions (mostly metal) and stabile suspensions (metal and wire), along with more representational terra cottas; through Saturday, May 26. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Raoul Dufy and the School of Paris—Over a dozen oils and water colors by Dufy, set against a background of oils by Braque, Soutine, and twelve other members of the school of Paris; through June 22. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

Thomas George, Edward Giobbi, and Dean Carter—Offering, respectively, scroll prints and wood blocks; small terra cottas, lithographs, drawings, and woodcuts; and bronze and wood sculptures. Through Thursday, May 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Leon Golub—Very large oils and drawings (1955-56) by this American Expressionist; through June 6. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Juan Gris and Henri Laurens—Oils and gouaches by the former; collages, water colors, and bronze and terra-cotta sculptures by the latter. Through June 30. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.)

Marsden Hartley, Karl Knaths, and Abraham Rattner—Ten of Hartley's previously unexhibited 1940-41 drawings, and six early canvases apiece by Knaths and Rattner; through Saturday, May 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

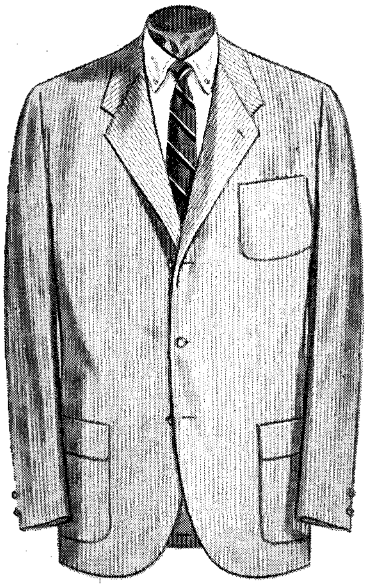
Bernard Karfiol—A small but handsome memorial show, consisting mainly of his nudes and figure studies; through Saturday, May 26. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Dong Kingman—New water colors, busily fanciful as usual, most of them based on a round-the-world trip he made recently; through Saturday, June 2. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Barbara Lekberg and Juan Nickford—Figurative, animal, and abstract forms of welded metal (steel, bronze, copper, and brass); through Saturday, June 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

Ezio Martinelli—Large, strikingly designed drawings in water color and ink by an artist already known for his sculpture; through Saturday, May 26. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

I. Rice Pereira—New paintings, glowing in color and handsome in design, in her first exhibi-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion in five years; through Thursday, May 31. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

PICASSO—Woman is the theme of a selection of thirty paintings, drawings, bronzes, and lithographs done in the fifty years between 1904 and 1954; through Thursday, May 31. (Galerie Chalette, 45 W. 57th St. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10:30 to 6.)

MAURICE PRENDERGAST—Monotypes by one of the early American Impressionists (1859-1924); through Saturday, June 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

JEAN-PAUL RIOPELLE—Oil, gouache, and watercolor landscapes, painted this year by a Canadian-born resident of Paris; through Thursday, May 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

ESTHER ROLICK—Landscapes, including a set called "Four Seasons of Being" (spring, summer, fall, and winter), as well as interiors; through June 9. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

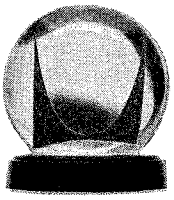
AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Paintings and sculptures by newly elected Academy members (Edward Hopper and Andrew Wyeth), newly elected Institute members (Peggy Bacon, Stuart Davis, Edwin Dickinson, Jack Levine, Ben Shahn, and Mark Tobey), and the nine winners of this year's Institute awards. Also fifteen pictures purchased on the Childe Hassam Fund. Through June 24. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays and Memorial Day, 2 to 5.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Their sixty-fourth annual, comprising oils, water colors, sculptures, prints, and miniatures; through Sunday, May 27. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

SCULPTURES—A Village garden is the setting for pieces by a dozen artists, including José de Rivera, Seymour Lipton, Helena Simkhovitch, and Ibram Lassaw; through June 3. (48 W. 10th St. Daily, 2 to 6.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: The second annual "Painters and Sculptors of Promise" presents items by Varujan Boghosian, Bruce Conner, and four others; through June 15. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.) . . . **HEWITT**, 29 E. 65th St.: Coleen Browning, Byron Thomas, and Elie Nadelman are represented in an exhibit of paintings, plus a few sculptures; through Saturday, May 26. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: The initial showing of "New Talent in the U.S.A.," a travelling exhibition sponsored by the American Federation of Arts and containing works by fourteen painters, six sculptors, and six graphic artists; through June 30. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils (1955-56) by Ogden Pleissner, Sidney Laufman, Leon Kroll, and others; through Friday, June 1. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils by Middleton Freeman, Joseph Greenberg, and others of the younger artists, most of them from New York; through Friday, June 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 1 to 6.) . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Alexander Brook, and Henry Varnum Poor are some of the participants in a showing of oils and water colors; through June 30. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.) . . . **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: About a hundred and thirty paintings and sculptures make up the gallery's fifth annual invitation exhibit; through June 16.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Canvases, mostly, by Leonid, Kurt Seligmann, Francis Bacon, and others; through July 20. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.) . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: French and American painters and sculptors, including Pierre Soulages, William Baziotes, and David Hare; through Saturday, June 2. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Mirko, Joseph Glasco, Emanuel Viviano, and Kay Sage; through June



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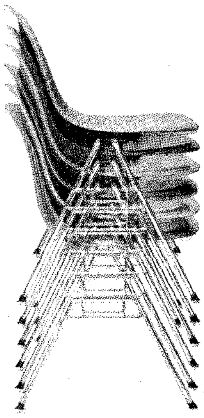
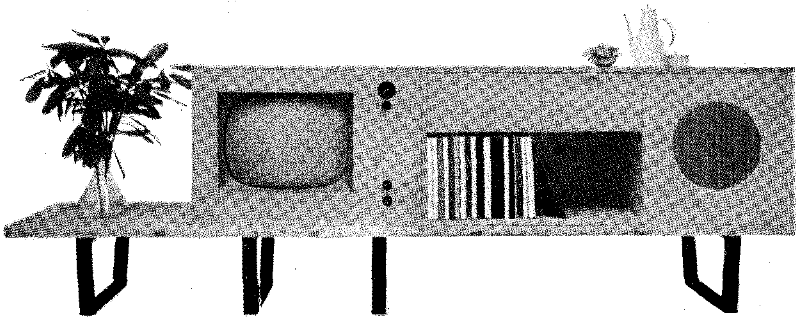
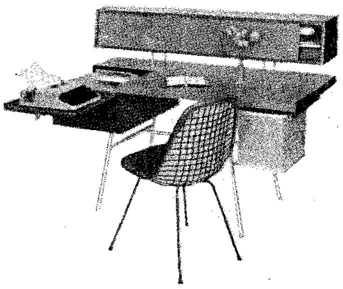


The stacking chair is the newest version of Charles Eames' comfortable, colorful fiberglas shells. Architects and decorators have been specifying them in carload lots for their best commercial and institutional jobs. If you ever have an extra four at bridge they are not bad at home either. (They hook together to make rows too).



Herman Miller was the first to introduce a complete modular line of storage units. With the special cabinets shown above you can now make any hi-fi go even higher. Incidentally, the reason people buy so many slat benches is that they use them for practically everything. In this arrangement the controls are up where you can get at them.



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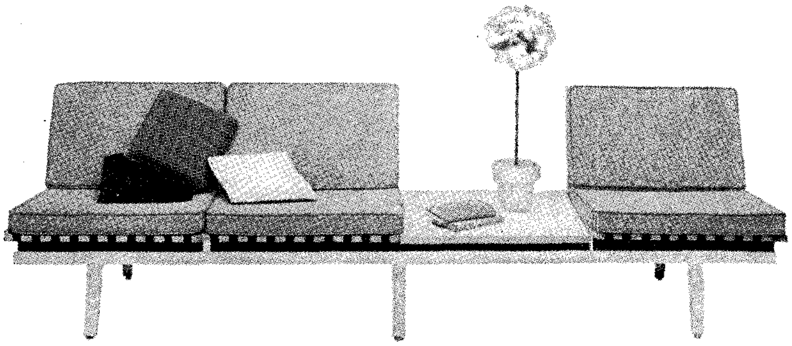
Unless you are in Gwen Verdon's class we don't recommend this use of the slat bench for more than five minutes at a stretch. We don't know if the bench is a favorite of Miss Verdon's, or if it was just lying around the photographer's studio, but we were glad to see it used on her latest RCA Victor album.



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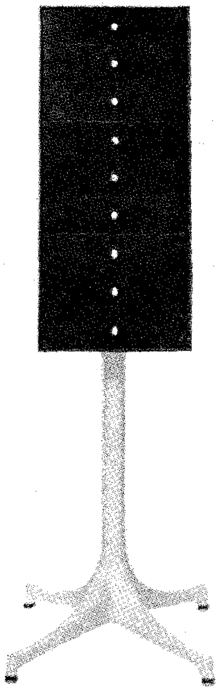

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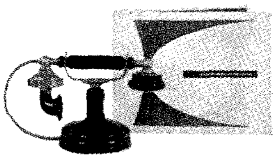

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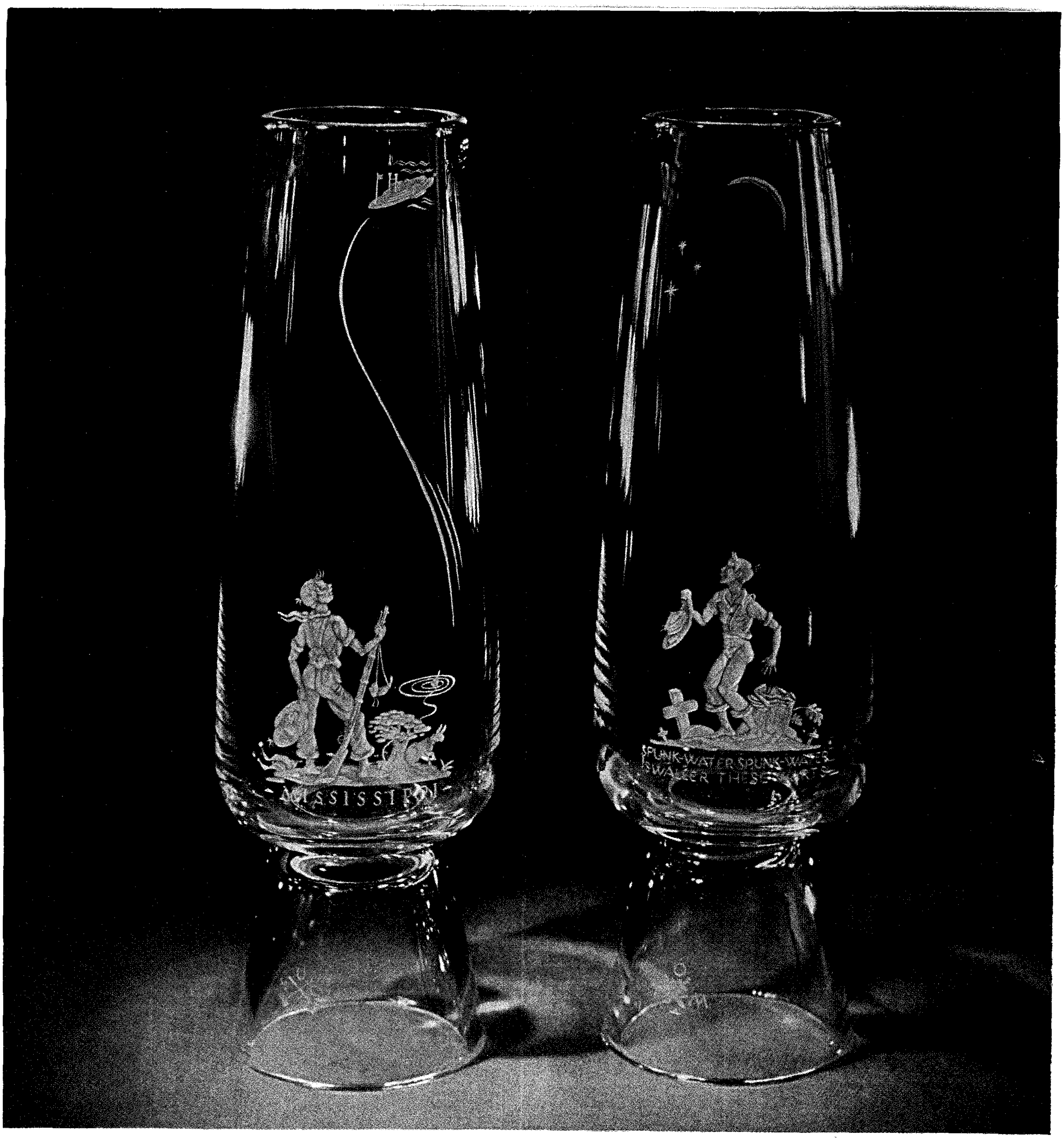
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

29. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.)

Europeans; Group Show—Kandinsky, Picasso, Bonnard, and a dozen others are on the roster of artists for an exhibit of oils dated 1911-50; through June 9. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

French; Group Shows—At the CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57th St.: Among others, André Girard, Salvador Dali, and Georges Rouault, have works (oils, drawings, prints) on view; through June 15. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.)... NIVEAU, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Oils and water colors by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Chagall, and others; through June 30. (Closed Memorial Day.)... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: From the gallery collection, contemporary French paintings, including examples by Lorjou, Brayer, Mottet, and Chapelain-Midy, as well as predominantly French drawings dating from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through Aug. 31. (Closed Memorial Day.)

Germans; Group Show—A small but interesting exhibition of early works by George Grosz, Emil Nolde, and other German modernists; through Friday, June 1. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At THE CONTEMPORARIES, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Raoul Dufy lithograph mural; starting Friday, June 1.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Philip Pieck; starting Monday, May 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)... ¶ Group shows at the BORGENICHT, 61 E. 57th St.: German Expressionism; starting Monday, May 28. (Closed Memorial Day.) DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.; starting Tuesday, May 29. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.) ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.; starting Monday, May 28. (Closed Memorial Day.) BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, May 28. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.) VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.; starting Monday, May 28. (Daily, 1 to 6.) WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: German Expressionism; starting Monday, May 28. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 2.)

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a hundred and twenty-five lower East Side artists, at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., through Sunday, May 27. The show is sponsored by the Lower East Side Neighborhoods Association, and is open daily from 3 to 9.... ¶ The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from 2 until dark, starting Friday, May 25, and continuing through Sunday, June 24.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A travelling exhibit of over a hundred and fifty drawings, ranging from the fourteenth to the twentieth centuries, lent by twenty-five museums and private collections in West Germany; supplementing these are prints, paintings, sculptures, tapestries, and other German art of the same period from the Museum's collection, as well as other local sources; through June 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit and sale of a hundred and fifty drawings, chosen (with the emphasis on new talent) from thousands submitted by artists across the country; through Aug. 5.... ¶ Several paintings or sculptures each by a group of twelve Americans, including Sam Francis, Franz Kline, and Larry Rivers; starting Wednesday, May 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Ten Years of American Printmaking, 1947-56;" through July 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show covering fifty years and including oils, gouaches, temperas, pen-and-ink sketches, lithographs, and woodcuts by Max Weber, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday; through June 28.... ¶ Paintings and drawings by

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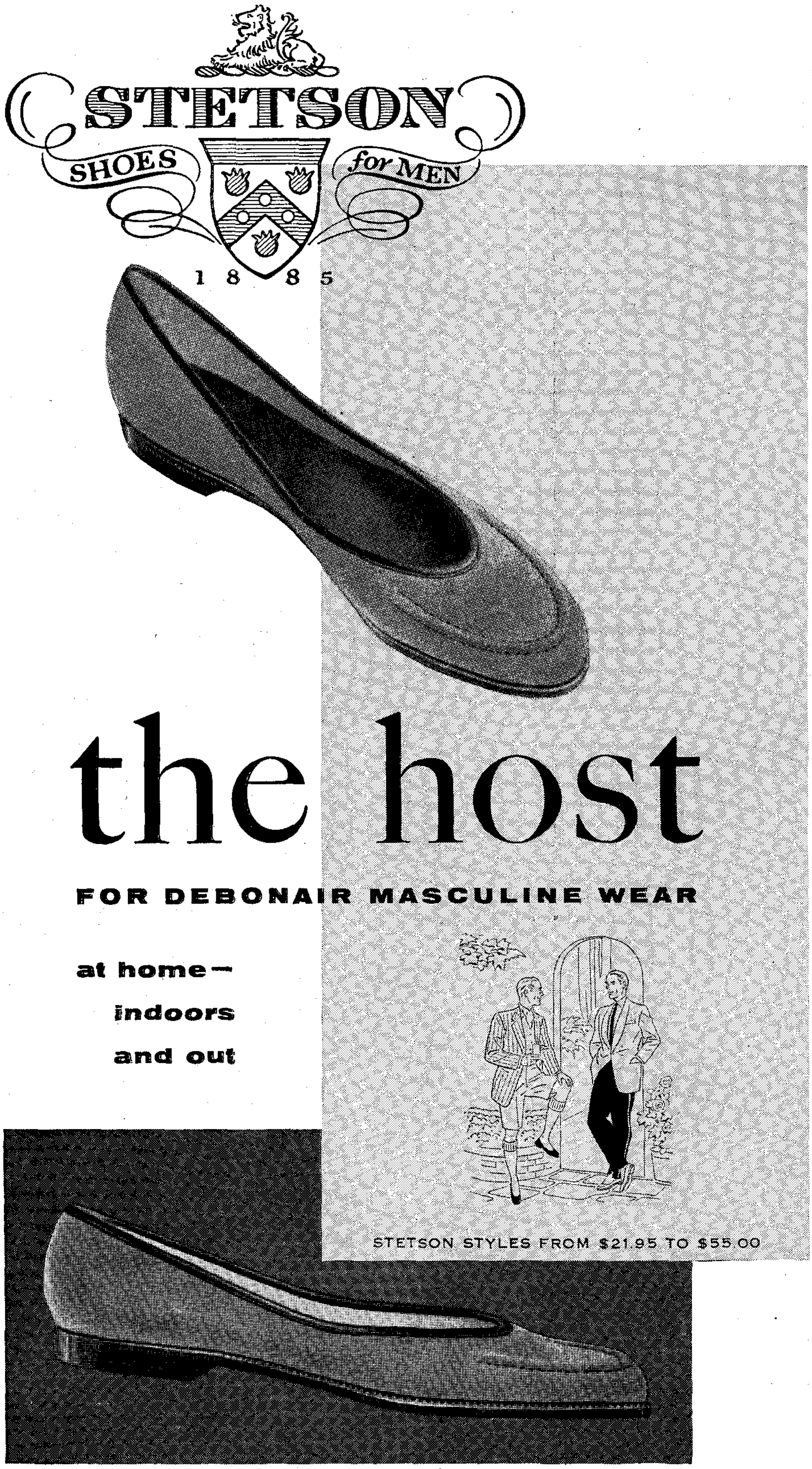
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bruno Beran, depicting the life of the Jews of Morocco; through June 28. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1956 annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, water colors, and drawings; through June 10. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

NATIONAL NEGRO OPERA FOUNDATION—A concert performance of the opera "Ouanga," by Clarence Cameron White, with McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone; forty ballet dancers; and an orchestra made up of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, directed by Henri Elkan. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Sunday, May 27, at 8.)

TWILIGHT CONCERTS—Robert Mandell conducting a group including Stanley Drucker, clarinet, and Herbert Sorkin, violin. The last in a series of twelve programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 25, at 6. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Boyd Neel conducting, with Meliné Kulhanjian, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Wednesday, May 30, at 8:30.)

OUT OF TOWN

MOZART FESTIVAL—Wednesday, May 30, at 8, and Saturday, June 2, at 8:30: Basil Rathbone (acting, not singing) in a new English version, by Chester Kallman, of "The Abduction from the Seraglio," with the Symphony of the Air, directed by Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 31, at 8:30, and Friday, June 1, at 8:45: A program of music and dance performed by the New York City Ballet and the Symphony of the Air, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf and Hugo Fiorato. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 11 A.M.: "What Mozart Means to Modern Music," a discussion by composers and critics. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 2:30: Chamber music by the WQXR String Quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 3, at 3 and 8:30: Newell Jenkins directing the Symphony of the Air, with the Stratford Choir and soloists. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call WA 5-8070.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, May 25, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 26-27, at 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Monday, May 28, at 8:15, and Tuesday, May 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday, May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Thursday, May 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 1, at 8:15, and Saturday, June 2, at 2.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, May 25: Charles Humez vs. Gene Fullmer, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, June 1: Frankie Ryff vs. Larry Boardman, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. Thursday, May 24.)

FENCING—Sunday, May 27: Foil Masters Tournament. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2: Épée Masters Tournament. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Matches begin at 1.)

HORSE SHOW—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, May 26, and Monday through Saturday, May 28-June 2.)

HUNT RACING—Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the United States Olympic Equestrian Team. (Purchase. Saturday, May 26.)

INTERNATIONAL LIFEBOAT RACE—Around a dozen teams of seamen from American, Norwegian, and other ships, racing over a one-mile course in the Narrows, between 100th and 79th Streets, Brooklyn. (Wednesday, May 30. First heat at 12:30.)

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 7. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 26; the Metropolitan Handicap, Wednesday, May 30; and the

Peter Pan Handicap, Saturday, June 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, at 2:30; through Wednesday, May 30. The Jersey, Saturday, May 26. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

TRACK—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, May 25, at 2:30, and Saturday, May 26, at 1.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until June 7, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3; no meetings on Memorial Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.... ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

DRAMA READINGS—A company of actors, headed by Aline MacMahon and Staats Cotsworth, in a reading of Sean O'Casey's "Pictures in the Hallway." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, May 27, at 3 and 8:40.)

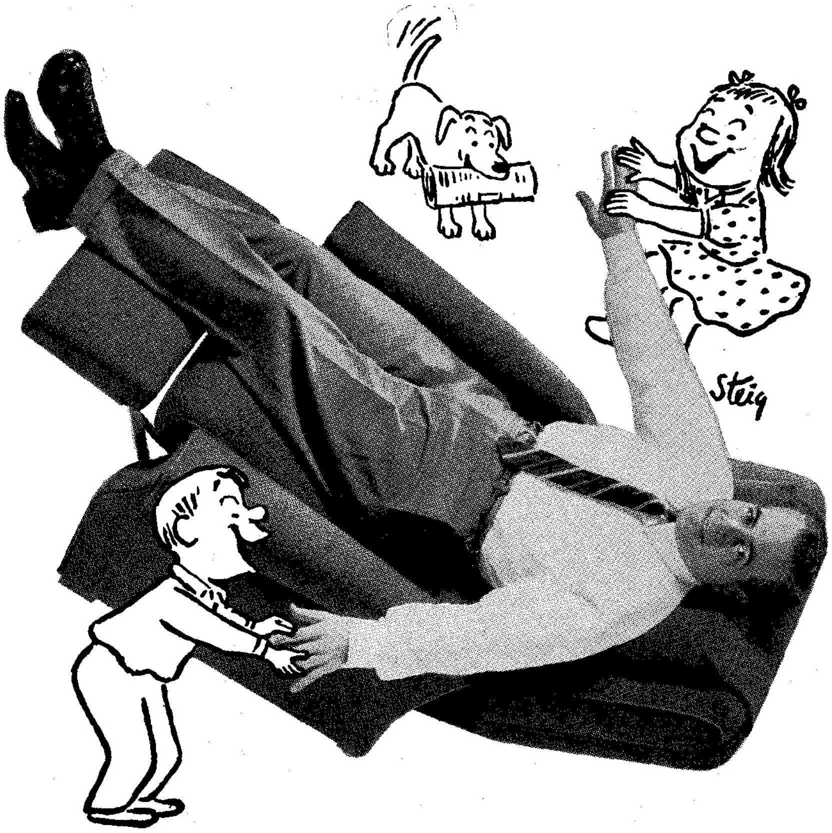
INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES EXHIBITION AND SALE—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American and European furniture, Belgian laces, Russian enamels, Persian and Egyptian pottery, ancient Roman glass, and other rarities assembled from the four corners of the globe. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, May 26, through Sunday, June 3. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 2 to 11.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including a Gospel leaf of the sixth century, a map of Palestine made in Venice about 1300, and drawings by such artists as Fragonard, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, and Thomas Lawrence. Through July 27. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—In the current show, "From Pole to Pole," the heavens are viewed from different parts of the world, and such astronomical wonders are seen as the northern and southern lights and the Southern Cross. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 24, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture and sculpture, collected by Mme. Renée Guibal, Haut du-Val, France.... ¶ Friday, May 25, at 1:45: English and French furniture; modern paintings and drawings, including works by Jean Dufy and André Masson; bronzes by Frederic Remington; and decorations. The property of Mrs. Perry R. Pease and others. ... ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 1:45: Country furniture and decorative objects; Georgian and other silver; nineteenth-century and modern paintings, drawings, and prints; and Oriental and domestic rugs. From the estate of Warner McLaughlin and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 25.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Annapolis, Friday, June 1, and Smith, Sunday, June 3.



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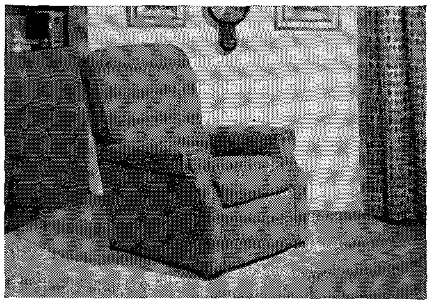
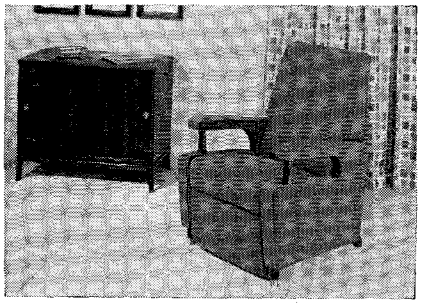


Model W261-S-1 in rose beige nylon frieze. Head pillow flips back out of sight when not in use. Same model as illustrated above.



BarcaLonian Model 956 covered in toast beige nubby textured tweed. Adjustable head pillow flips back out of sight when not in use.

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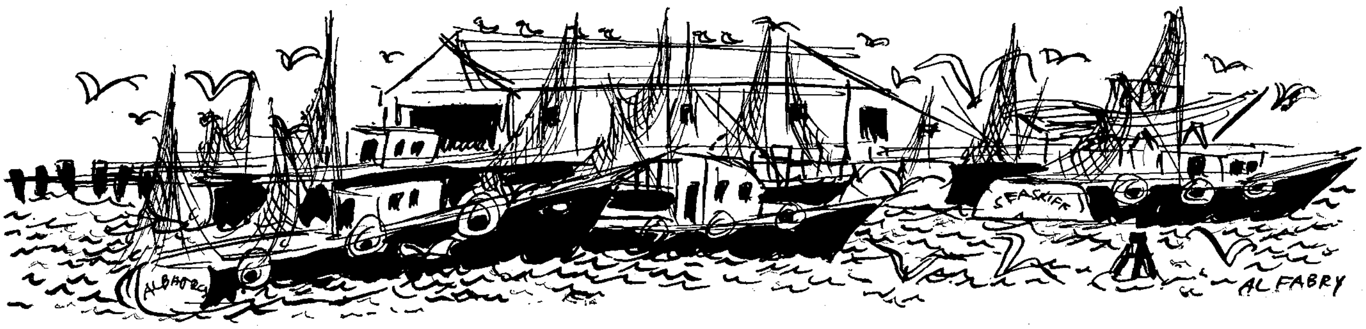
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet—A Russian picture that numbers among its assets the dancing of Galina Ulanova, the music of Prokofieff, and some very handsome color photography. On the debit side, there is a good deal of pantomime, which becomes tiresome in time, and an almost total absence of Shakespeare's poetry. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through May 27.)

Diabolique—A chilling description of the machinations of a wife and a mistress who combine forces to eliminate the object of their affections, since he has begun to get on their nerves. The picture winds up on an implausible note, but that isn't too much of a handicap, and the acting is first-rate throughout. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed it, Vera Clouzot and Simone Signoret play the lethal ladies, and Paul Meurisse is the unwanted gentleman. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 24.)

The Man Who Never Was—A reasonably diverting account of how the British, in 1943, deceived the Germans into thinking that their aim was to invade Greece rather than Sicily. To accomplish their purpose, a corpse equipped with all sorts of fake documents was floated onto a Spanish beach. Clifton Webb and Robert Flemyng are the principals, and they get very little assistance from Josephine Griffin and Gloria Grahame. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, RI 9-9914; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through May 28.)

Oklahoma!—Very large, very loud, and by no means as attractive as the original. The magniloquent figures most on view are Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Gene Nelson. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays, except Memorial Day, at 2:30 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 11:30, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:40; and Memorial Day at 11:30, 2:30, 5:40, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.

Richard III—Shakespeare's version of how the last of the Plantagenets made his murderous way to the throne of England. As the monarch, Sir Laurence Olivier indulges in quite a bit of florid acting. The picture, however, displays some fine medieval tableaux. With Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud (proletarians are at a premium in this film), Claire Bloom, and Pamela Brown. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, JU 6-5442; through May 27. Showings on Thursday and Friday at 2:30 and 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs—A French film, in which Fernandel gives a hilarious portrayal of a Gallic father and all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 24.)

REVIVALS

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 30, tentative.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 26.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Alfred Hitchcock's adaptation of the thriller about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 29-30.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 24.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—A melodrama dealing with an Irish tar, a mysterious lady, and a pair of lawyers, both balmy. With Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting May 25.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 24.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; May 27-29.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 27-28.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 29-30.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin making a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; May 25-29, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through May 27: "Dead End" (1937), with Joel McCrea, Sylvia Sidney, and Humphrey Bogart.... ¶ Starting May 28: "Woman Chases Man" (1937), with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Broderick Crawford. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Harder They Fall," Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (JU 6-5442)
Through May 27: **RICHARD III**.
From May 28: Theatre closed.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Revolt of Mamie Stover," Jane Russell, Richard Egan.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through May 29: "While the City Sleeps," Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino.
From May 30: "The Searchers," John Wayne, Jeff Hunter.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through May 29: "Forbidden Planet," Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis.
From May 30: "The Leather Saint," John Derek, Jody Lawrance.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Killing," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Bhowani Junction," Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through May 28: "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March.
From May 29: "D-Day the Sixth of June," Robert Taylor, Richard Todd.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Memorial Day, at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40; and Memorial Day at 10:30, 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Rosanna," Rossana Podesta.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 29 (tentative): "The Return of Don Camillo" (in Italian), Fernandel, Gino Cervi.
From May 30 (tentative): "Touch and Go," Jack Hawkins, Margaret Johnston.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through May 28: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**; and "On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.
From May 29: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
May 24 (tentative): "Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine.
From May 25 (tentative): "Adorable Creatures" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through May 29: "Alexander the Great," Richard Burton, Fredric March; and "Crime Against Joe," John Bromfield, Julie London.
From May 30: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Gaby," Leslie Caron, John Kerr.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 28: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**; and "On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.
From May 29: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"French-Cancan" (in French), Jean Gabin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Invitation to the Dance," Gene Kelly, Tamara Toumanova.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Madame Butterfly," with Japanese actors and Italian singers.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through May 26: "Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones; and "Please Murder Me," Angela Lansbury, Raymond Burr.
May 27-28: "Tribute to a Bad Man," James Cagney, Don Dubbins; and another feature, to be announced.
May 29-30: "Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine; and "The Steel Jungle," Perry Lopez, Beverly Garland.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
May 24 (tentative): "Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine.
May 25-29 (tentative): **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival.
From May 30 (tentative): "Touch and Go," Jack Hawkins, Margaret Johnston; and "Lease of Life," Robert Donat, Kay Walsh.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 30: "Picnic," William Holden, Rosalind Russell.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through May 29: "Alexander the Great," Richard Burton, Fredric March; and "Crime Against Joe," John Bromfield, Julie London.
From May 30: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 30 (tentative): **A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT**, revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
May 24: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French).
May 25-26: "Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine; and "The Steel Jungle," Perry Lopez, Beverly Garland.
May 27-28: "Tribute to a Bad Man," James Cagney, Don Dubbins; and "Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane.
May 29-30: "Never Say Goodbye," Rock Hudson, Cornell Borchers; and "Backlash," Richard Widmark, Donna Reed.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 26 (tentative): "Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.
May 27-29 (tentative): "The Return of Don Camillo" (in Italian), Fernandel, Gino Cervi.
From May 30 (tentative): "Touch and Go," Jack Hawkins, Margaret Johnston.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 28: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**; and "On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.
From May 29: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 29: "Alexander the Great," Richard Burton, Fredric March; and "Crime Against Joe," John Bromfield, Julie London.
From May 30: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
May 24: **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival; and **HOLIDAY**, revival.
May 25-26: "The Night My Number Came Up," Michael Redgrave, Sheila Sim; and "The Wayward Wife," revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Gabriele Ferzetti.
May 27-28: "The Littlest Outlaw," Pedro Armendariz, Joseph Calleia; and "April in Paris," revival, Doris Day, Ray Bolger.
May 29-30: "Never Say Goodbye," Rock Hudson, Cornell Borchers; and "Backlash," Richard Widmark, Donna Reed.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 26 (tentative): "Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine.
May 27-29 (tentative): "Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane.
From May 30: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 30: "Ivan the Terrible" (in Russian), revival; "Lot in Sodom," revival; and "The Black Cat," revival, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 29: "Alexander the Great," Richard Burton, Fredric March; and "Crime Against Joe," John Bromfield, Julie London.
From May 30: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 26: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "The Facts of Love," revival, Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour.

May 27-28: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.
May 29-30: "Night People," revival, Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford; and "Woman's World," revival, Clifton Webb, June Allyson.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through May 28: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**; and "On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.
From May 29: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through May 26: "Tribute to a Bad Man," James Cagney, Don Dubbins; and "Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane.
May 27-28: "The Americano," revival, Glenn Ford, Cesar Romero; and "The Raid," revival, Van Heflin.
May 29-30: **DIAL M FOR MURDER**, revival; and **VIVA ZAPATA!**, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Wedding in Monaco," a documentary film with a self-explanatory title; and "The Battle of Gettysburg," a documentary film about a historical event of much earlier vintage.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
May 24: "Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (in Russian), revival.
From May 25: **THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI**, revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Lovers and Lollipops," Lori March, Gerald O'Loughlin.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through May 29: "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson.
From May 30: "The Animal World," a documentary survey of nothing less than life on this planet.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through May 27: **THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET**.
From May 28: "The Proud and the Beautiful" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Michèle Morgan.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 26: "Sabaka," Boris Karloff; and "The Broken Star," Howard Duff, Lita Baron.
May 27-29: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
From May 30: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.

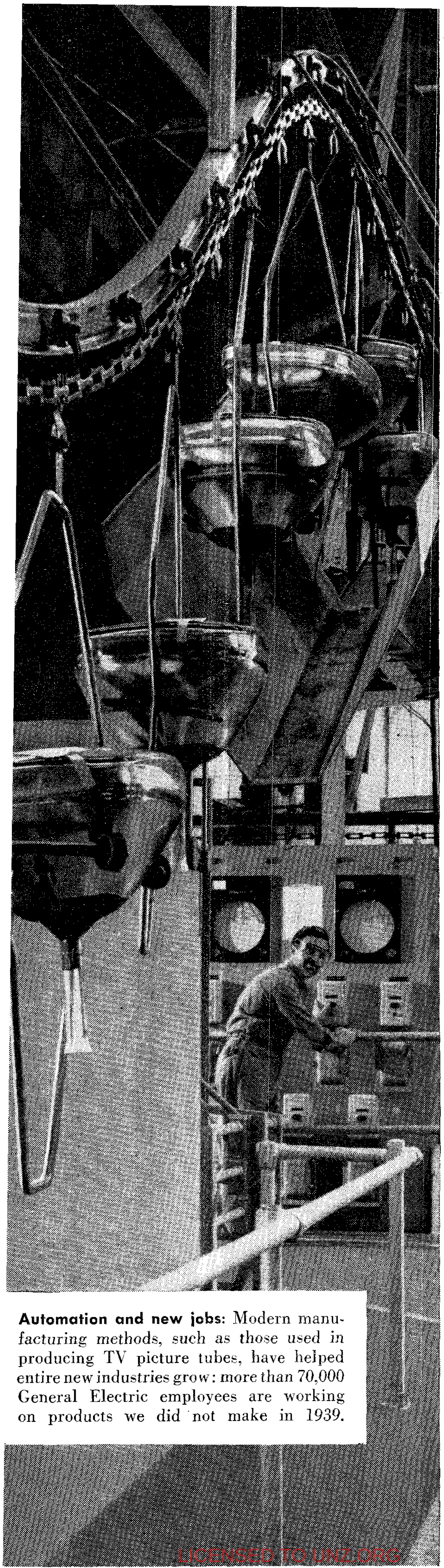
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 24: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French); and "Topaze" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
May 25-29: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival; and "April 1, 2000" (in German), revival, Hilde Krahl, Josef Meinrad.
From May 30: "Adorable Creatures" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through May 28: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**; and "On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.
From May 29: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 26: "Sabaka," Boris Karloff; and "The Broken Star," Howard Duff, Lita Baron.
May 27-29: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
From May 30: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Chance," Ben Cooper, Rod Cameron.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (RI 9-9914)
Through May 28: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**; and "On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.
From May 29: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through May 28: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**; and "On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.
From May 29: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward; and "The Brain Machine," Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Allan.



Automation and new jobs: Modern manufacturing methods, such as those used in producing TV picture tubes, have helped entire new industries grow: more than 70,000 General Electric employees are working on products we did not make in 1939.

Here's how

It is a source of social as well as material progress for everyone—customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and the public

One of the most important things General Electric is finding out about automation is that it is already yielding benefits for people, and promises even more for the future.

Customers are benefiting from better products and services at better values. Factory and office workers are benefiting from more rewarding jobs as their productive arm is extended through greater use of machines. Investors are sharing in the opportunities, as well as the risks, of great new growth enterprises.

We all benefit in increased national security—for our margin of safety in modern arms depends on continuously increasing the productivity of American industry.

Planning for human progress

Good planning for automation includes planning for human problems as well as the mechanical and financial ones. At General Electric we try to plan technological improvements so that the normal turnover of our work force absorbs any shifts in employment. In addition, the company is spending 35 to 40 million dollars each year to train or retrain employees; there are over 1,000 courses in factory skills, and at least 500 courses for professional, technical and semi-technical people.

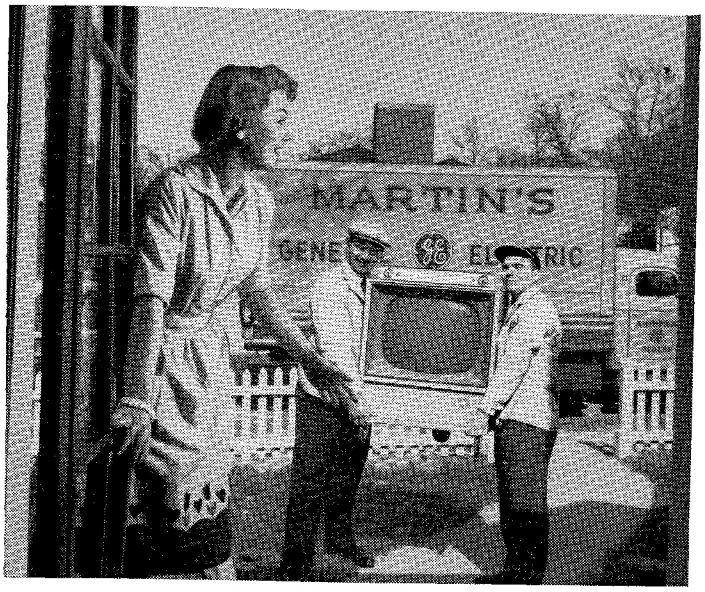
And as we automate further to satisfy customer demand, and thus increase the proportion of jobs requiring higher education and skills, it would seem entirely possible that average earnings, including benefits, of General Electric employees 10 years from now may be in the range of $8,000 to $9,000 annually.

Need for public understanding

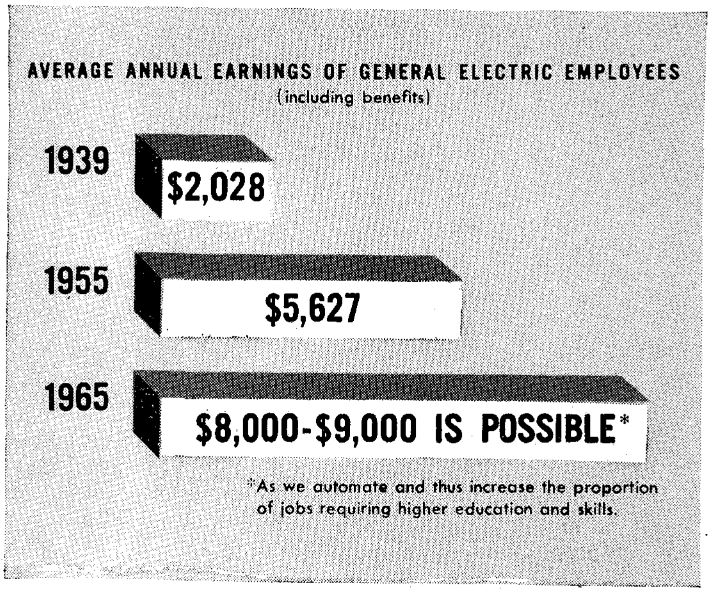
The more the benefits of automation are understood, the more all companies will move ahead with modernization programs—thereby speeding progress in creating new products, new jobs, and new opportunities for human satisfaction.

For your copy of "Testimony on Automation," given before a Congressional subcommittee by President Ralph J. Cordiner of General Electric, please write us at Dept. 2D-119, Schenectady, N.Y.

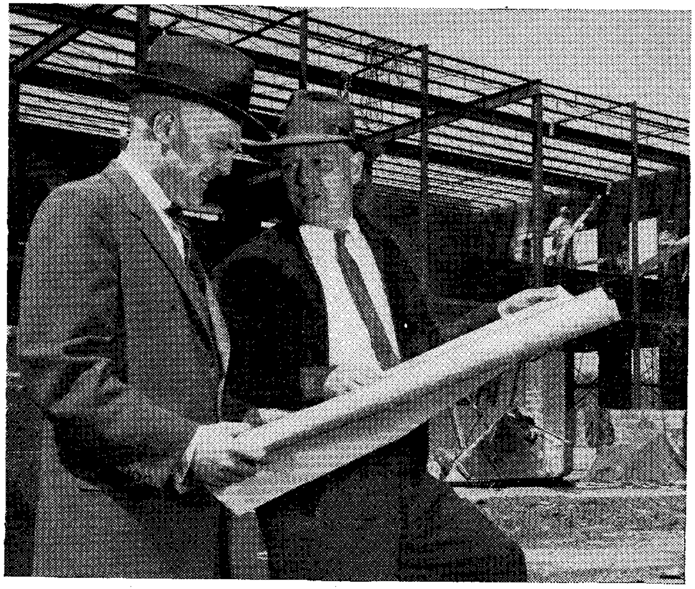
automation is already serving *you*



etter values for customers: Automation at General Electric con-inues to bring better product values. Television sets, vacuum leaners, automatic blankets, refrigerators, automatic washers and any other consumer products are lower in price than in 1950—ven though wage and material costs have substantially increased.



More and better jobs for employees: Increased use of automation is bringing increased employment and upgrading of work. Employment at General Electric has grown from 71,500 in 1939 to about 230,000 at the end of 1955. In the same period total compensation and benefits paid employees have increased more than 8 times.



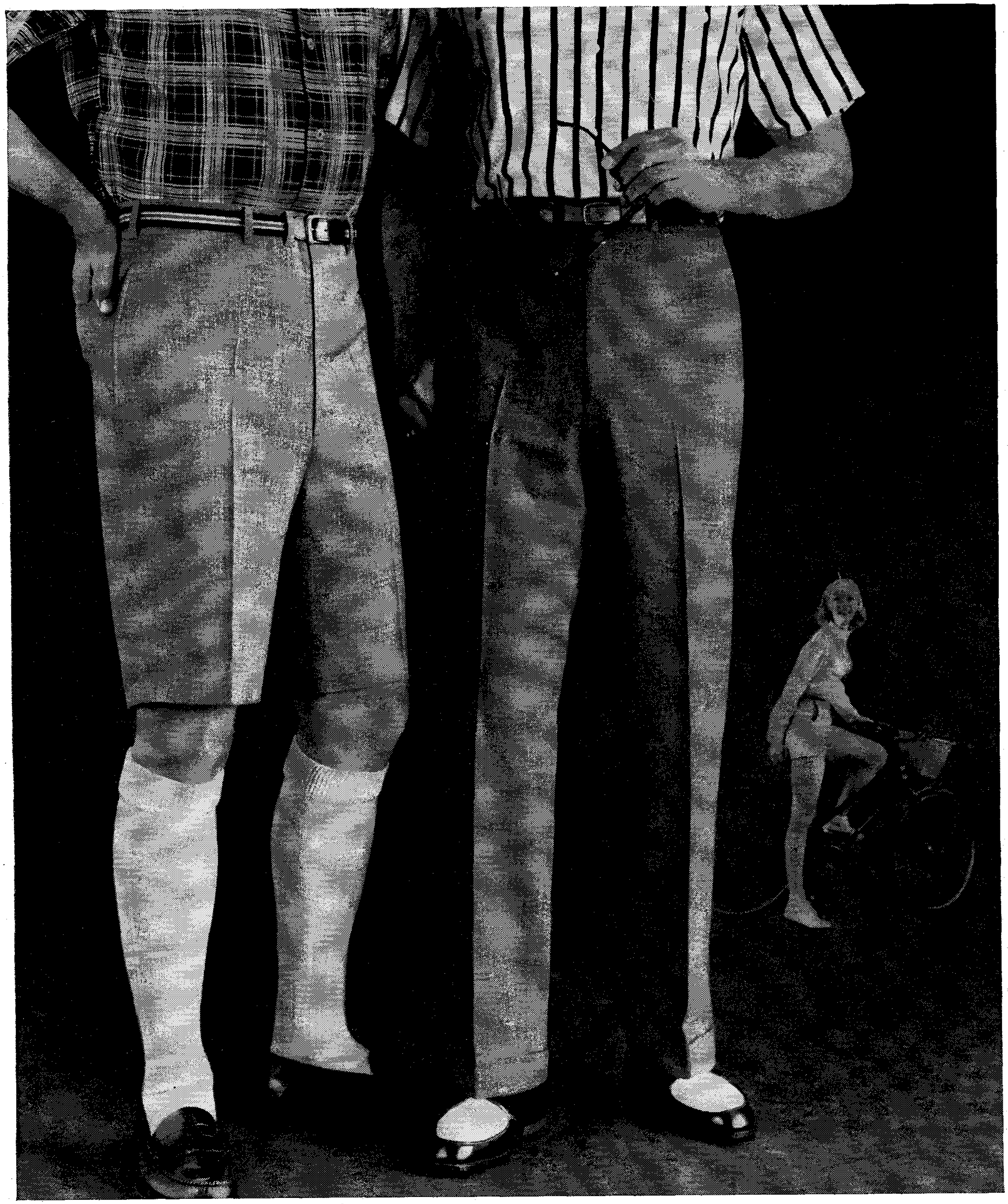
xpansion for other businesses: As automation helps General lectric produce more products at prices that attract more buyers, undreds of thousands of dealers and some 40,000 suppliers are rovided with opportunities to expand their own businesses and ayrolls—business opportunities they would not otherwise have.

FRAME MACHINING
FULLY AUTOMATIC CYCLE
12 OPERATION TRANSFER MACHINES
MACHINES ALL VARIETIES OF 250
LINE FRAMES COMPLETELY

Increased dividends for share owners: The share owners above are inspecting some of the modern equipment their investment helped to buy. The willingness of General Electric's share owners to reinvest earnings has made possible the Company's progress toward automation—and the resulting benefits to everyone.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



You're neater, more comfortable . . . with less care in slacks or walking shorts made with "Dacron"* polyester fiber. High percentages of "Dacron" help keep the crease in and wrinkles out of light, comfortable tropicals. Wherever you go this summer, go neat, go cool, in long-wearing tropicals made with "Dacron".

CORBIN, LTD. tailors these handsome slacks and walking shorts of 55% "Dacron" and 45% wool. See them at these and other fine stores: Paul Stuart, New York; Boshard-Doughty, Los Angeles; Peller & Mure, Buffalo; The Kent Shop, Gano-Downs, Denver; House of Walsh, Amherst, Williamstown. For additional listings, see page 122.

DACRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DU PONT
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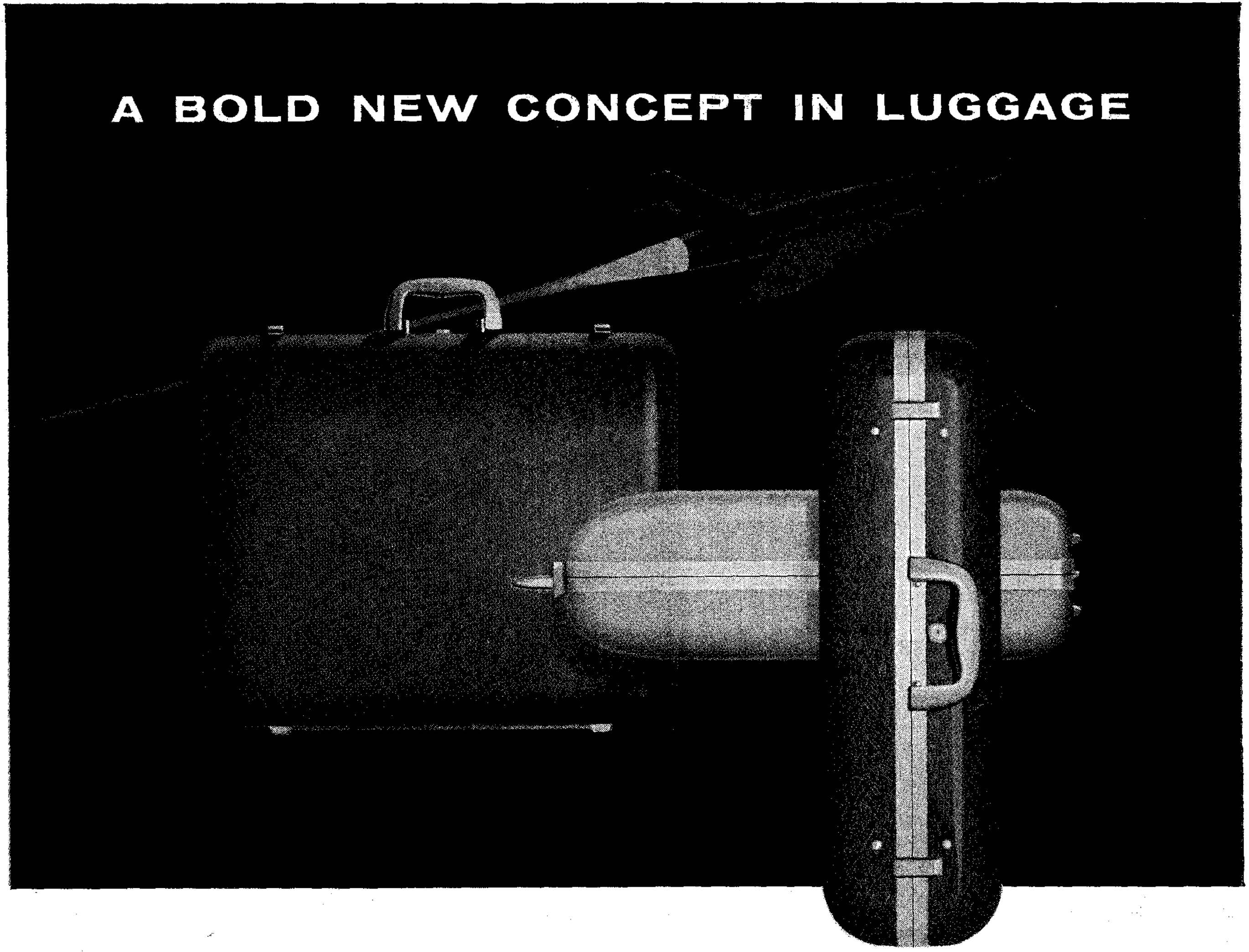
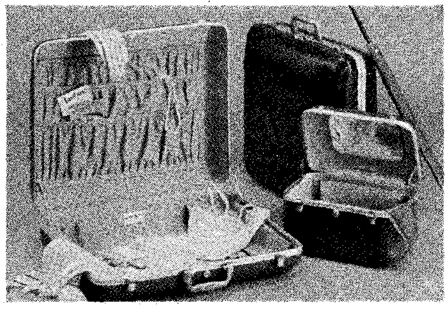
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR SLACKS SHOWN HERE.



If you travel a lot—Koch Fiberglas Luggage gives lifetime beauty, worry-free wear


Complete sets for women. 6 colors. From $49.50

Complete sets for men. 4 colors. From $44.50

Koch's sleek new luggage of miracle Fiberglas long outlives conventional luggage. It is slender and smooth as a jet's wing. Its well-tailored good looks mark the experienced traveler.

It is more resistant to scuffing, denting and puncturing than any luggage ever crafted. It is stain-proof, fungus-proof, mildew-proof. Scuffs, grime and travel abuses that would mar other luggage for life are quickly and easily removed at home. When other luggage is retired to the attic, Koch Luggage is still going strong.

See your luggage dealer, or write Dept. NC, for the name of a Koch dealer near you.

APPROVED
FOR WORLD TRAVEL
By TWA

KOCH *Fiberglas Luggage*

CORTE MADERA, CALIFORNIA

©1956 Cole of California

by Dior for Cole
of California

Christian Dior has designed his first—his very first—collection of swimsuits! He has designed them exclusively for Cole of California. He has made them as unmistakably Dior as his great gowns. Will you be the first woman in the world to wear a swimsuit from a Dior collection? Here, the Dior drape of Laton Taffeta, with the bold stroke of pink against pink. Also blue with light blue, gold with yellow, black with grey. $39.95

Bond Street
TOILET
WATER
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YARDLEY

The fragrance for a grande dame

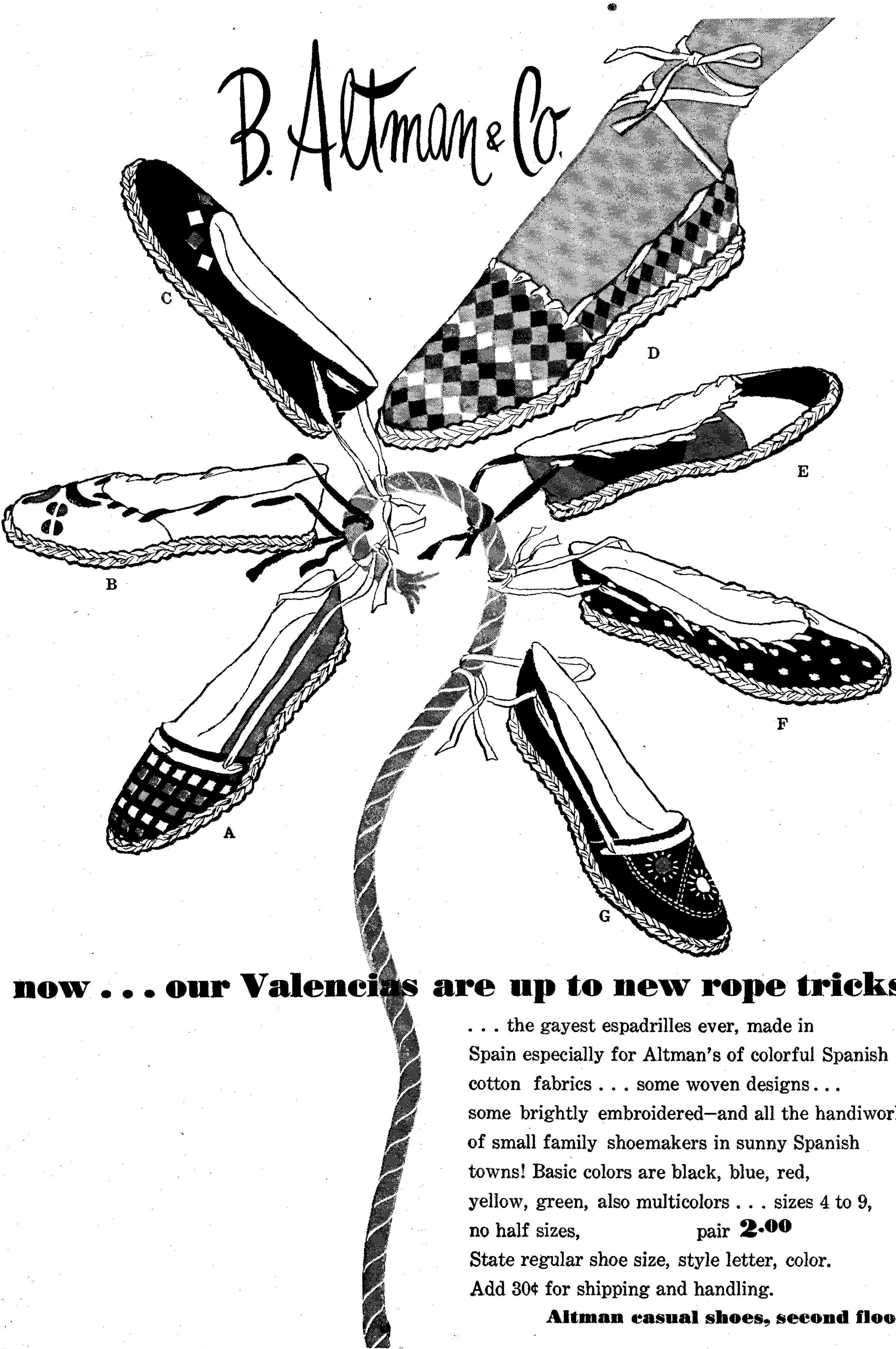
Devotees of the elegant feminine charm of Bond Street perfume are practically numberless. And this world-famous scent is perfectly repeated in Bond Street toilet water. Enjoy it for an elegant aura of fragrance by day and night. Give it as the ultimate compliment. Find Bond Street toilet water at your favorite cosmetic counter. 1.85 and 2.95 plus tax.

Bond Street
by Yardley

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Doll by Madame Alexander

B. Altman & Co.



now . . . our Valencias are up to new rope tricks

. . . the gayest espadrilles ever, made in Spain especially for Altman's of colorful Spanish cotton fabrics . . . some woven designs . . . some brightly embroidered—and all the handiwork of small family shoemakers in sunny Spanish towns! Basic colors are black, blue, red, yellow, green, also multicolors . . . sizes 4 to 9, no half sizes, pair **2.00**

State regular shoe size, style letter, color.
Add 30¢ for shipping and handling.

Altman casual shoes, second floor

MUrrayhill 9-7000—Fifth Avenue at 34th Street and East Orange, White Plains, Manhasset

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE hope Sir Winston Churchill, impeccable, old-school grammarian that he is, hasn't chanced to hear American radio or television commercials recently. It would pain him dreadfully, we're sure, to listen to the obnoxious and ubiquitous couplet "Winston tastes good, like a cigarette should." That pesky "like" is a problem for us Americans to solve, we guess, and anyway Sir Winston has his own problems. The latest is that, notwithstanding all the trouble he's gone to to avoid a dukedom, he suddenly seems to have acquired a realm of his own, a hand-me-down from the first Duke of Marlborough. Sir Winston has been revealed as the Prince of Mindelheim, Mindelheim being a principality in Bavaria that is smaller than Monaco. The incumbent Prince's subjects have never laid eyes on him, and they would naturally like him to stop by soon and accept their fealty, or whatever it is a prince of Mindelheim rates. If he does, they'll doubtless decide, unless they've been educated by the voice of commercial America, that Winston looks good, as a Mindelheimer should.

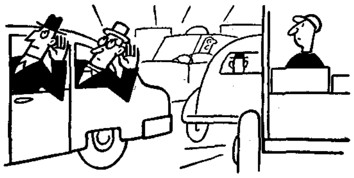
LAST week, the stockholders of Twentieth Century-Fox were informed at their annual meeting that while the company hasn't been doing particularly well lately (earnings per share for first quarter of 1956 down from 1955), it has struck oil on several of its studio lots in Los Angeles. There's a movie in this if ever there was in anything, and the principal characters are obvious: impoverished extra (from Oklahoma), who loves the studio boss's daughter; daughter, who owns a portable drilling rig; studio boss, fretting over his balance sheet, who craftily gives the young couple a dowry consisting merely of company-stock options (he thinks they're worthless, but the hero knows better, having sniffed a telltale scent under the floor of the executives' dining room) and is staggered when liquid gold spouts up through the dumbwaiter. It's a picture that would make a handsome profit and cheer up those stockholders.

THE Department of Commerce has made public a list of seven hundred previously *verboten* items that American exporters may now ship to the Soviet bloc of nations without a special license. Mallets, pencil plugs, and coin-operated machines have been granted security clearance, and so have all Easter-egg dyes save those with a vegetable base. (We personally deplore the shipment toward any child on earth of any Easter-egg dye that is not fully digestible.) While we are sure the Commerce Department had valid reasons for its decisions, we can't help wondering what lies behind its decree that masks and false faces are now sanctioned for unlicensed export but that "novelty false faces" are to remain proscribed. For heaven's sake, what kind of non-novelty false face would any American conceivably have occasion to export to Russia? What *is* a non-novelty false face, anyway? A disguise for a spy? We trust that Commerce won't find itself in a jam with the Central Intelligence Agency.

WE went out to Westchester for the weekend, and as our host, wearing paint-spattered blue jeans trimmed with fresh-turned soil, was ferrying us from the railroad depot to his ranch, he brought his car to a jouncing halt. "My God, look at that!" he yelled, pointing to a house just off the road. We looked, but noticed nothing untoward, and asked if we'd perhaps missed some rare bird. "Rare indeed, in these parts!" he cried. "There! On the terrace!" Then we caught on. Sprawled comfortably in a deck chair was a nattily dressed man (madras sports coat, linen trousers) with a glass in one hand, a book on his chest, and a portable radio at his fingertips. "I never realized anything like that existed outside of *House & Garden*," muttered our host shakily as he drove on.

Shrieks and Rumbles

THE last time we checked up on the many noises that fracture the local air and tend to drive us inhabitants bats, there was no such thing as a Committee for a Quiet City and no official anti-noise campaign. But when we made another spot check of shrieks, squeaks, hums, and rumbles, on a recent morning, we did so in the company of Richard M. Barr, executive director of the committee, and William F. Larsen, a professor in the Graduate School of Public Administration at N.Y.U. and research director of the committee. We met the Messrs. Barr and Larsen outside the committee headquarters, on Park Avenue, and were ushered into the depths of a long, black, purring-like-a-cat Cadillac, which, with its driver, had been lent for the occasion by Mr. Arde Bulova, chairman of the committee. The C.Q.C. was formed last year and consists of forty-one civic and business

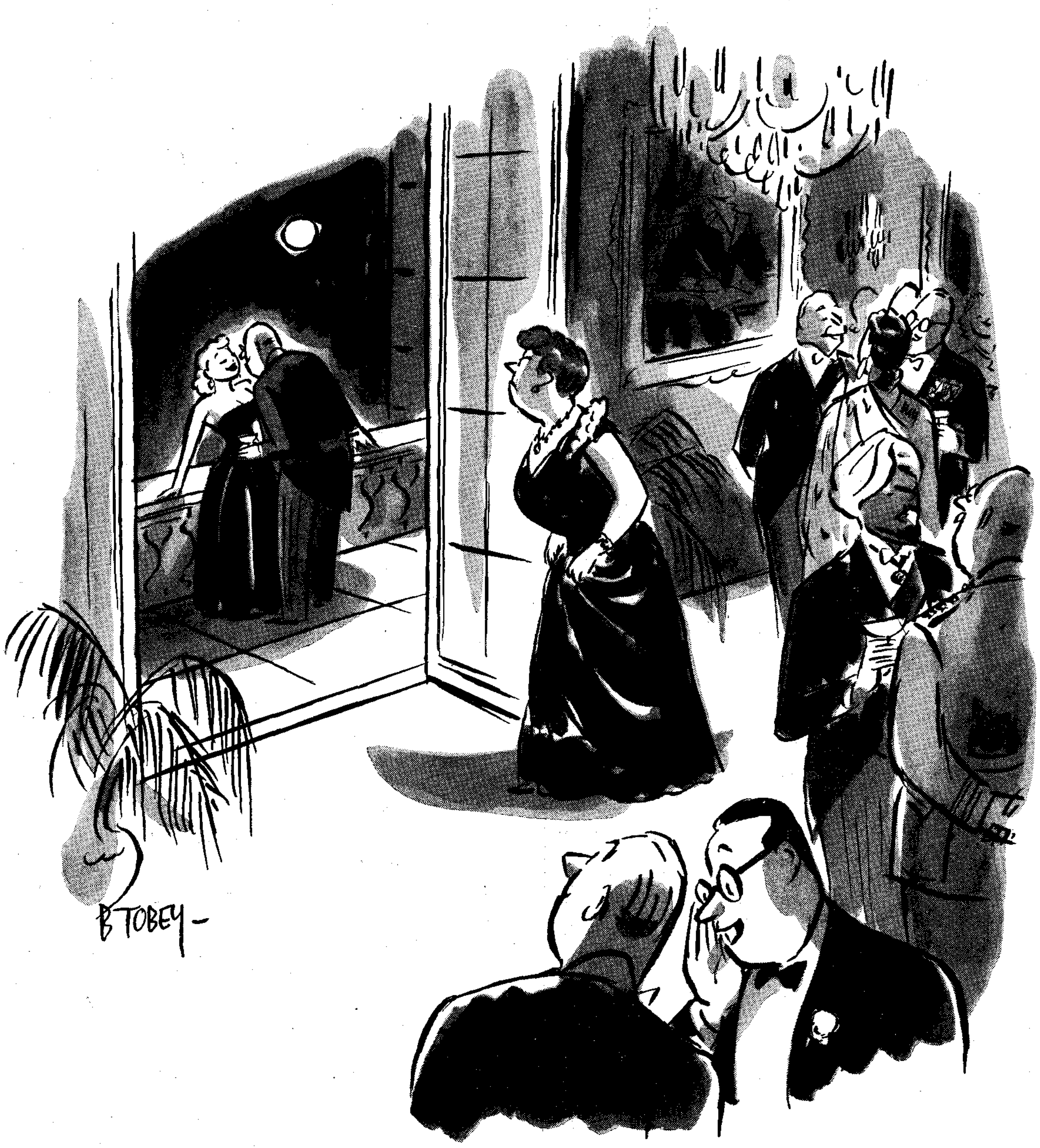


leaders appointed by the Mayor, who, in the course of a trip abroad, had been much impressed by the measures being taken against noise in Paris and Rome. The committee raised fifty thousand dollars by private subscription and held its first official meeting in November, at which, after a certain amount of regrettably loud talk, a program was drawn up for attacking noise by stages. Stage One, the anti-horn-blowing campaign, began on March 1st and, Mr. Barr said, has been getting splendid results. Stage Two, in which the committee is to deploy its forces against such ancient and obdurate cacophonies as the rattle of manhole covers and the banging of garbage cans, began May 1st. The parties at fault—Con Ed, the Department of Sanitation, and so on—have promised to take definite steps toward smothering, or at any rate diminishing, unnecessary noise. The Department of Sanitation, indeed, has already set a good example by including among the specifications for some new garbage trucks that their crushing mechanisms must not create a noise of over eighty decibels at a distance of ten feet and that the lips of the crushers, against which the collectors drop the cans, be made of rubber. The preliminary work on Stage Three, which hasn't been announced yet, began last week, when Professor Larsen wound up a research project that he and four N.Y.U. students had been up to their ears in. "We've noted over twenty-five hundred works on noise, and not a single one of them deals with how to control it in a city," the Professor told us. "In fact, nobody has yet discovered how to answer the most important question, which is 'What is the irreducible minimum of noise that can be hoped for in a great city—the sound that millions of people are bound to make by simply breathing, eating, sleeping, and walking up and down the street?' "

Professor Larsen, who was armed with a decibel meter, directed the driver to take us to Park and Fifty-sixth Street. "At the moment, that's the noisiest spot in the city," he said, with a scholar's satisfaction. "Bedlam! Two buildings going up and one coming down, and a big hole in the street." We arrived at Bedlam, Professor Larsen thrust his meter through an open window of the car, and the needle leaped giddily. "Steady reading of a hundred and nine decibels," he said. "Over sixty-five, it's difficult to carry on a conversation at a distance of more than two feet. A hundred and twenty is the point at which one actually *feels* sound." Heading uptown, we came abreast of an air compressor, and the meter darted up to a hundred and ten. "The pneumatic-drill people are really working on this problem," Mr. Barr said as we drew away from the compressor and the needle fluttered back to sixty. "They claim they've knocked ten decibels off some of their products. That's a lot more than it seems. Decibels increase not by simple addition but by the logarithm of ten, so a sound ten decibels higher than another is actually ten times as loud."

We drove to 125th Street, where, under the New York Central tracks, with heavy trucks and crosstown buses charging past us, the needle at times was pushed right off the meter. We then proceeded down into Central Park. In the Sheep Meadow, a dozen boys were playing ball and a stiff wind was blowing; the meter read seventy. "That's a good bit louder than it would be in real country," said the Professor. "Everything makes *some* sound, of course; the rustle of leaves will average ten decibels and the sound of footsteps thirty."

"The first anti-noise campaign was launched by Jimmie Walker," Mr.



"Here's your chance to observe diplomacy at work."

Barr said. "Two hundred thousand readings were taken over a period of three years, but not a blessed thing was done about them. LaGuardia also started an anti-noise campaign; the only lasting consequence of it was the abolition of hurdy-gurdies. We received a letter the other day from a man who thinks the whole problem will solve itself by getting worse and worse. Eventually, he says, the noise may reach such a pitch that the buildings will simply wear away to nothing."

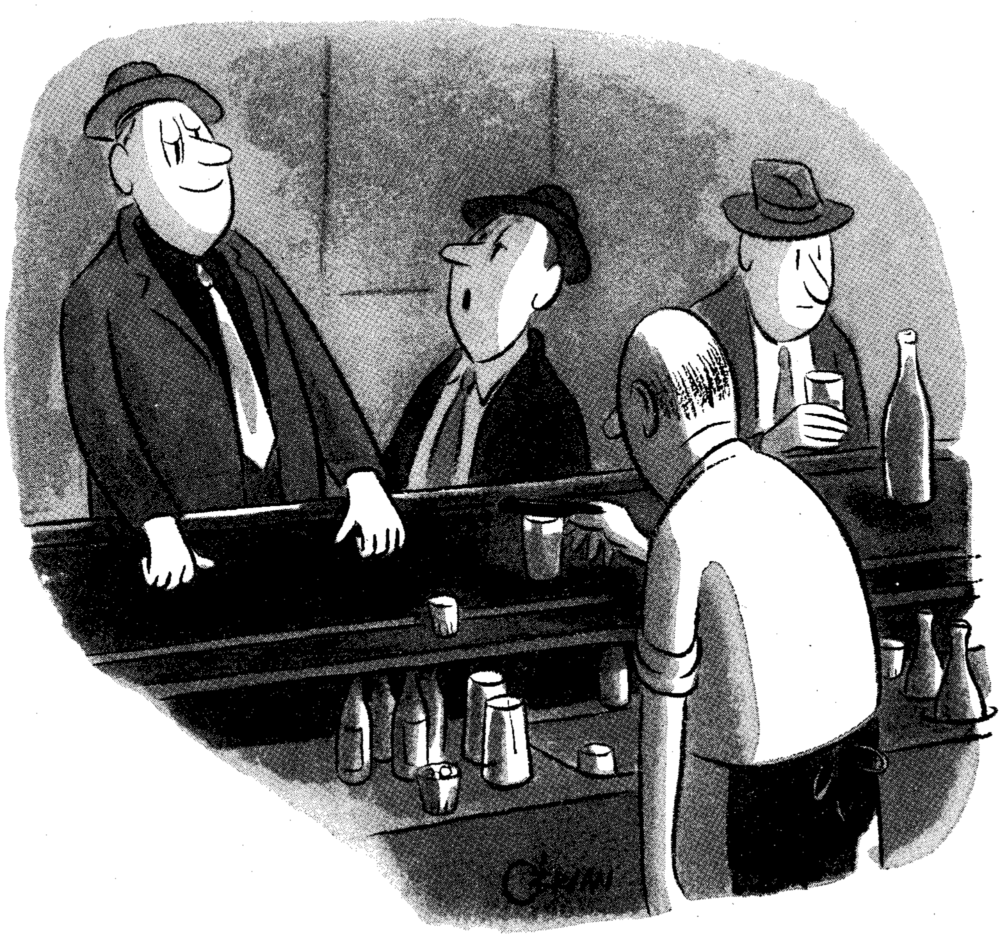
"Possible in theory," said the Professor. "Sound can erode things. Terrible way to lose the whole city, though. Let's try solving the problem *our* way first."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Roger Conant, a curator of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, is in charge of reptiles and public relations.

Ye Olde English Inn, at Waldwick, New Jersey, advertises "Italian Cuisine—Delicious Food—Delightful Atmosphere—Pizza!"

The telephone number of the Plaza 5 Agency for Models is Oxford 7-3480.



"Pardon me, but you're standing on my friend."

• •

Bach and Bananas

LOTS of people talk of running off to an island in the South Seas where they'd have nothing to do but loaf and invite their souls in whatever fashion they chose, but the fact is that until last week we had never actually met anyone who'd had the gumption to do it. Our brave new acquaintance is an Australian named Noel Wood, who has been paying his first visit to New York. A tall, dark-haired, and charming man of forty-three, Wood is the sole inhabitant of a tiny island called Bedarra, which is seven miles off the coast of Queensland, inside the Great Barrier Reef. He has lived on the island for nearly all of the past twenty years and will head back there after looking up old friends in Hollywood, New York, London, and Ireland. "I first went to Bedarra when Mussolini was mopping up in Abyssinia, or trying to," Wood told us. "My reason was a simple economic one. I was making my living as a portrait painter in Sydney and hating it. I decided to find a place where it would cost absolutely nothing to live, so I could paint as I pleased. At that moment, I ran into an elderly chemist chap, who turned out to be the owner of Bedarra. I bought a chunk of it from him for fifty pounds. My property includes three hills, two bays, and an excellent spring, and I pay thirty shillings a year in taxes on it."

Mr. Wood informed us that Bedarra, roughly triangular in shape and half the size of Central Park, is one of the ten islands in the Family group, and is some six hundred miles north of the Tropic of Capricorn, in about the same latitude as Fiji and Tahiti. Its granite base is concealed beneath a tall and dense rain forest, which grows to the high-tide line. There are a dozen small beaches on the island, all of them flooded at high tide. The island rises abruptly to a height of just under a thousand feet. The only indigenous animal is a relative of the platypus called the echidna, which has quills and a long snout, eats ants, curls up like a hedgehog, lays eggs, and carries its young in a pouch. There are many birds, including tasty scrub hens and turkeys. When Wood first went to Bedarra, it was well stocked with pythons, but a species of beetle-eating toad that is at once delicious and poisonous to pythons was imported, and it has pretty well wiped them out. The island has no flies, a few nonmalarial mosquitoes, and a variety of handsome spiders, some of them as big as dinner plates. The temperature ranges from sixty to eighty-five degrees all the year round, and in the rainy season, which lasts from January through March, as much as three hundred and thirty inches of rain has been known to fall.

"People ask me if I get lonely." Mr. Wood said. "The answer is no. In the beginning, I was far too busy cutting a clearing out of the jungle and building a house and planting a garden to be lonely. Keeping the jungle back and supplying myself with food occupies a certain part of every day. I grow oranges, lemons, papayas, tomatoes, pumpkins, eggplant, yams, watermelons, and eleven-inch bananas. Now and then, I go on painting jags, during which nothing matters except my work. I get paints and canvas from the mainland, and my subjects are usually jungle scenes, studies of flowers—that kind of thing. I had my first exhibition in Sydney in 1939 and have had several since. People have come to know my name, and many of them take it into their heads to sail out and visit me. Once, a writer and his wife and two children arrived unannounced and stayed a year. He wrote a book about the experience and described me as ill-tempered—do you wonder? I've got an inordinate amount of reading done on Bedarra. All of Dickens, Pepys, Tolstoy, and Proust. My favorite is Pepys. I read at night, with the help of a kerosene lamp. I've a wind-up gramophone, and I assure you that the still nighttime jungle is the best place in the world in which to listen to Bach. My house has a floor of granite slabs, walls of plaited palm leaves, and a roof of thatch. I cook in my fireplace or in a pit outdoors. Scrub hen roasted in a coconut buried in live coals makes a most delectable dish. I've invented a sort of flat beer made out of coconut buds, and a light white wine made out of mangoes and pineapples. I've never been sick a single day on the island. Whenever I go into Sydney, I catch a cracking cold. The next time I set foot on Bedarra, I'll probably stay there for good. Having been away so long, I'll find my garden gone. That means starting in all over again, but I don't mind. In a few days, I'll have everything as neat and homey as ever."

Mixed-Up Pollys

A Wall Street broker who lives in Rockland County was tied up in conference last Monday afternoon when his young son called him long distance to ask him to bring home a copy of "Pollyanna," on which the boy had to write a classroom report. The broker's secretary explained to the youngster that Daddy wasn't available, and said she would be glad to leave a message for him. When her memorandum reached the broker, he decided that education in Rockland County was getting too progressive for comfort. The memorandum read, "Your son called and would like you to bring home a copy of Polly Adler's book that he needs for his schoolwork."

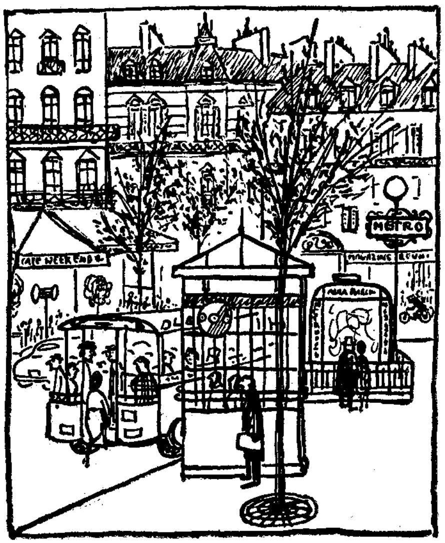
Glance

CONSISTENT visitors, such as we, to the New-York Historical Society will in time have a sensation as of echoes. We went up there for the inauguration of an exhibit cunningly titled "Eat, Drink, and Be Wary—A Backward Glance at Foods, Drugs, and Cosmetics Before the Protective Acts of 50 Years Ago" and what should we see, on the shelves of a reconstructed country store, but an apple corer we last observed in the museum's exhibit of Early American arts and crafts, and a box of primitive Jell-O lifted from its current review of New York State industry? Apart from these special recognitions, the old store had a general nostalgia to offer, and we recommend it to all urban children who have never seen crackers in a barrel, onions in a bag, potatoes in a sack, candy in a jar, or tea in a tin. Scanning the early cans of fruit, we commiserated with those pioneer label artists who vainly searched, in the hot terrain between orange and purple, for the correct color of tomatoes. With peaches, the problem seemed to be whether to play up the cleavage natural to the fruit or to go for massive, juicy unity. Most of the peach artists played up the cleavage, some with modernist intensity.

An old-time apothecary shop, another section of the exhibit, appeared thoroughly ancient, suggesting the one that Romeo visited:

A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty
  seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes
  of roses . . .

The replica, worked out with all the crabbed detail of a Dürer interior, seemed scented with late-Gothic brimstone. Clumps of dried herbs wrapped in brittle paper that was covered with Spanish print, charcoal toothpaste, saponaceous (dread adjective!) shaving compound, Norwegian cod-liver oil, Mexican mustang liniment, and sassafras in a black urn were theoretically for sale. The shadowy décor was enlivened here and there by touches of amber, chartreuse, and white powder, and on a bank of dark drawers were lettered, in crumbling gold, the possibly demoniac invocations "Jethyoc Russ," "Myrist Nuc.," "Astrag. Ver. hum," "Cera Alba," and "Jujube Paste."



Prominent in the show, and prominent among the causes of the passage, in 1906, of the Pure Food and Drug Act, was the patent-medicine craze that set in after the Civil War, and grew through the eighties and nineties. Melioristic and multicolored posters advertised Moffat's Vegetable Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters ("They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous"); Renne's Magic Oil; Dr. Parmenter's Magnetic Oil; Dr. James' Oil of Gladness; the tonic of Dr. Everson, the Ague King; McMunn's Elixir of Opium; Luxura ("Lends a Graceful Rotundity to the Lean Chested"); and Ka-ton-ka ("The Only Indian Medicine on Earth Backed with BANKABLE Paper"). One handbill read, with a cryptic simplicity:

EYE, EAR, AND CATARRH
Mrs. Manchester,
the Celebrated Independent Clairvoyant
AND ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
Has Arrived in Town and Taken Rooms.

The implicit connection between independent clairvoyance and catarrh was not so farfetched in an era that saw catarrh everywhere. Pe-Ru-Na, while modestly claiming to cure nothing but catarrh, was accompanied by a booklet in which pneumonia was diagnosed as catarrh of the lungs, dyspepsia as catarrh of the stomach, appendicitis as catarrh of the appendix, and so on. Pe-Ru-Na had the bonus feature of being twenty-eight per cent alcohol—stiffer than Paine's Celery Compound (21%) but a poor second to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters (44.3%). These nostrums, the pure-food advocates slyly suggested, were sometimes purchased by people whose sole ailment was alcoholism (catarrh of the cork). Bliss' Botanic Cough Syrup associated itself with another form of indulgence by distributing "Nellie and Her Lover," a poem beginning,

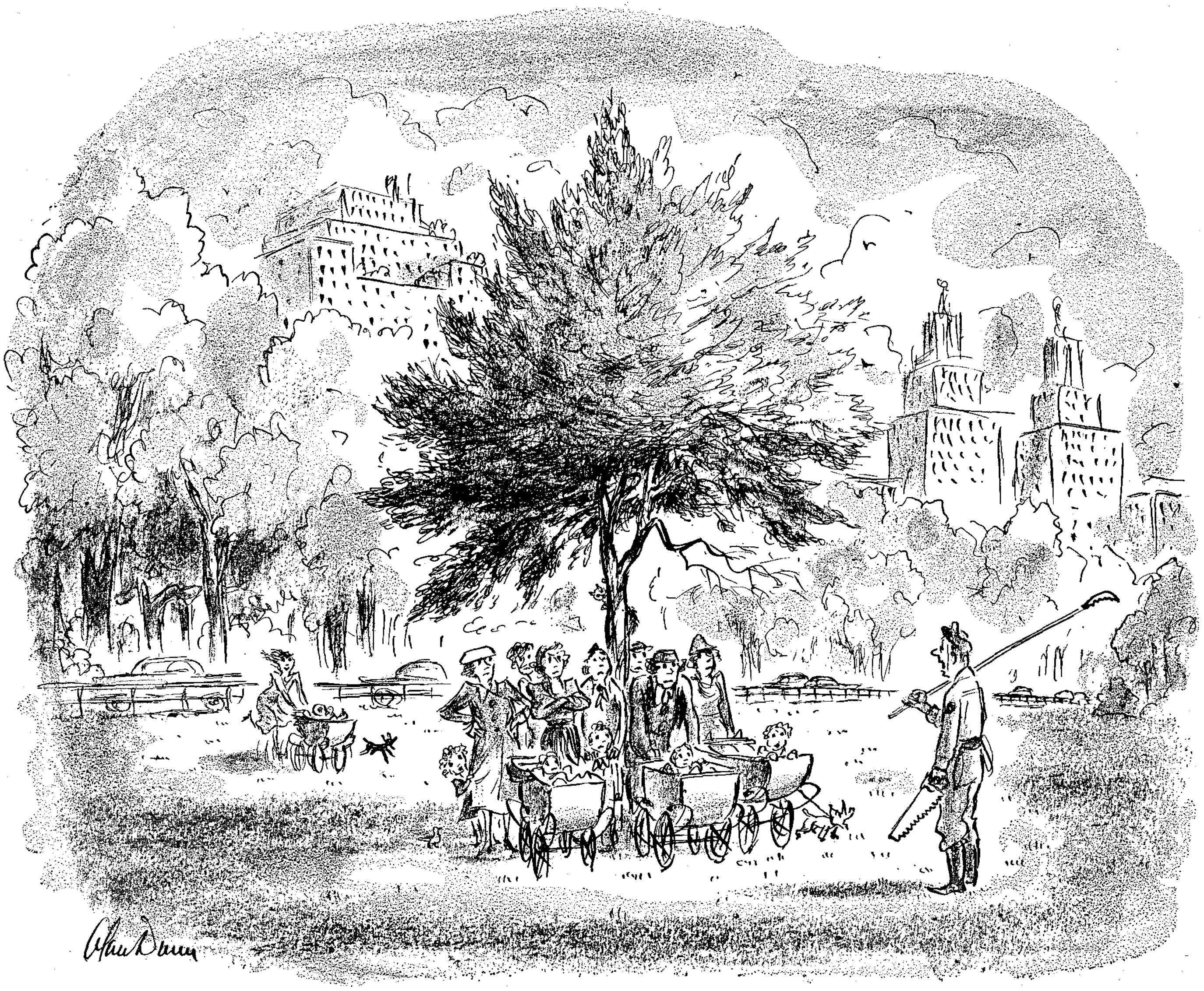
'Twas when the crocus in the wild,
On grim departing winter smiled,

and ending,

Ye darlings, when your lovers come,
  Your hands to win, or hearts to stir up,
Just bid them early leave for home,
  Unless you have some of Bliss' Cough
    Syrup.

The narrative in between, rather racy for complete synopsis, dealt with a young suitor's coughing in the middle of his attentions and nearly waking his love's parents.

Not all advertising was pitched so low, however. In evidence, and in conclusion, we submit this high-minded



"But I only want to prune it."

* *

piece, which may be the most ambitious flight of anonymous rhetoric since the Upanishads (our typography but palely apes the original):

The
MATCHLESS SANATIVE
Invented by the Immortal
LOUIS OFFON GOELICKE, M.D.,
of Germany, Europe,

IS astonishing the WORLD with its mighty victories over many FEARFUL DISEASES, which have been pronounced INCURABLE by physicians in every age, being the most

VALUABLE MEDICINE

and the most unaccountable in its operations of any ever prepared by human hands; a medicine obtained EQUALLY from the ANIMAL, MINERAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS, thus possessing a ☞ *THREE-FOLD POWER* ☜; a medicine, of more value to mankind than the united treasures of our globe, and for which we have abundant cause to bless the beneficent hand of a *kind Providence*; a medicine, which begins to be valued by PHYSICIANS, who have heretofore opposed it, who are daily witnessing its astonishing cures of many whom they had assigned to the grasp of the ☞ INSATIABLE GRAVE!! ☜ a precious and powerful medicine, which has thoroughly filled the *great vacuum in the Materia Medica;* and thereby proved itself to be the

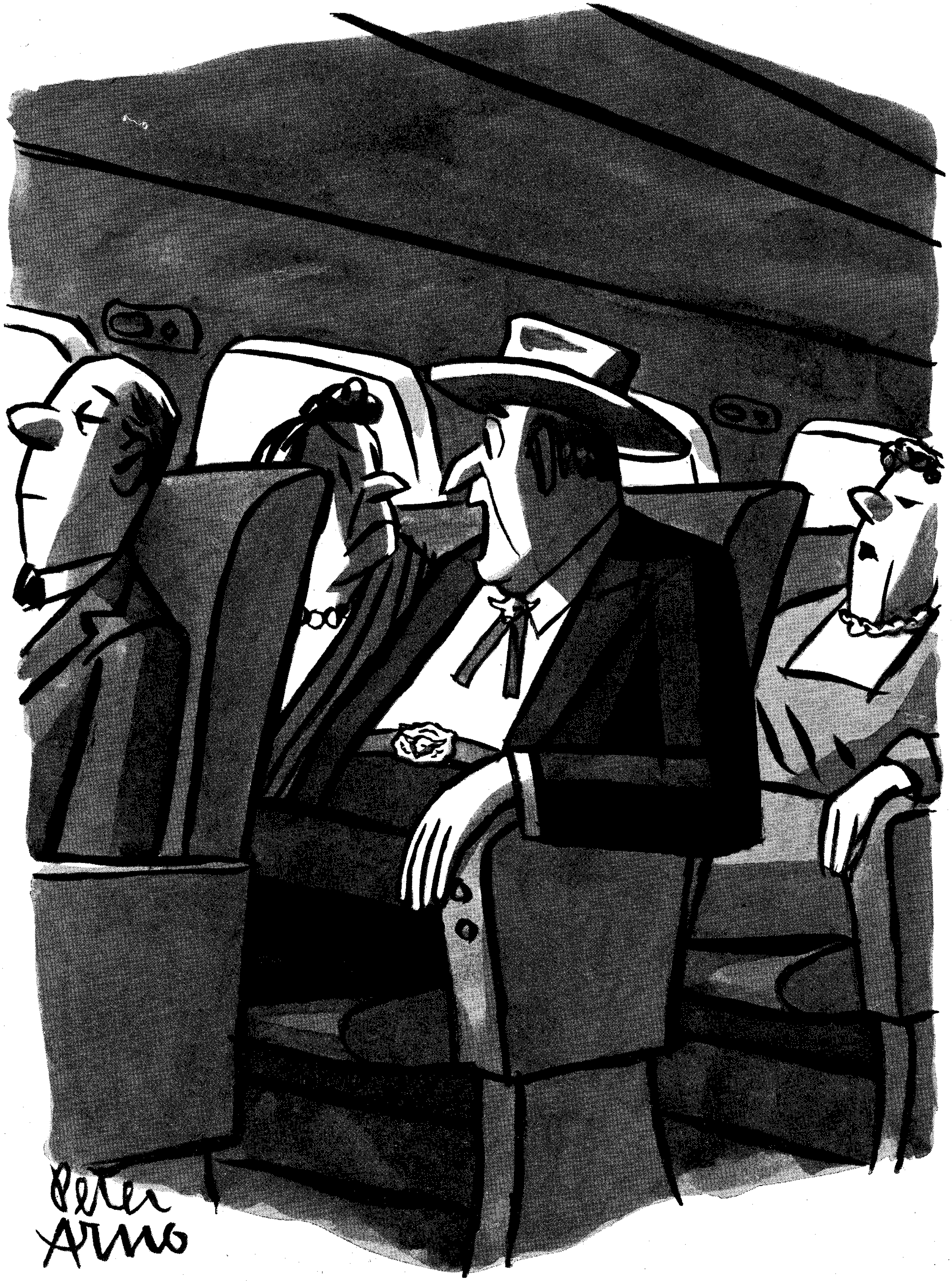
CONQUEROR OF PHYSICIANS.

Attached to this effusion was a tiny bottle of the stuff, and we were somewhat surprised to read, in small print on the neck of the bottle, the one word:

CAREFUL.

Top Secret

A TRAVELLER who arrived from England on the Queen Elizabeth the other day was delighted to get through United States customs in a speedy twenty minutes. When he came to the exit of the Cunard Line pier, however, he was stopped by a trio of inspectors, one of whom waved a portable Geiger counter over his hand luggage. As it was passed across one small bag, the counter began to act up, and the inspectors led the traveller to a secluded corner. "Would you open this suitcase, please?" asked the boss inspector dourly. The traveller did so, and the trio fell upon it, producing a batch of soiled shirts, a radio, and an alarm clock. When the counter went into a tizzy over the alarm clock, the inspectors looked relieved and happy. "What's this about?" the traveller inquired. "You're all clear, sir," said the leader of the group. "I can tell you no more. We're classified." It took only a bit of mulling on the part of the traveller to determine just what had got the inspectors upset. The hands of his clock, he remembered, were radium-coated.



"Look, honey, I can't complain to the stewardess about every itty-bitty thing. It's not like we were in our own little old plane."

RETURN

Carter Johnson was hurrying across Sixth Avenue near the corner of Tenth Street when he noticed the water tower. He was in that place because he was on his way to his bank, and he was hurrying because it was close to bank-closing time and the check he had in his wallet, for three hundred and seventy-six dollars, from a client of his out in Albion, Ohio, meant the difference between being able to meet his payroll that week out of funds and having to try, perhaps unsuccessfully, to borrow.

That was how tight things were with Carter at the moment, as indeed they had been for some time; and yet, despite the pressure that was on him, the instant that he saw the water tower, rearing up proudly before him, he stopped dead in his tracks and stared at it. It was on the near corner of a corner building just a couple of blocks or so down the avenue from him, and though the building itself wasn't really tall—seven or eight stories high at the most, he'd have judged if he'd bothered to judge it—it was tall for the neighborhood; nothing else of that height was anywhere near it, and the result was that the tower stood out sharp and clear, high and isolated. It was a water tower much like any other, round and squat and capacious-looking, standing on a stiltlike framework of beams and uprights, and with an iron ladder leading up one side of it to the tip of its cone-shaped roof. But there was nothing beyond or behind it but the clean, clarion sky, almost cloudless, and still cool with the coolness of early summer. And the clean, bright sun struck down, just right, and the air had just the right promise of breeziness: against the blue there, in that matchless atmosphere, it was hard to think of its being attached to anything—the tower looked carefree and invulnerable, like a balloon getting ready to soar.

It seemed to Carter, standing staring at it, that if a man could only get up to the top of that tower and sit there, looking around him, he'd be carefree and invulnerable, too. He would have the world at his feet and yet have no bother from it. He would be away from everything and also above it. He would be just about the happiest man on earth.

LESS than twenty minutes later, Carter Johnson was sitting on top of the water tower, and though afterward he didn't remember a great deal about how he had got there, it was in fact a good deal easier than he might have expected. The building turned out to be an old one, largely given over to lofts and small manufactories. There was a square, bare hall, dim and dusty and with a plain pine floor that was very much scuffed, which served as entrance hall, and as Carter came in, he was just in time to see the broad, heavy doors of what looked like a freight elevator sliding lazily shut in the wall that was facing him.

Otherwise, the hall was empty. But there was a stairway leading up, in a sort of rectangular spiral around the elevator well, and without a moment's hesitation Carter started up it—up and up and up, as it turned out, till he reached the roof. No one stopped him. When he reached the third-floor landing, a door opened on a chatter of what sounded like linotype machines (the door itself said, "Yerkes & Bonding Job Printing"), and a man in greasy black coveralls came out, crossed the landing, and, opening a door on the same clatter on the other side, disappeared within.

But he walked past Carter as Carter walked past him, unnoticing. Halfway up to the next floor, Carter heard the clanking wheeze of the elevator descending. And on the floor above that, the next-to-the-last floor, there was a man standing as if waiting in an open doorway. He was a short, chunky, dark-haired man in vest and shirtsleeves, with a half-smoked but unlit cigar in his mouth, and Carter, mounting the stairs towards him, regarded him with both interest and detachment—as a climber, scaling a mighty mountain, might regard a peasant he encountered on the way.

To his surprise, as he reached the landing, the man spoke. "You from Schmidt's?" he wanted to know, and—with no desire to confuse; actually, he was a little bit apprehensive—quickly, Carter replied: "No. No, I'm from nowhere." Then, as the man stared ("Huh?" he said, or something like that) and as Carter brushed past, he added, with a bright smile, pointing up, "I'm just going there." And hurried on.

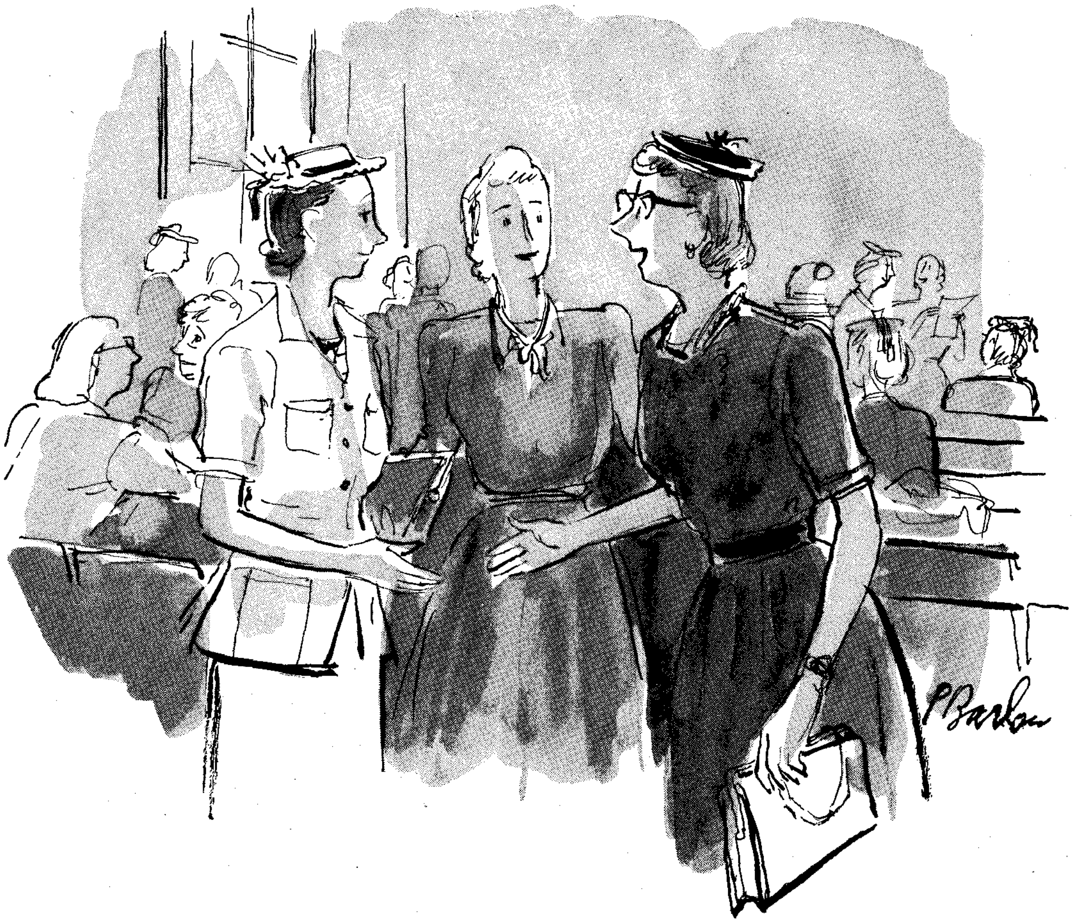
But even he, though he stared at Carter suspiciously, made no effort to stop him; and it was as well that he hadn't, Carter thought a second later as he spiralled the last flight up. "I'd have *killed* him!" he told himself then, and though actually he knew there was little likelihood that he would ever have done anything as violent as that—for throughout his whole life he had lived peaceably, and people don't change quite so radically, even in crisis—there's no question, either, but that something desperate would have resulted if at that late moment anyone had attempted to bar him from his desire. And the thought settled in his mind and remained there, coming up, obliquely, to the surface later.

The top floor, luckily, was deserted. There was a door, labelled "Excelsior Appliances," swinging half open on a bare room rowed with dusty windows, but Carter wasted no time on that. There was a stairway still, iron-runged and steel-railed now, and narrower, but leading up, to a kind of squared cupola with a door, hooked shut, at the top of it: it took no more than a moment to run up the stairs and, the door unhooked, step out onto the roof—grimly tar-and-gravelly, strewn with odd bits of rubbish, and indented with ancient puddles, but free-aired and devoid of smells (Lord! What smells he had climbed through, now that he thought of it!) and sunlit, sunlit at last.

A moment more, and he was up the tower. It could have been minutes or it could have been hours—Carter now was in a mood where time scarcely existed—before one man's head and then another's came peering out of the cupola doorway below. Then the two men themselves—one a short, wiry, black-haired fellow, probably an Italian, in brown work pants and an old blue sweater, the other larger, solider, older, in vest, shirtsleeves, and baggy gray pants—walked slowly out onto the roof.

They came out cautiously, looking this way and that before they advanced, and Carter knew somehow, immediately, that they were looking for him. Even so, it was a while before they found him; and Carter, sitting there silently watching them (he hadn't quite reached the peak of the water tower, but he was near it: he was perched, his knees hunched under him, on the very last rungs of the ladder that lay along the roof of it), felt that mixture of slyness, amusement, and vague triumph that a boy perched high up in a tree and half hidden by its branches might feel, looking down on the world below. In the end, it was he who gave them the clue.

For he just couldn't help it. "Excelsior!" he called down, deliberately making his voice sound high and ringing, and as the idea took hold of him he jumped to his feet and held his arms out stiffly before him, like a man carry-



"Oh, Mrs. Penecrest! Aren't you the new green split-level?"

• •

ing a banner. "Excelsior!" It was a nice-sounding word, and he repeated it, though already the two heads had swivelled up toward him—two melons fitted with features. They stared as Carter posed valiantly before them, and the smaller one was so startled that he even let out a little yelp. Bowing graciously, Carter sat down.

"Didn't I tell ya? I told ya, Frank, didn't I? Didn't I tell ya?" the smaller man cried excitedly, and the older one, but without turning his head—he was still staring steadily at Carter—nodded soberly.

"Yeah, but Jesus! You know, you read about these things—" he said. Then, raising his voice, he directed it suddenly at Carter. "Listen, pal, man to man now," he demanded, it seemed almost angrily. "What the hell do you think you're doing up there, anyway? Don't you know you're just gonna make trouble for yourself?"

Carter, however, was ready for him. "You're so childish," he told the man pityingly. And he meant it; it *was* childish. It had been a mistake, and a sad one, to bring these two into the thing in the first place. For the truth was these men didn't fit in; whatever his plan was, they didn't belong at all.

"Otherwise, it's the cops," the other persisted. "The cops, and maybe the loony bin. You don't want that, do you?"

And there was more talk, more talk. Sometime, in the interval, the littler fellow had vanished; but at the same time, or somewhere around then—time, like everything else, was a little confused—other people had come straggling out onto the roof to join him: a pack of young girls, some of them in work smocks, and all squealing and chattering; the two men that he'd passed on the stairway, and whom he recognized briefly, as if in a lightning flash, and then lost in the pack of others, others. . . . Though they talked, for the most part, among themselves, that still made a hubbub of voices, and Carter, even when he was answering that other, the baggy-pantsed one, felt as if he were addressing a multitude.

It made him feel at once flighty and exasperated, and when someone from the crowd cut in—as a tall, almost freakishly thin man did once: "For God's sake, Frank, leave him stay there! Leave him stay till the cops come!" he called loudly, suddenly—it only confused, and at the same time excited, Carter the more. There were times when he just sat down, hid his head between his knees (but no fool he! still watching, waiting), and said nothing.

For the other, the one in the baggy pants, still persisted. "Come on down, pal," he kept saying wheedlingly; and when the cops came—for they did come; Baggy-Pants had been right about that—their talk followed the same pattern. "What you got to gain by staying up there?" (This, later, from a cop—or was it?—halfway up the ladder; there was a while when they talked quite amicably together.) "Come on down. Come on down, get it over with. What you got to lose, coming down?" That was the pattern. And there was more talk, more talk: once, to mock them (this was at a moment when he was conscious of their being a multitude, and all staring at him: he must look like a weather vane), he flapped his arms against his sides and crowed. "Cock-a-doodle-*doo!*" he crowed, as loudly and defiantly as he could. But all that happened was that it set some of the girls to chattering, and when he leaned out over them from his ladder and said bitterly "How silly can you get!" it only made a couple of them chatter the more.

Carter never was angry, though. Once, because there was so much talk about who was he, where did he come from—"What's your name, Mac?" someone was asking, again from part way up the ladder—he reached into his coat pocket for his wallet and tossed it down to them. He knew his own name, of course; it was Thomas Carter Johnson. But it seemed simpler, at the moment, more dignified, really, to do it that way.

"Look in there if you don't believe me," he called down to the swarm of them; and then, since the two seemed to belong together, he took off his coat and threw it down after the wallet. "Take that, too, if you want it," he told them. Or rather, he told the other, the big, baggy-pantsed, saggy-bodied first one that he'd at first despised and now almost liked, and he was glad that the wallet, and the jacket, too, fell just about at his feet, so he was able to reach them before any of the others: it made Carter feel that his things were in good hands.

And that, too, was at a time when

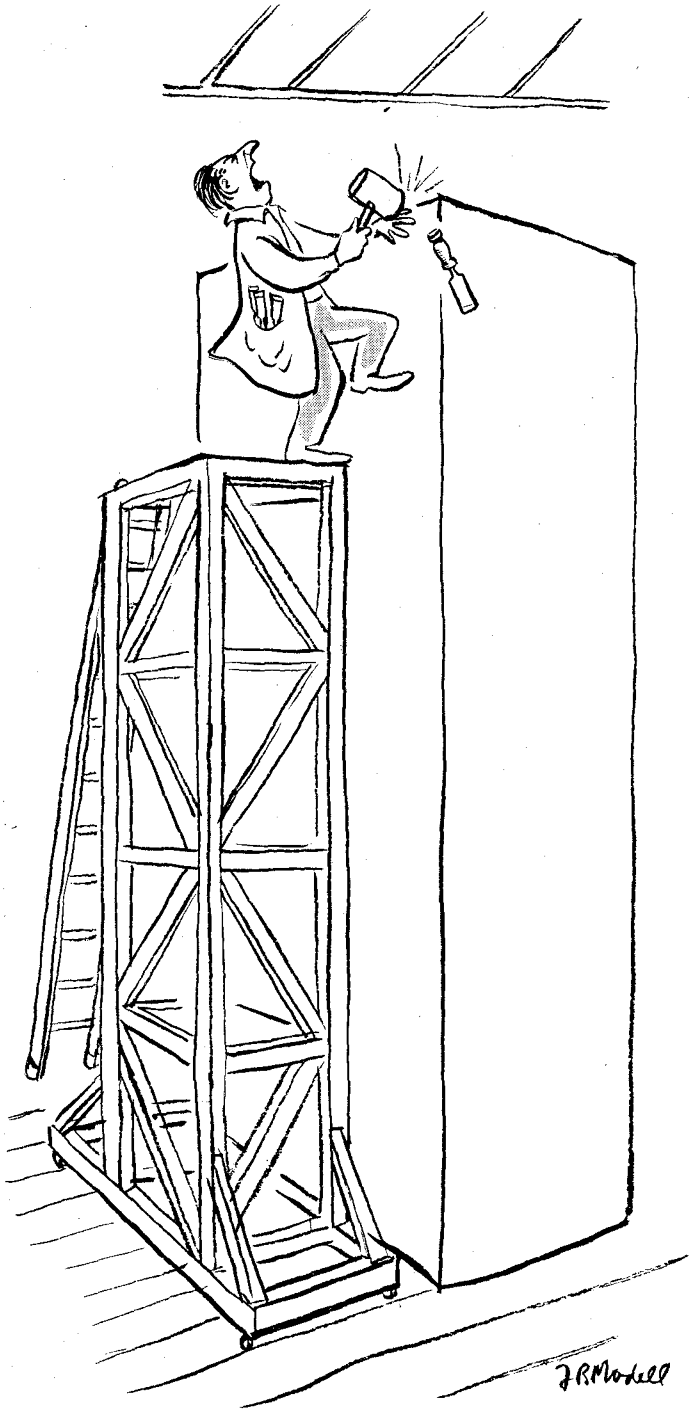
the roof was full of people; Baggy-Pants was the only one that he knew there. It was at a time when he felt at his most capricious. He was in a wonderful mood then: a mood, really, that he'd never had at all before, unless it had been sometime too far back to remember, and this might have been true, too, for now he had that tree-climbing, up-to-the-summit feeling of being a boy again—really being a boy again: a mood of confidence, too. It was a mood, strange to him for years, when he felt that anything, everything, that he did would be, automatically, right. And when the new man, round-faced, round-eyed, brown-haired, climbed up to him, up the ladder—or up, anyway, near him—Carter told him about it.

But that came later, and anyway, his moods alternated. There were times when he just sat down, sullenly, sadly—knowing he was capricious, but still glorying in it: after all, who, up here, was to dictate to him?—and just sat there, contemplating confusion.

For it was confusion. And it had been a mistake, getting even the other one into it; things, otherwise, had been so simple, or they would have been. To be sure, there had been a few seconds, at first, when the height distressed him. The tower itself, when he got to the top of it, was higher than he had thought, and barer, too; easier to fall from. Even the roof of the building seemed a good two- or three-story drop, straight below him, while the street below that, crawling and twinkling with traffic, and with a crowd now gathering along the curbing, staring melon-faced, seed-faced, up at him—the street, seen past the edge of the nearer cornice, seemed a fall like a plummet's fall, dizzying. He had reeled, at first sight, or the street had reeled, wavelike, rising and falling; but like a sailor mounting a mast, he had clung, he had hung, and now (like the sailor, in his crow's nest) all he felt was a kind of easy swaying-awayness.

Or he *had* felt it, for a moment—who could be sure? For there had been a moment, too, those first moments, when he'd felt that if he wanted to dive, he could make the divingest dive that had ever been heard of, right straight down to that street below. But that had passed. He had felt, after that—even, inside that—a peace, in those first few cheerful moments, a real peace, an upliftedness. It was this, mainly, that he was trying to recapture now, and if at times he sat down silently and said nothing, it was not entirely from sullenness, or from spitefulness, either. It was more to remove himself from the turmoil and confusion that had somehow grown up around him, and when the man climbed up the ladder and tried to talk to him, Carter told him so.

"I can't seem to get away," he said. He felt foolish, then and later, about bringing out his private problems for public examination. But his position, up there on the tower, seemed to demand it; in a way, he was a public figure up there. He was the focus, the center about which everything seemed to be revolving, from the tower itself to the street below, and so he felt that, like Joe DiMaggio or Secretary Dulles, he had to go with it, he had to live up to what was expected of him. But the man—he was a priest, or a minister, from his collar, but he had a long, hangdog face, and Carter didn't like him—the man didn't seem really to understand.



"Get away from what?" he asked. And then, unctuously, "Man, man, don't you realize it? What you're trying to get away from is yourself. And you can't do that." He had climbed, Carter noticed, halfway up the ladder, only up to the roof edge, and had stopped there. "No matter how high you go, you've still got yourself to contend with. You've still got yourself along with you," he said. But he had stopped, Carter noticed. He had stopped where the others had stopped.

Everybody, now, he had noticed, was being very careful not to get too close to him. He had warned them off once. "Keep away from me, damn you!" he had yelled, away back there, when someone—was it the priest again? No, maybe a policeman—had tried to swarm right up beside him and get hold of his hand.

"We're going down now," the man had said, talking to him as if he were a child, giving emphasis to every syllable. "We're going down now." And Carter, for the first time, feeling power, the power of his altitude, his position: "Keep away from me, damn you! Don't touch me!" he had cried. And, by God, he had made it stick—the man had retreated!

But now— Well, it was

MANUELZINHO

(*Brazil. A friend of the writer is speaking.*)

Half squatter, half tenant (no rent)—
a sort of inheritance; white,
in your thirties now, and supposed
to supply me with vegetables,
but you don't; or you won't; or you can't
get the idea through your brain—
the world's worst gardener since Cain.
Tilted above me, your gardens
ravish my eyes. You edge
the beds of silver cabbages
with red carnations, and lettuces
mix with alyssum. And then
umbrella ants arrive,
or it rains for a solid week
and the whole thing's ruined again
and I buy you more pounds of seeds,
imported, guaranteed,
and eventually you bring me
a mystic three-legged carrot,
or a pumpkin "bigger than the baby."

I watch you through the rain,
trotting, light, on bare feet,
up the steep paths you have made—
or your father and grandfather made—
all over my property,
with your head and back inside
a sodden burlap bag,
and feel I can't endure it
another minute; then,
indoors, beside the stove,
keep on reading a book.

You steal my telephone wires,
or someone does. You starve
your horse and yourself
and your dogs and family.
Among endless variety,
you eat boiled cabbage stalks.
And once I yelled at you
so loud to hurry up
and fetch me those potatoes
your holey hat flew off,
you jumped out of your clogs,
leaving three objects arranged
in a triangle at my feet,
as if you'd been a gardener
in a fairy tale all this time
and at the word "potatoes"
had vanished to take up your work
of fairy prince somewhere.

The strangest things happen, to you.
Your cow eats a "poison grass"
and drops dead on the spot.
Nobody else's does.
And then your father dies,
a superior old man
with a black plush hat, and a mustache
like a white spread-eagled sea gull.
The family gathers, but you,
no, you "don't think he's dead!
I look at him. He's cold.
They're burying him today.
But you know, I don't think he's *dead*."
I give you money for the funeral
and you go and hire a *bus*
for the delighted mourners,
so I have to hand over some more
and then have to hear you tell me
you pray for me every night!

And then you come again,
sniffing and shivering,
hat in hand, with that wistful
face, like a child's fistful
of bluets or white violets,
improvident as the dawn,
and once more I provide
for a shot of penicillin
down at the pharmacy, or
one more bottle of
Electrical Baby Syrup.
Or, briskly, you come to settle
what we call our "accounts,"
with two old copybooks,
one with flowers on the cover,
the other with a camel.
Immediate confusion.
You've left out the decimal points.
Your columns stagger,
honeycombed with zeros.
You whisper conspiratorially;
the numbers mount to millions.
Account books? They are Dream Books.
In the kitchen we dream together
how the meek shall inherit the earth—
or several acres of mine.

With blue sugar bags on their heads,
carrying your lunch,
your children scuttle by me
like little moles aboveground,
or even crouch behind bushes
as if I were out to shoot them!
—Impossible to make friends,
though each will grab at once
for an orange or a piece of candy.

Twined in wisps of fog,
I see you all up there
along with Formoso, the donkey,
who brays like a pump gone dry,
then suddenly stops.
—All just standing, staring
off into fog and space.
Or coming down at night,
in silence, except for hoofs,
in dim moonlight, the horse
or Formoso stumbling after.
Between us float a few
big, soft, pale-blue,
sluggish fireflies,
the jellyfish of the air. . . .

Patch upon patch upon patch,
your wife keeps all of you covered.
She has gone over and over
(forearmed is forewarned)
your pair of bright-blue pants
with white thread, and these days
your limbs are draped in blueprints.
You paint—heaven knows why—
the outside of the crown
and brim of your straw hat.
Perhaps to reflect the sun?
Or perhaps when you were small,
your mother said, "Manuelzinho,
one thing: be sure you always
paint your straw hat."
One was gold for a while,
but the gold wore off, like plate.
One was bright green. Unkindly,
I called you Klorophyll Kid.
My visitors thought it was funny.
I apologize here and now.

You helpless, foolish man,
I love you all I can,
I think. Or do I?
I take off my hat, unpainted
and figurative, to you.
Again I promise to try.

—Elizabeth Bishop

• •

more confused. Someone, someone, meanwhile, had told him that Clara, Clara, his wife was coming over to talk to him. "She'll be here any minute now," the man had said. "And she said just to wait, wait, wait. She'll be here any minute. She wants to talk to you."

But that was one thing, and here was the other man, asking, asking. "Get away from what?" he was asking, and that made things all the more confused. Because, really, at that moment, Carter didn't, actually, know.

"Get away from *them*," he said, and he pointed, tentatively, at the clumps of people on the rooftop and the crowd in the street below. "Them, down there," he added, a bit petulantly; after all, anyone ought to know what he was talking about.

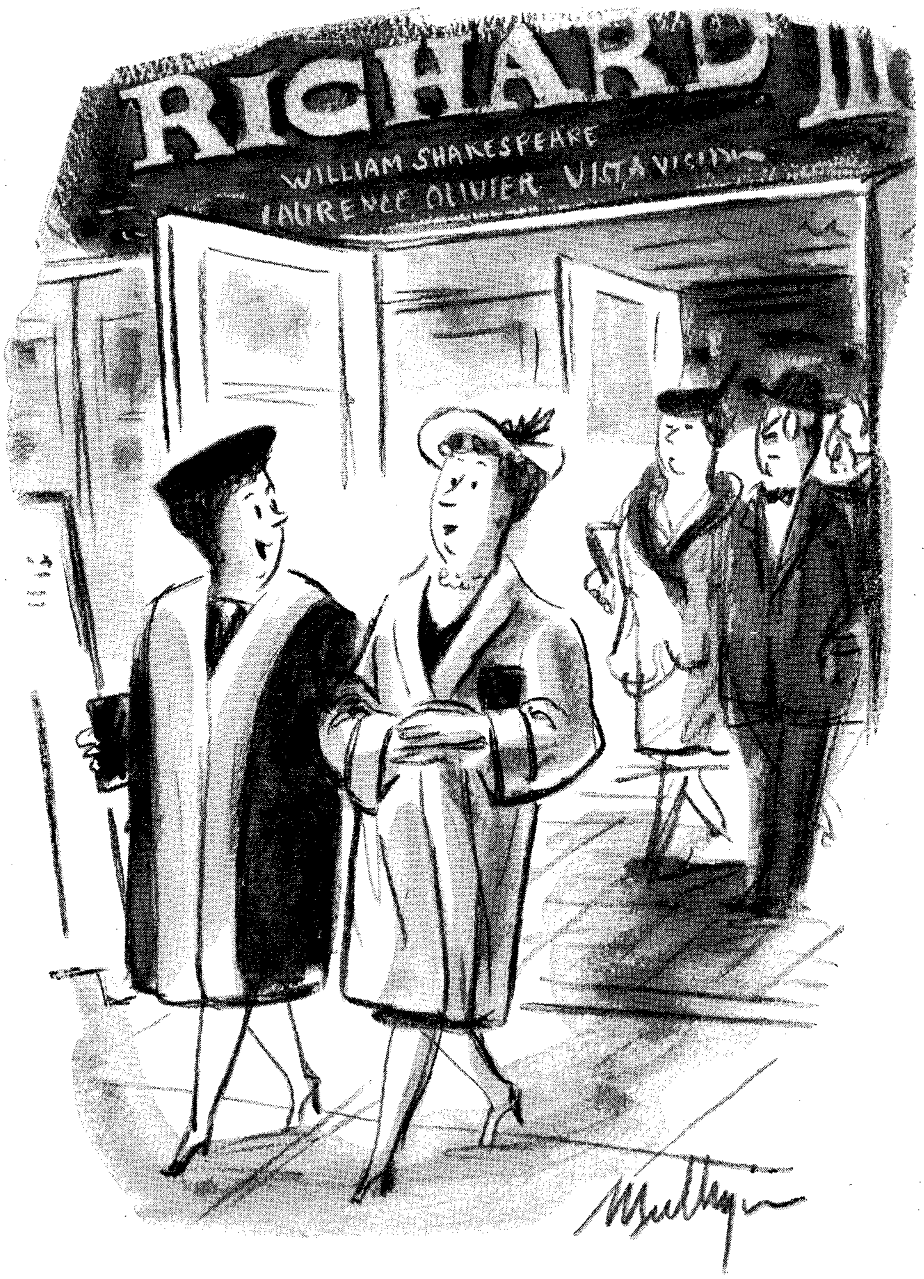
The man, though, was jovial. "You're not worried about *them*? Who are they, anyway?" the man asked, in his briskest manner.

"I don't know," Carter had to admit. It was in his mind to say, too, that he didn't know *him*. But politeness delayed him, and by that time the other was speaking.

"Well, then—"

"Well, then. Well, then! Well *then!*" The fact that he hadn't said quite what he'd wanted to say lent force to his way of talking. "Well, then, why're they here? What are they waiting for?" And then, since things seemed to be forcing themselves into a pattern (for why, after all, did one climb to a high place, and why did others worry about his climbing, unless he was meaning to use it as a place to jump from), "Are they waiting to see me jump?"

"Jump!" the priest cried. Or was it another? People came and went; it seemed he had been talking endlessly, but maybe some of them had been the same.



"At least now I know where 'My kingdom for a horse' comes from."

• •

THE roof was bare now, except for a few people here and there, and a group of men in uniform, spreading a sort of canopy, or was it a net, around the base of the tower; he, for one, missed the squealing and talking that had gone on before. The crowd in the street below, though, was growing steadily. Night was falling, too, or the day was waning; anyway, there had been a change in the angle of the sunlight, and the street was barred across with shadow now. But the light struck in strongly still, though slantingly, on the rooftop, and its very slantingness added to his feeling of isolation—statuesqueness, even, set off there, lit up there, to be stared at, on the water tower.

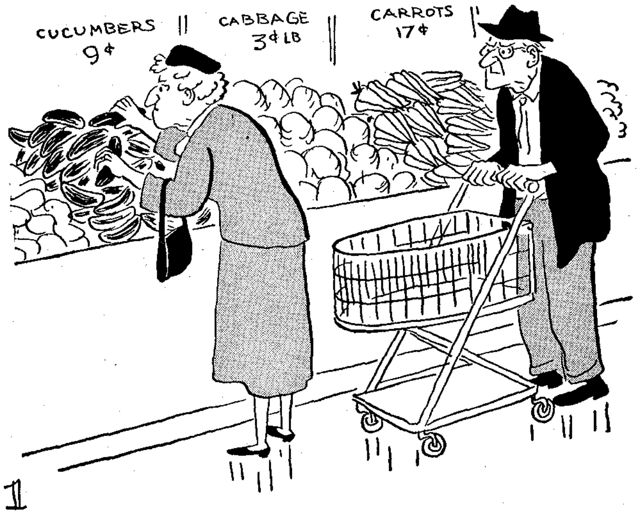
But there was something, too, about the light, and the lateness, that disturbed him. And the trouble was that people kept climbing up and interrupting him. "You love your wife, don't you? She loves you. And you wouldn't want to be the means of bringing sorrow and grief to her, would you?" someone was saying, and then talking and talking. And Carter, meanwhile, was trying to figure out something; it was the crowd below that had brought it into his mind. For they, obviously, had all been hurrying somewhere; nowadays, everyone was hurrying. And now there they all were down there, stopped dead in their tracks, and here *he* was, and hadn't he been hurrying somewhere, too? The image of a marbled interior, with lines of people standing before brass-barred windows, appeared momentarily before him, and he thought: the bank?

But the thought brought no connotation, and he let it vanish. "Just another day wasted" was all he got out of it, and he said this as much to himself as to whoever was there at the moment. "She will never forgive me for this," he added, meaning Clara—for hadn't they been talking about her? And he was almost certain, too, that he'd heard the man, this or some man, say that Clara was coming over—that Clara was coming over. But he was afraid to ask, to make sure.

"Not Clara. She don't condone things," he went on, instead, and more or less as a stopgap, but still following his own line of thought, and when the man asked jovially "Wanna bet?" Carter just stared at him and went on as before. "You condone things, don't you?" he asked. "I condone things." In a way, the very sound of the words appealed to him. "I mean, if you did something that was wrong, or I did—well, you know what I mean. You'd *condone* things. But Clara—" There were hundreds of things that came into his mind—about the dishes, the dog, the way he handled his affairs, the time she'd blasted at him about that old shirt of his in the closet—but he was too tired now to go into them. He was really, suddenly, getting tired.

And besides, he felt shamefaced, somehow, talking like this about his wife to a total stranger. When the man said something about "not wanting to hurt her," Carter snapped back at him. "I have never hurt anyone in my life," he told him, and he noticed that the man changed his tack immediately.

"What you need is a rest," he kept



1

CUCUMBERS 9¢
CABBAGE 3¢ LB
CARROTS 17¢

2

saying now; you had to admit that he was persistent. "You know, you said so yourself, a while back. You said you wanted to get away, think things over. And, Lord knows, here's your chance, if you want to take it. Stop and think of it, man—what's keeping you? What you got to lose? You got money. You got over five hundred dollars in that wallet," he said, and at that Carter perked up a little. He had forgotten about the wallet.

"Have I?" he asked, almost timidly; there seemed to be so much that he had forgotten.

"Sure, you have. You come down and we'll show it to you, we'll give it to you." And though he, and the others, had done the same thing dozens of times before, and got the same reaction: "Come on, fella, come on down right now. Give me your hand and I'll help you," he said, and when Carter pulled back, he went on imperturbably. "You see, man, you don't know what's good for you. What you want to do is to take that money and take your wife and go off somewhere, take a rest, take some time off and think things over. Get some relaxation. God! I wish I was in your shoes, man! Ever seen Niagara Falls? The Bahamas?" he was asking when someone shouted up from below.

"Frank, she's here!" the man shouted. "Let *her* talk to him," and the man on the ladder turned, and Carter looked, and there, sure enough, was Clara! Carter never had been more surprised in his life.

She had just come out the door of the little cupola, with its stairs leading up, up, up—he had almost forgotten that up-ness—from the streets below; two men who had come with her were standing beside her, and she stood there a moment, staring up at him. "Oh, Carter, *Carter!*" she called then, suddenly, and he could tell from the very tone of her voice that she was upset. "Carter, what are you doing? Come down," she cried. But she didn't seem angry; and indeed, seeing her, so small down there, so small down there, her voice coming up to him only faintly, he thought she seemed frailer, gentler—younger, even, fairer haired—than he had seen her looking in years.

And she really *was* there; that alone was enough to wring him. "Clara, why did you come?" he called down to her. She had only her housecoat on, and that somehow made him sorrier—sorry not only for her but for him and for everyone.

"Carter, why wouldn't I?"

"Well, but still . . . I didn't want you to see me like this" was all he could say, though he meant it the other way, with the housecoat and all. In a way, he was quoting her.

"I want to see you *safe*," she said. "Come *down*." She was almost strident; and there was something in the way she said it, stalwartly— Well, it reminded him of times in the past when she had been stalwart, too, stalwart for both of them. Up there, all alone, he felt himself softening.

Suddenly, too, everything that the man said began to make sense. For he, too, had kept on talking, in a kind of running accompaniment, even while Clara was talking. "See? See? You see? Didn't I tell you?" he kept saying, insinuatingly. "Man, man, it's just like I told you, you've got nothing to worry about. With a wife like that to stick by you. Money in your pocket . . ."

"I've got bills, though," Carter put in, but tentatively. He was ready to be convinced.

And the man convinced him. "Bills can wait!" he said. "What you need is a little rest and relaxation, and you'll be right back in there pitching. Listen, man, why'n't you hop off someplace—Niagara Falls, Atlantic City," he was saying, and always so coaxingly; though Carter didn't really like him, he had to admit that everything he said made sense.

"Listen, Clara," he called out suddenly. He was bypassing the man on the ladder, and he knew it. But he couldn't help it. It was what the man himself had said that had made him think of it. "Clara, listen. Do you want to go see the Natural Bridge?" he called down, and at first she looked startled; he could understand that. After all, it was something she'd wanted to do years before, in their happier times. Even he had forgotten it, till this other had started talking about other places.

"What?" she called back.

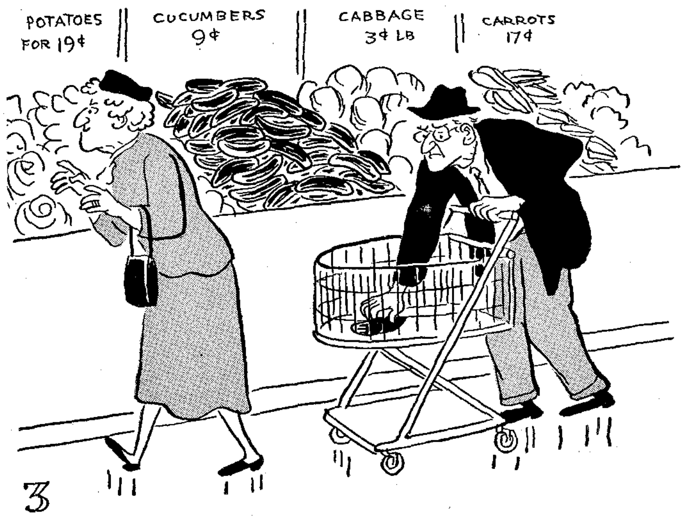
"The Natural Bridge. You know, in Virginia?" he called down, and she still seemed a little unsettled; one of the men standing with her had to nudge her before she answered.

"Sure. Sure. Anything you want. Anywhere. Only just come *down*." And then, suddenly, she burst out weeping. She was weeping, there, right in front of everyone, and it was that that decided him. "Well, I will, Clara. Yes, I will," he said. He couldn't hear, he couldn't see, but he could almost feel the sigh of relief—it was like an exhalation—that followed.

And then, bustling. "Here, here, man. Let's have your hand. Let me help you," from the man that had been talking.

"No, no. Give him time," from the voice down below. "Don't hustle him."

In the midst of it, Carter had his own timetable to follow. "Wait. Wait. Wait," he said, and they waited. He was standing now at the top of the ladder leading down the tower's side, and they were all, near below or far away, silent, watching him. It was a



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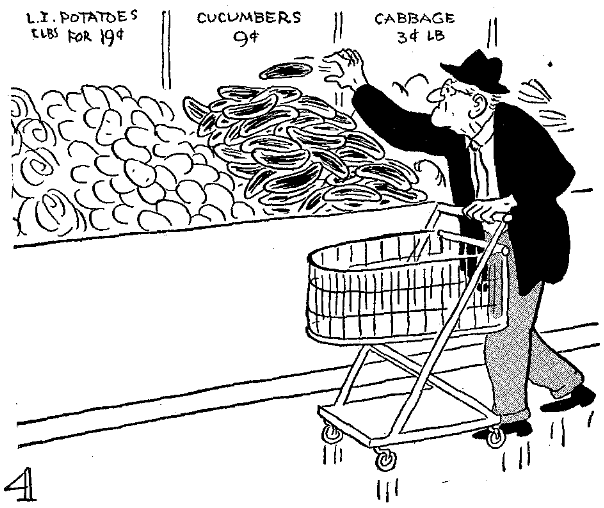

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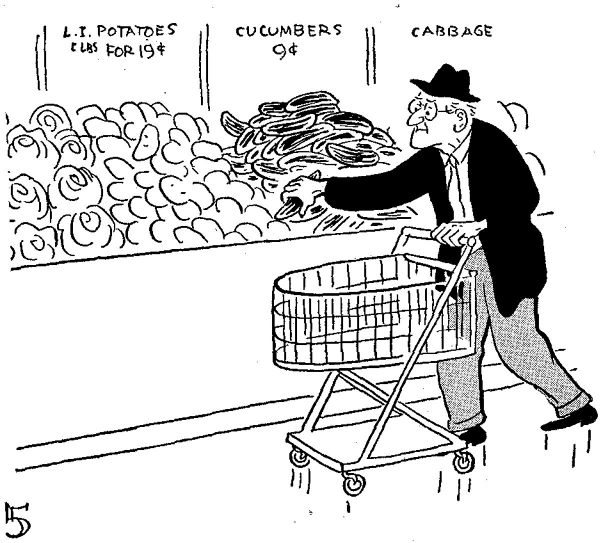

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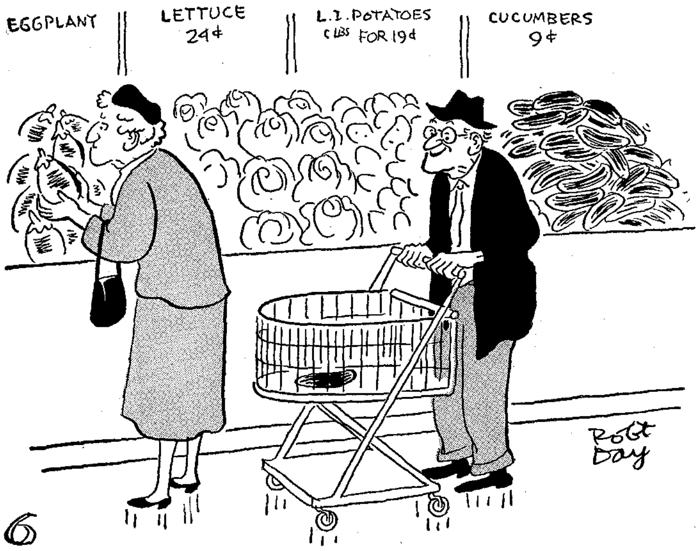


6

moment of power, and he knew that he held it, though he knew also that he had no right to it. It was the power of his own life or death. He could turn, if he wanted to, this way, and dive, and they'd have their fulfillment—or *they* would, down in the street below.

Or he could walk right down, down the ladder, down the stairs. "I want my wallet," he said, and they listened; he could hear them talking among themselves.

"Of course, man. We've got it right here. Come on down and we'll hand it over to you," they said. But that didn't satisfy him, and he told them so. If a man had power, he might as well use it.

"No, I want it here," he told them. "I want the man I gave it to, too," he added, and that seemed to trouble them. Since he didn't know the man's name, it troubled him, too. "The baggy-pantsed one. The man that came up to talk to me first. I think he must be the superintendent," he told them, carefully, and that seemed to clear things; there was a rushing about among the people below. ("You just stay there. He'll be right along," whispered someone close at hand.)

And he was, of course; sure enough, soon enough, he was. He came climbing up, looking heavy, and hard-worked, and solemn—and worried now, too—but easygoing and companionable, just as Carter remembered him, and as he neared the top, he reached into his vest pocket and fished out the wallet and handed it over. "Here's your wallet," he said, as easy as that. "You coming on down?"

"Yes, indeed. Right now," Carter said, and he smiled to reassure him. "Just don't hustle me."

AND come down he did, step by step, with the baggy-pantsed one climbing down ahead to guide him. He came down as he said he would, but still it was strange. "You can't lose," some one of them had said; had it been the jovial one? But the thing was, he *did* lose: every step down he took he lost purpose, he lost importance.

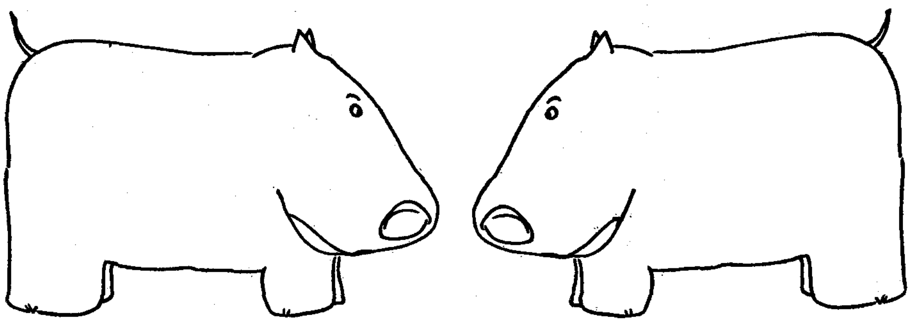
He was moving down now into a different air, darker, heavier. Baggy-Pants was there to guide him, not too far ahead, not too near, not too careful nor too easygoing, and Carter followed him. And yet still, going down, step by step, confidence forsook him; when he reached the hard, gravelled roof—and below that, six or seven more stories down to, well, what would you call it, reality? When he made that contact—"Clara!" he cried.

She was standing there before him, but it was she and yet not she; she as he had known her, not as he had hoped she would be, and when—even, still, hoping—he started toward her, she jumped back quickly, almost affrightedly, and that told him, oh, that told him. At the same time, the two men who were standing beside her moved forward. Carter turned, and this time it was the baggy-pantsed one he confronted—and so, oddly, it was to him he voiced his protest.

"You! You let me down, too!" he cried out, and then he was engulfed in a storm of struggling.

—ROBERT M. COATES

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME



THE LOVER AND HIS LASS

An arrogant gray parrot and his arrogant mate listened, one African afternoon, in disdain and derision, to the lovemaking of a lover and his lass, who happened to be hippopotamuses.

"He calls her snooky-ookums," said Mrs. Gray. "Can you believe that?"

"No," said Gray. "I don't see how any male in his right mind could entertain affection for a female that has no more charm than a capsized bathtub."

"Capsized bathtub, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Both of them have the appeal of a coastwise fruit steamer with a cargo of waterlogged basketballs."

But it was spring, and the lover and his lass were young, and they were oblivious of the scornful comments of their sharp-tongued neighbors, and they continued to bump each other around in the water, happily pushing and pulling, backing and filling, and snorting and snaffling. The tender things they said to each other during the monolithic give-and-take of their courtship sounded as lyric to them as flowers in bud or green things opening. To the Grays, however, the bumbling romp of the lover and his lass was hard to comprehend and even harder to tolerate, and for a time they thought of calling the A.B.I., or African Bureau of Investigation, on the ground that monolithic lovemaking by enormous creatures who should have become decent fossils long ago was probably a threat to the security of the jungle. But they decided instead to phone their friends and neighbors and gossip about the shameless pair, and describe them in mocking and monstrous metaphors involving skidding buses on icy streets and overturned moving vans.

Late that evening, the hippopotamus and the hippopotama were surprised and shocked to hear the Grays exchanging terms of endearment. "Listen to those squawks," wuffled the male hippopotamus.

"What in the world can they see in each other?" gurbled the female hippopotamus.

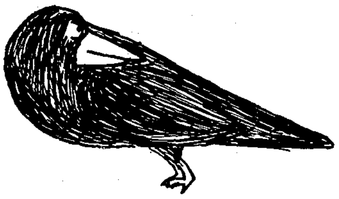
"I would as soon live with a pair of unoiled garden shears," said her inamoratus.

They called up their friends and neighbors and discussed the incredible fact that a male gray parrot and a female gray parrot could possibly have any sex appeal. It was long after midnight before the hippopotamuses stopped criticizing the Grays and fell asleep and the Grays stopped maligning the hippopotamuses and retired to their beds.

Moral: Laugh and the world laughs with you, love and you love alone.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A crow, perched in a tree with a piece of cheese in his beak, attracted the eye and nose of a fox. "If you can sing as prettily as you sit," said the fox, "then you are the prettiest singer within my scent and sight."



The fox had read somewhere, and somewhere, and somewhere else, that praising the voice of a crow with a cheese in his beak would make him drop the cheese and sing. But this is not what happened to this particular crow in this particular case.

"They say you are sly and they say you are crazy," said the crow, having carefully removed the cheese from his beak with the claws of one foot, "but you must be nearsighted as well. Warblers wear gay hats and colored jackets and bright vests, and they are a dollar a hundred. I wear black and I am unique." He began nibbling the cheese, dropping not a single crumb.

"I am sure you are," said the fox, who was neither crazy nor nearsighted, but sly. "I recognize you, now that I look more closely, as the most famed and talented of all birds, and I fain would hear you tell about yourself, but I am hungry and must go."

"Tarry awhile," said the crow quickly, "and share my lunch with me." Whereupon he tossed the cunning fox the lion's share of the cheese, and began to tell about himself. "A ship that sails without a crow's nest sails to doom," he said. "Bars may come and bars may go, but crow bars last forever. I am the pioneer of flight, I am the map maker. Last, but never least, my flight is known to scientists and engineers, geometrists and scholars, as the shortest distance between two points. Any two points," he concluded arrogantly.

"Oh, every two points, I am sure," said the fox. "And thank you for the lion's share of what I know you could not spare." And with this he trotted away into the woods, his appetite appeased, leaving the hungry crow perched forlornly in the tree.

Moral: 'Twas true in Aesop's time, and La Fontaine's, and now, no one else can praise thee quite so well as thou.

VARIATIONS ON THE THEME

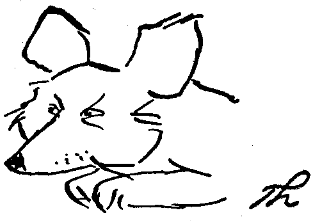
I

A fox, attracted by the scent of something, followed his nose to a tree in which sat a crow with a piece of cheese in his beak. "Oh, cheese," said the fox scornfully. "That's for mice."

The crow removed the cheese with his talons and said, "You always hate the thing you cannot have, as, for instance, grapes."

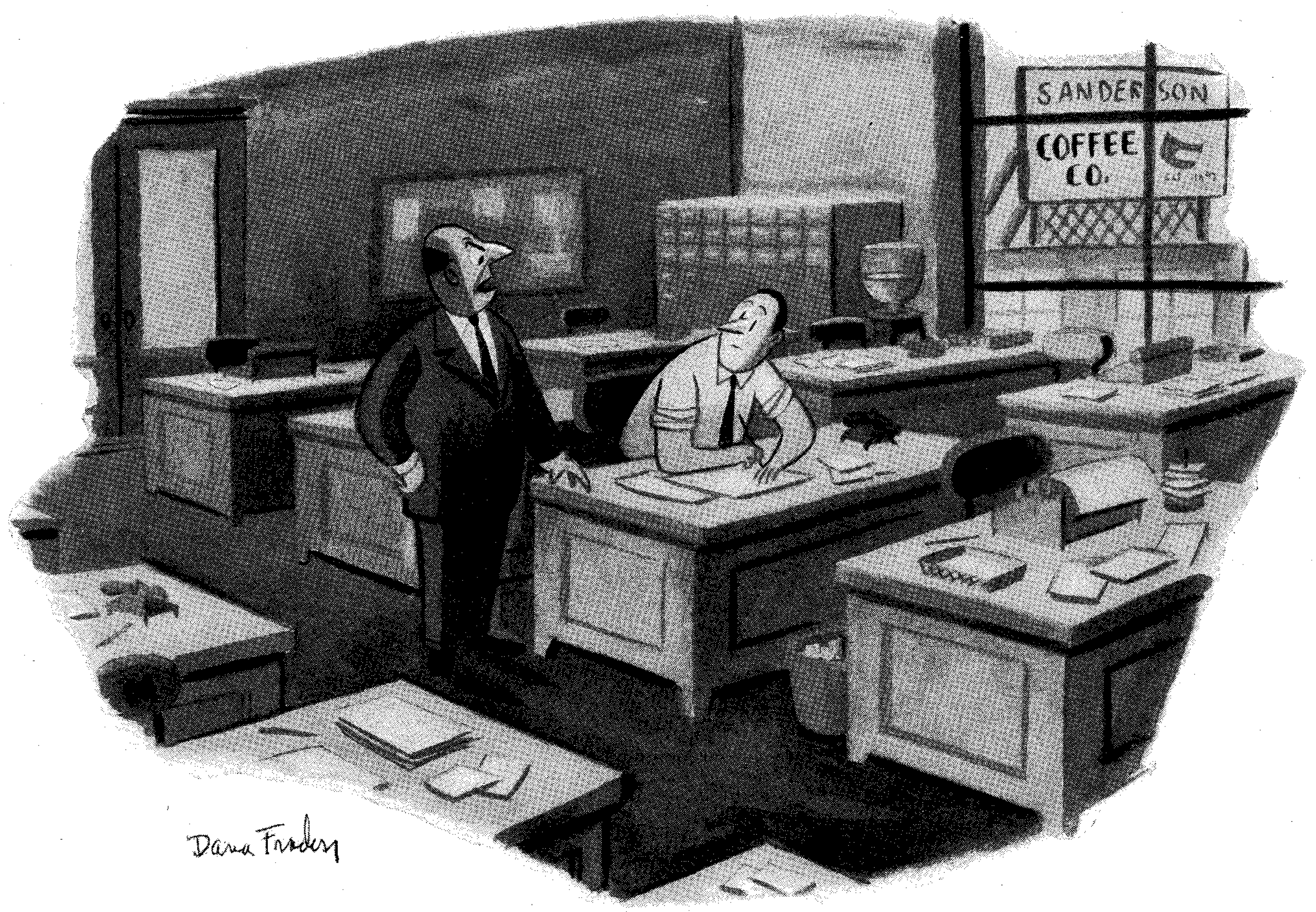
"Grapes are for the birds," said the fox haughtily. "I am an epicure, a gourmet, and a gastronome."

The embarrassed crow, ashamed to be seen eating mouse food by a great specialist in the art of dining, hastily dropped the cheese. The fox caught it deftly, swallowed it with relish, said "*Merci*" politely, and trotted away.



II

A fox had used all his blandishments in vain, for he could not flatter the crow in the tree and make him drop the cheese he held in his beak. Suddenly, the crow



"Johnston, just who do you think you are—working during the coffee break?"

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tossed the cheese to the astonished fox. Just then the farmer, from whose kitchen the loot had been stolen, appeared, carrying a rifle, looking for the robber. The fox turned and ran for the woods. "There goes the guilty son of a vixen now!" cried the crow, who, in case you do not happen to know it, can see the glint of sunlight on a gun barrel at a greater distance than anybody.

III

This time the fox, who was determined not to be outfoxed by a crow, stood his ground and did not run when the farmer appeared, carrying a rifle and looking for the robber.

"The teeth marks in this cheese are mine," said the fox, "but the beak marks are made by the true culprit up there in the tree. I submit this cheese in evidence, as Exhibit A, and bid you and the criminal a very good day." Whereupon he lit a cigarette and strolled away.

IV

In the great and ancient tradition, the crow in the tree with the cheese in his beak began singing, and the cheese fell into the fox's lap. "You sing like a shovel," said the fox, with a grin, but the crow pretended not to hear and cried out, "Quick, give me back the cheese! Here comes the farmer with his rifle!"

"Why should I give you back the cheese?" the wily fox demanded.

"Because the farmer has a gun, and I can fly faster than you can run."

So the frightened fox tossed the cheese back to the crow, who ate it, and said, "Dearie me, my eyes are playing tricks on me—or am I playing tricks on you? Which do you think?" But there was no reply, for the fox had slunk away into the woods.

THE FATHER AND HIS DAUGHTER

A LITTLE girl was given so many picture books on her seventh birthday that her father, who should have run his office and let her mother run the home, thought his daughter should give one or two of her new books to a little neighbor boy named Robert, who had dropped in, more by design than by chance.

Now, taking books, or anything else, from a little girl is like taking arms from an Arab, or candy from a baby, but the father of the little girl had his way and Robert got two of her books. "After all, that leaves you with nine," said the father, who thought he was a philosopher and a child psychologist, and couldn't shut his big fatuous mouth on the subject.

A few weeks later, the father went to his library to look up "father" in the Oxford English Dictionary, to feast his eyes on the praise of fatherhood through the centuries, but he couldn't find volume F-G, and then he discovered that three others were missing, too—A-B, L-M, and V-Z. He began a probe of his household, and soon learned what had become of the four missing volumes.

"A man came to the door this morning," said his little daughter, "and he didn't know how to get from here to Torrington, or from Torrington to Winsted, and he was a nice man, much nicer than Robert, and so I gave him four of your books. After all, there are thirteen volumes in the Oxford English Dictionary, and that leaves you nine."

Moral: This truth has been known from here to Menander: what's sauce for the gosling's not sauce for the gander.

—JAMES THURBER

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

REVISITED

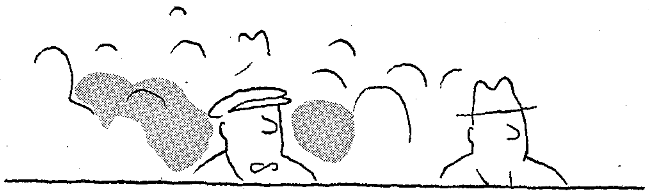
FRANCE: THE ROAD BACK TO PARIS–II

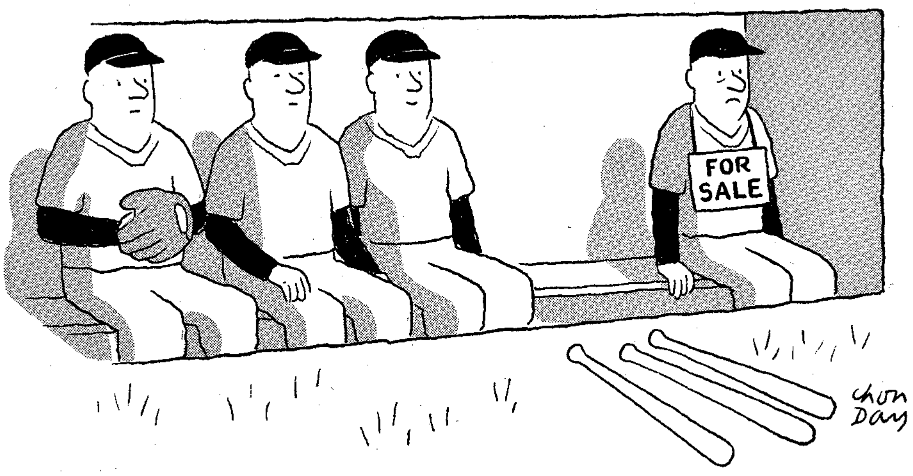
Not quite twelve years have passed since the Liberation of Paris, on August 25, 1944, an event that I attended as a delighted eyewitness and that netted me the only wartime award I am ever likely to collect. In Paris today, though, there is more agreement about what went on here under the Merovingians than about what happened in the years between 1939 and 1945. The former Vichy people have worked so hard to deny the Resistance, and the Communists to prove there never was a liberation in which the United States had a part, that often, since returning to Paris last summer, I have found myself searching for tangible evidence of what I think I remember. I was happy a couple of months ago, therefore, when, beside an exit from a train platform in the waiting room of the Gare Montparnasse, I came upon a plaque reading:

> Here, the 25th of August, 1944, at 17 o'clock, General Leclerc received from the German Military Governor von Choltitz the act of surrender consecrating the Liberation of the City by the People of Paris and the Allied Armies.

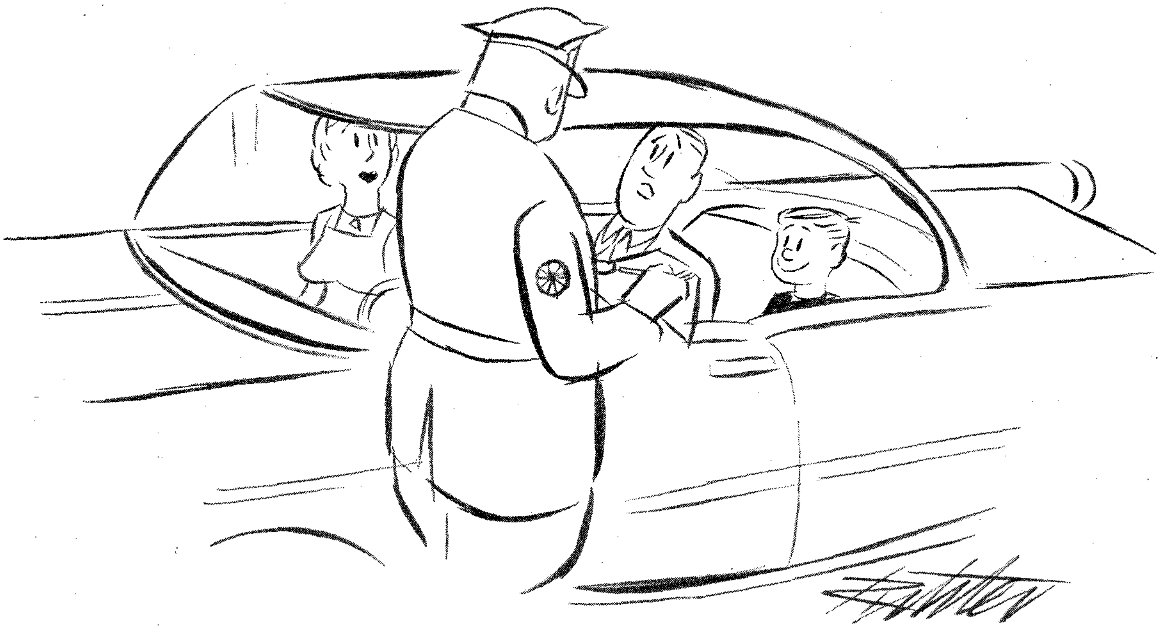
The plaque is not a conspicuous one, and to find it I had to ask my way at the information counter. The first clerk I spoke to there, a young fellow, had never heard of either the surrender or the plaque, but a senior colleague, in a linen duster, said "Gate Thirty-three," and led me to it. The authorities might have given it a bit more splash, I thought; it isn't every day a French general receives the surrender of Paris. But at least I now knew I had not suffered a hallucination. I remembered the German staff officers—a dozen of them—in their flat, visored caps and shiny boots and the neat uniforms their batmen must have pressed for them in the beleaguered *Kommandantur* at the Hôtel Meurice so they would have something fresh to surrender in. After von Choltitz, a worried, fat little soldier, had signed, he and his officers were ordered into command cars, in which, accompanied by officers of the Daydaybay, Leclerc's division, they were driven off to carry the news to German strong points that were still holding out. "Daydaybay" was the way the French pronounced D.D.B., the initials of the Deuxième Division Blindée, which was known in the Allied battle order as the French 2nd Armored Division.

It was by a bit of luck that I got to see the ceremony. As a war correspondent with the American First Army, I had entered Paris early in the afternoon of that eventful August 25th with two travelling companions—a First Army public-relations lieutenant named Jack Roach and a *Stars & Stripes* enlisted-man reporter named Allan Morrison. By the time we reached the Gare Montparnasse, which was the temporary headquarters of the Daydaybay, the streets around it were *en fête* and the *terrasses* of the cafés facing it were jammed with jubilants. (There was the sound of some desultory shooting fairly close at hand—presumably spite sniping by collaborationists—but nobody paid it any heed.) After gawking about for a short while in a couple of the cafés—where white wine, a rarity in Paris then, was being sold to celebrate the victory—we started down the Rue de Rennes toward the Seine. Clinging to our vehicle, an old Chevrolet touring car that Roach had scared up somewhere, were three or four frantic young boys of the F.F.I. (Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur), who were acting as guides, and they soon got us into a zone where there was nobody on the streets—a bad sign. Then we ran into shooting, so we drove back to the Gare to ask at the Daydaybay headquarters if there was a safe route across the Seine. Leaving our car at the entrance to the station, we climbed the long flight of stairs to the waiting room, and there were Leclerc and the Germans. It was like stopping at Yorktown for a ham sandwich and blundering into Lord Cornwallis's surrender to George Washington.





Leclerc, who died three years later in a plane crash in North Africa and was posthumously made a Marshal of France, was a red-mustached, restless man with a walking stick that he handled like a riding crop. He had taught cavalry techniques as a young captain—he was now a young general—and he had never quite got his feet on the ground since. Roach and Morrison and I had seen him so often during the previous two days on the roads just outside Paris that we felt we knew him, although he had shown no sign of feeling that way about us. Every time we caught up with him, we realized that we had better slow down, because he was a front-end general and very keen to get his Daydaybay into Paris. The last time had been that morning in a suburb called Antony, not more than five



"We were just trying to get home in time for Dr. Spock's program."

• •

miles outside the Porte d'Orléans. The General's jeep had started toward the city, and Roach, who was doing our driving, had begun to follow him, but a large, officious French captain, who looked like United States District Court Judge Thomas F. Murphy, had stopped us and said we could not go on in, because we were not correspondents assigned to the division. (No American correspondents were assigned to it.) So we had had to go back six or seven miles to the headquarters of the First Army's V Corps, to which the Daydaybay was attached, and get a *laissez-passer* from the G-2 there. When we returned to Antony with this document, the officious captain was gone, and nobody wanted to see our credentials. But by then the highway leading to the Porte d'Orléans was choked with vehicles, lined up bumper to bumper, and we could advance only a few yards at a time. The German rear-guard action that had slowed the Daydaybay's advance the day before had collapsed, and there was nothing ahead to worry us but traffic.

We had set out that morning from a ramshackle chalet called the Auberge de la Tour, at Montlhéry, a town thirteen miles from Paris, where we had arrived shortly before dark on the previous evening. Montlhéry is built on the side of a steep hill with an eleventh-century tower atop it, and the Auberge de la Tour is on the Rue de la Poterne, or Postern Gate Street, just across the road from where there was such a gate until Henry IV knocked it down. M. Bertrand, the *patron* of the Auberge, and some young F.F.I.s (all the F.F.I.s, it seemed, were young) had made us welcome, and one boy had given a jazz recital on the clarinet in our honor, jazz then being considered a special Allied, anti-Fascist, Resistance form of music. (Although the United States is no longer popular with the young French Left, jazz is still in favor, the rationalization being that it is the exclusive product of mutilated Negroes, who improvise it on their way to the stake.)

In the morning, before we took off, I had visited the Tower, from which there was a clear view all the way to Paris. At that distance, the city looked exactly as it had when I last left it, on June 10, 1940. For four years now, however, I had been wondering what was happening to people I knew in Paris, and I wouldn't find that out until we got there. In the course of our approach to the city, we had heard reports of street fighting there from F.F.I.s, who were going in and out at will, but apparently the Germans had not—as yet, at least—demolished anything, and I could see from the hill no clouds of the sort of smoke that might indicate explosions. But there was no telling what the Nazis might do at the last minute, when they saw Paris escaping them. General Hans Speidel, who was Chief of Staff of Rommel's Army Group B, has since written that von Choltitz had orders from Hitler to blow all the bridges across the Seine, and that after he surrendered the city, he was condemned, *in absentia*, by a Nazi court-martial for failing to do so. Since Leclerc sent von Choltitz a warning that he would hold him personally responsible for any damage to the city, it is possible that the German preferred the *in-absentia* kind of trouble.

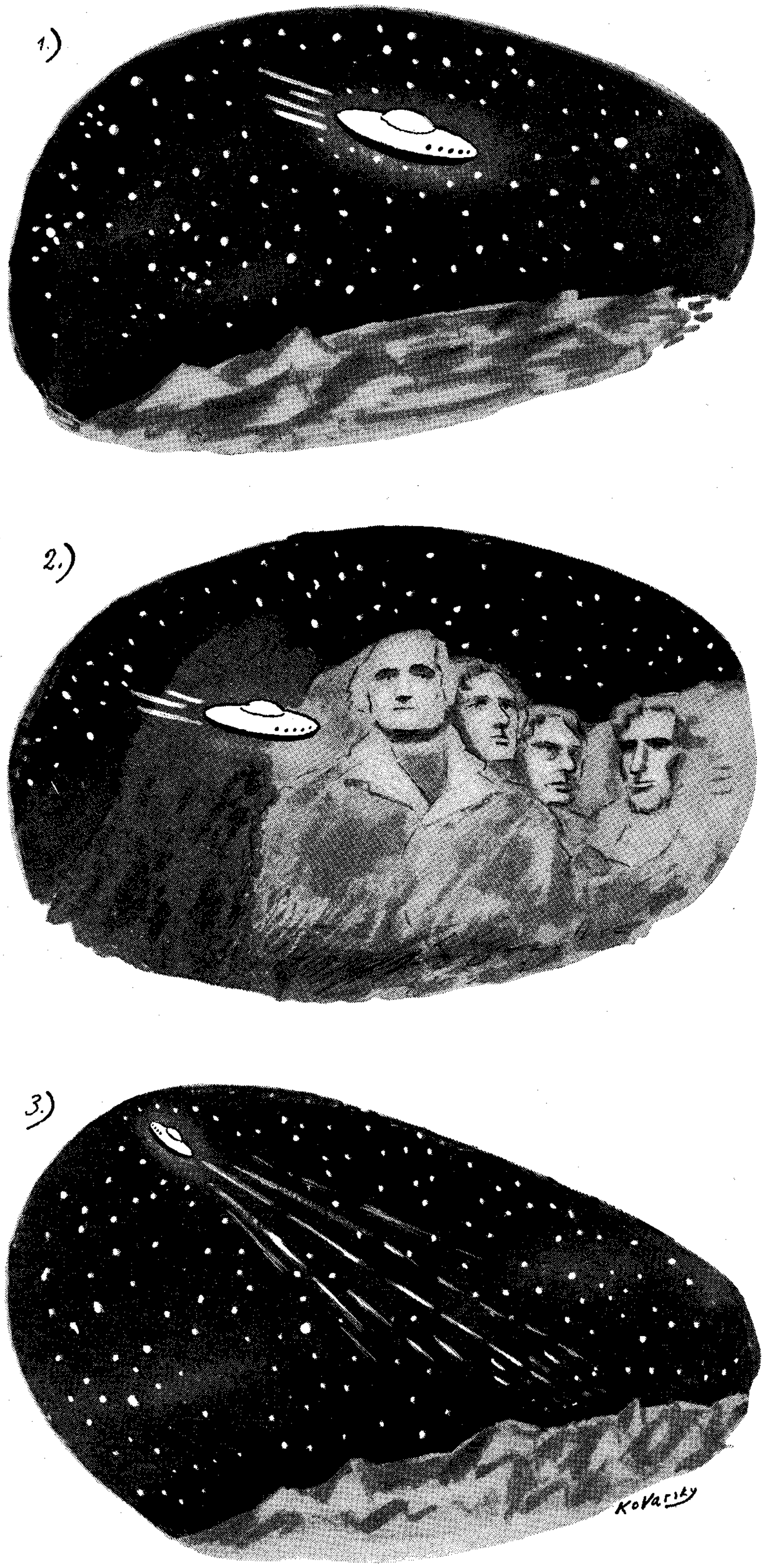
My anxiety increased after we left the Auberge de la Tour to continue toward our goal, and it wasn't until I saw the glum krauts in custody at the Gare Montparnasse that I was sure we and Notre Dame and the festive crowds wouldn't all go up in a cloud of black smoke. Every delay on the road, especially our reluctant rearward trip to Corps, sharpened our impatience. The endless queue of vehicles moved, but, it seemed, ever more slowly. In Longjumeau, a woman rushed out of a house and presented Roach with a magnificent tricolor, big enough to drape a hearse. The flag made us look extremely impressive, but we felt a little self-conscious about it, since, having done no fighting, we hardly deserved it. Roach was a young former United Press reporter in Philadelphia who had, I think, been drafted. After graduating from an Officer Candidate School, he had been assigned—on the basis, I suppose, of his newspaper past—to public relations, which he did not particularly enjoy. Roach was virtually juvenile in appearance, and he compensated for this with an armored-force swagger. He was a wonderful travelling companion, particularly since he did all the work. After the war, he returned to journalism, and when I last saw him, he was back with the Philadelphia bureau of the United Press. Morrison, who was also youthful, had worked on a Negro digest magazine before joining the Army and *Stars & Stripes*. Roach and I had picked him up in Chartres, where he was looking for a ride to Paris. He was, and is, a man of lively wit, and since the war he has grown a sporty mustache and become New York editor of *Ebony*, a lavish picture magazine for Negroes that is consistently more entertaining than its Luce prototype. Like Roach, Morrison was a good man to travel with.

DURING the long crawl, I had time to think back on the events that had preceded my 1940 departure from Paris—for example, the morning when, from my window in the Hôtel Louvois, I saw the Luftwaffe make its first reconnaissance in force over the city. The Hôtel Louvois faces the Bibliothèque Nationale across the Square Louvois, a park that covers a block in front of the library and has in its center a heroic fountain ornamented with four nearly nude female figures, representing four great rivers of France. They have chests like old-fashioned contraltos. La Loire, who has faced me, off and on, for protracted periods during the last seventeen years, has a lower torso like one of the oil jars in which Ali Baba's handmaiden discovered the thieves. All four ladies hold their heads and shoulders back, in order to support the upper basin of the fountain, which is topped by a Grecian urn—a position that requires them to throw their abdomens forward, as if they were doing bumps. In summer, the water in the fountain cascades past the dryads' noses and splashes in their navels, which are as large as halves of coconut shells.

On the morning the planes came—May 10, 1940—all the inhabitants of the three more or less residential sides of the Square Louvois stood at their wide-flung windows and looked up, sensing that the *drôle de guerre* (the non-fighting one) was over even before they heard the news on their radios that the Germans had invaded the Low Countries. The planes were flying quite high, glinting like metal spinners in the sky, amid puffs of white anti-aircraft smoke. One of the spectators on the Square Louvois was a woman who appeared on the narrow balcony in front of her window still wearing her nightgown. She had a figure like La Loire in flood, and she waved toward the unattainable Messerschmitts an arm like one of the statue's legs. "*Courage!*" she cried. "*On les aura!*" And now, as Roach and Morrison and I inched along toward the Square Louvois, four years and three and a half months later, her prediction had come true. I hoped the balcony lady had been patient.

When I prepared to leave Paris, just a month after the balcony scene, I was one of the last half-dozen guests at the Hôtel Louvois, which had a hundred and eighty rooms. The management had been closing floors successively, working from the top down. By the time of my departure, only the entresol and the ground floor were in use, and there remained but five or six employees; the manager, a *valet de chambre*, a *femme de chambre*, the young woman who kept the books, and the night porter, Fernand, are those I remember. Fernand was the oldest and spunkiest. The bookkeeper, Mlle. Yvonne, was a good-humored girl, ash-blond and plump. "*Au revoir*," I said to her as I went out the door, but I didn't think it would be soon. I headed south, with a broadcaster named Waverley Root and a *Herald Tribune* man named John Elliott, who had a broken leg. I saw a great many things happen in the following four years. While I can't say that I recalled all of them there on the slow, hot road, they all jointly affected my mood.

The Square Louvois, which is again under my window as I write, is a park of modest dimensions—probably no more than a hundred and fifty feet wide or deep—with fourteen full-grown trees, as well as some bushes, and a circular path surrounding a lawn and the fountain. The park occupies one of the former sites of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, which stood there from 1794 to 1820 and gave the neighborhood a gay, Italianate flavor that fellows like Henri Beyle—the author Stendhal—found congenial. The operatic flavor persists in the names of the surrounding streets—Lulli, Rameau, Cherubini. The Square has much the same character as the central *place* of a provincial town. There is a school at one side,



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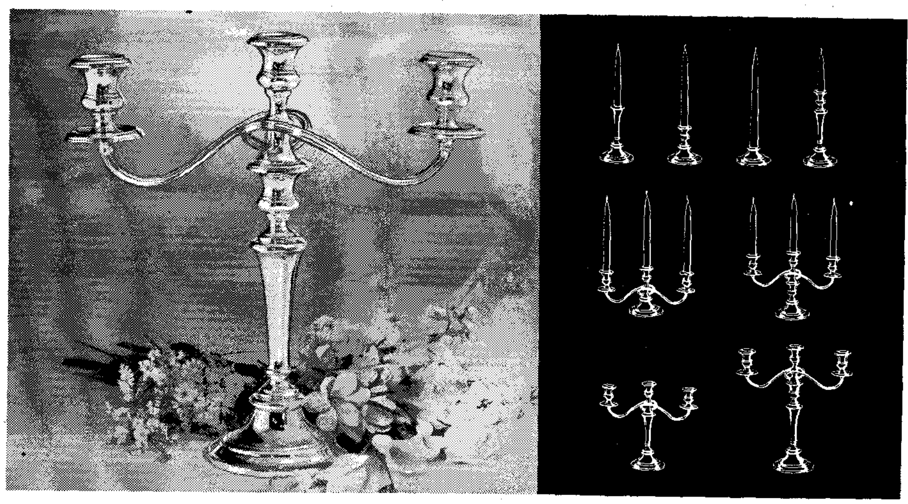

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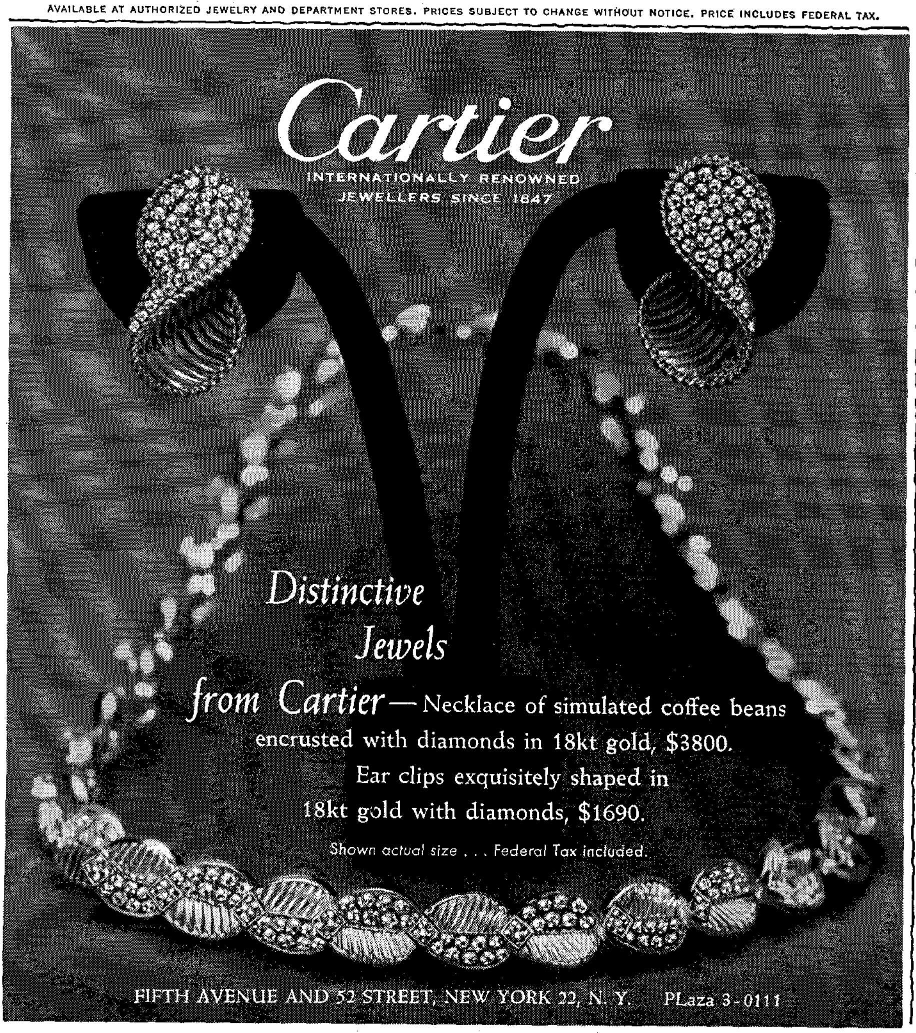

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which also serves as a meeting hall and polling place, and we have a bookshop, a cobbler, and several bars. A butcher and a baker have shops in the block-long Rue Rameau, running off the Square, so, all in all, the people who live around it have little need for the rest of Paris. *Pour la vie intellectuelle*, there is the Bibliothèque.

Pigeons roost in the trees of the Square Louvois; even when the temperature is near zero, they seem none the worse for it, and no less amorous. The pigeons are collateral descendants of those I used to see there in 1940, the latter having been eaten during the Occupation. (The same people who treacherously devoured those birds now try to make it up to their successors by feeding them crumbs of *croissants* left over from breakfast.) "My God, those pigeons were tough!" says Fernand, the old night porter. "Real athletes! And with the rationing, we were hardly strong enough to chew them." Fernand has a long, downturned mustache *à la Vercingétorix* and a limp that I have always assumed is a souvenir of Verdun. (I have never asked him, for fear he might avow a less romantic etiology.) He parts his hair in the middle, wears glasses, and has one of those angular faces that anonymous sculptors used to carve over cathedral doors. He speaks with a harsh *Berrichon* accent. Back in the winter of 1939-40, whenever there was an air-raid alert and nothing happened, Fernand would take it as a personal insult. "*Ah, les salauds!*" he would fume, sounding like a band saw in need of oil. "They disturb us, but they don't come!" He believed that it was the Germans who set off the sirens, in the manner of a drunk leaning against a doorbell.

Fernand's spirit of high indignation has not diminished. Every night, when he brings a bottle of Vichy to my room, it is as if the all-clear had just sounded after a bombless alert. "*C'est la pagaille!*" he exclaims on entering, which means it's an intensified, botched-up rat race. Fernand then identifies the particular *pagaille* he is talking about, which may be local, national, or international, on a moral, governmental, or meteorological level. One evening, he explained that the concierge had left word the night before for him to waken the man in No. 210 at five-thirty and take him coffee, and that when he had knocked at 210's door, 210 had "screeched like a cow." It turned out that it was 310 who had left word to be wakened, and 210 had complained to the management. "*Ah, quelle*

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pagaille!" Fernand wailed, stumping out, perhaps to administer a *cataplasme sinapisé*, or mustard plaster, to another guest he has known a long time; he is the unofficial house doctor. The results of the January election brought Fernand to my room crying, "*C'est la pagaille!* These elections, it's impossible! A country without a government! We'll be back at the voting urns within six months. *Ah, quelle pagaille!*" He tugged at his collar to indicate that he was choking with rage. And on the evening after Scotland beat the French Rugby team, 12–0, Fernand's reaction was "A defeat without parallel in history! They marked not one point! *C'est la pagaille!*" I couldn't sleep without my nightly dose of *pagaille*. But Fernand is right; *la pagaille* is in the air. The quintessential expression of it, of course, is Poujadisme, a political movement with as much intellectual content as a scream.

I HAD thought of the whole war as a road back to Paris, and now that I was on the real one, I momentarily felt let down. The car barely crept; I might as well have been riding home to Manhattan on a Sunday night from a weekend in Norwalk. After we got through Longjumeau, though, we made better time, and then, as we approached the Porte d'Orléans, we began to meet cyclists coming out from the city to greet us. These cyclists (the only ones I recall, anyway) were all women, the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is an established fact that women look better at some times than at others. I once knew a chap, for instance, who claimed that a woman is never so attractive as just after a severe bout of flu, because it makes her more ethereal, and when I was a young reporter, I used to think that women looked their best in a house where a man had just died. All such previous theories of environmental cosmetology blew up, however, when I saw the Parisiennes on their bicycles. To make a woman really beautiful, liberate her. It brings her up pounds on any kind of track. She visibly exudes a generalized good will that makes you want to kiss her.

These women wore long, simple summer dresses that left their bodies very free. (Elastic for girdles had disappeared from Occupied France years earlier.) Their bare legs were more smoothly muscled than Frenchwomen's before the war, because they had been riding those bicycles or walking ever since taxis vanished from the streets of Paris, and their figures were better, be-

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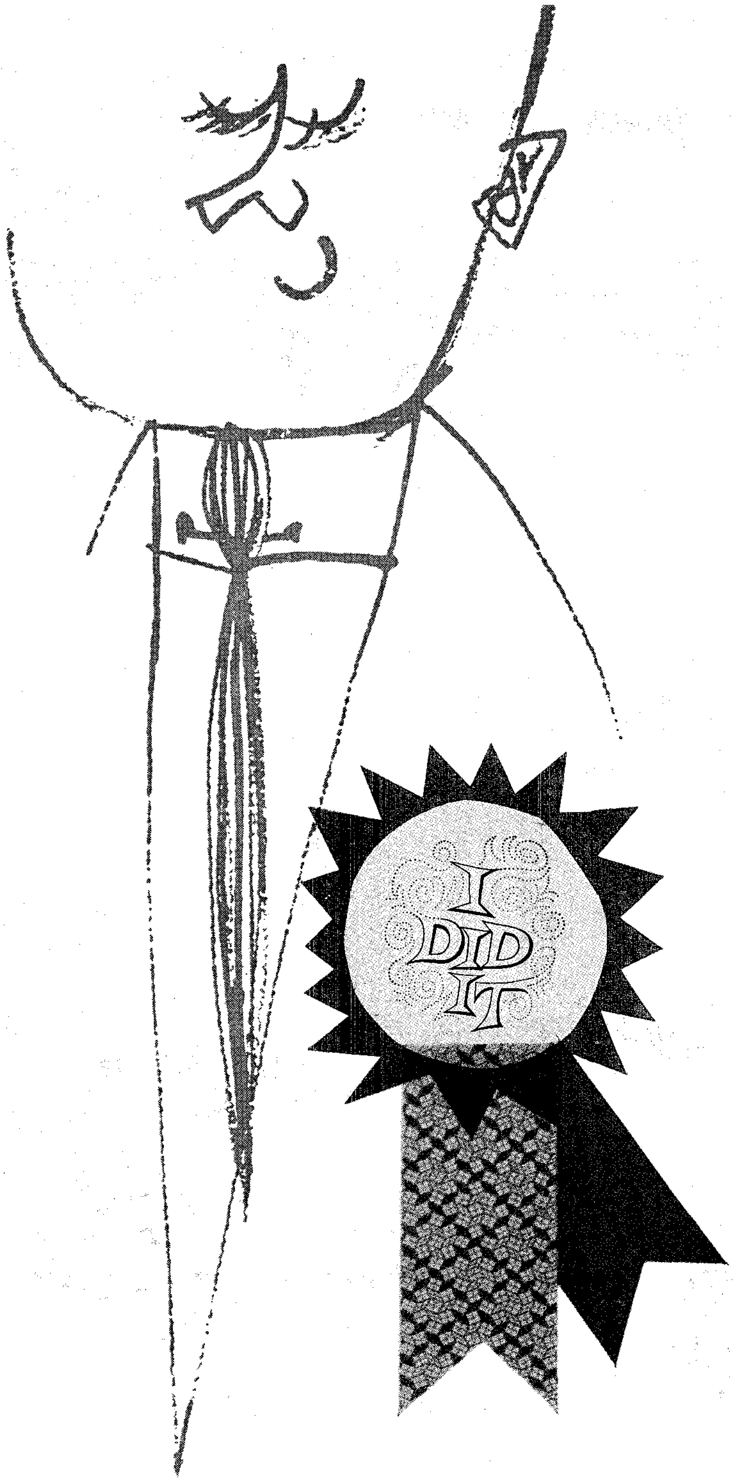

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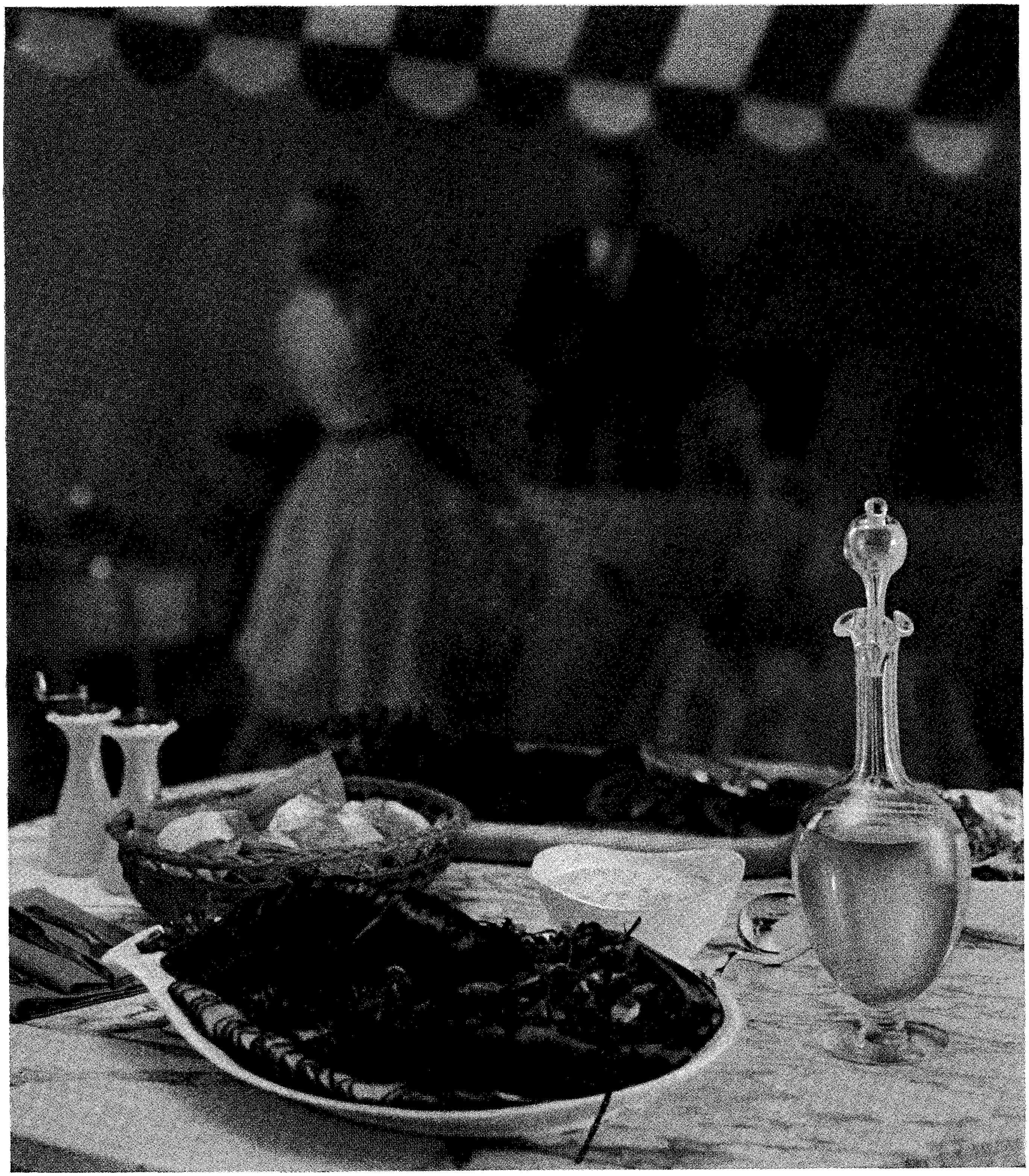

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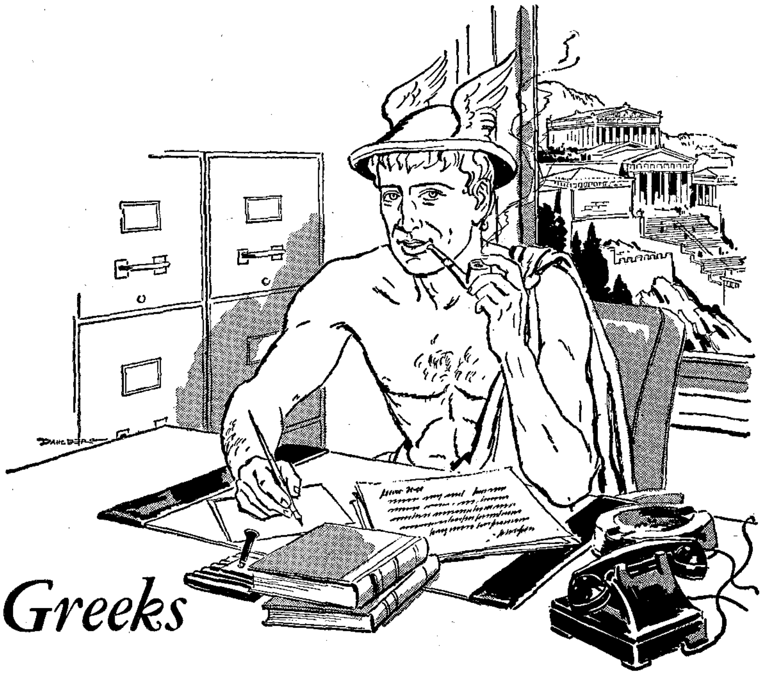
cause the *pâtissiers* were out of business. It was a tribute to the French frame that none of them looked scrawny or knobby. Their hair was done up high on their heads, without silly little ponytails, and they wore wooden platform shoes, because there was no leather. As they bore down upon the oncoming jeeps, I understood how those old Sag Harbor whalers must have felt when the women of the islands came swimming out to them like a school of beautiful tinker mackerel. None of ours came aboard, though. They couldn't abandon their bicycles. One evening after the war, Roach and I were reminiscing about our arrival in Paris, and he told me that I cried. I have no doubt that I did, but I do not remember when.

In the Place d'Orléans, just within the city limits, we came upon a sight unique in my experience—thousands of people, tens of thousands, all demonstratively happy. In any direction we looked, there was an unending vista of cheering people. It was like an entry into Paradise, and all the sweeter because we didn't deserve it. A man goes through life feeling that he is never getting sufficient credit for what he has done, and few are ever cheered for something they haven't done. Neither Roach nor Morrison nor I had fired a single shot, but there was adulation enough for everybody. General Omar Nelson Bradley, who was not there to receive any of it, could have moved an American division into Paris twenty-four hours sooner, but instead he had sent to Normandy for the Daydaybay, because he wanted a French unit to disengage the capital. It was the most potent lift that French morale received during the war. The people crowded about the troops in the trucks and half-tracks and jeeps, sometimes making it impossible for them to move. At one point, our Chevrolet was so weighted down that it came to a dead stop.

There were police lines, but the police were celebrating, too. They couldn't find it in their hearts to step on anybody's feet. Resistance organizations of Left, Center, and Right had united in the final insurrection of Paris, and the display of exuberance was therefore that rare phenomenon in France—a demonstration without a counter-demonstration. An open truck crossed the Place loaded with police, all of them carrying Sten guns. The crowd cheered madly—"*La police à l'honneur!*" The police had been the collective heroes of the uprising; they had raised the tricolor over the Prefecture



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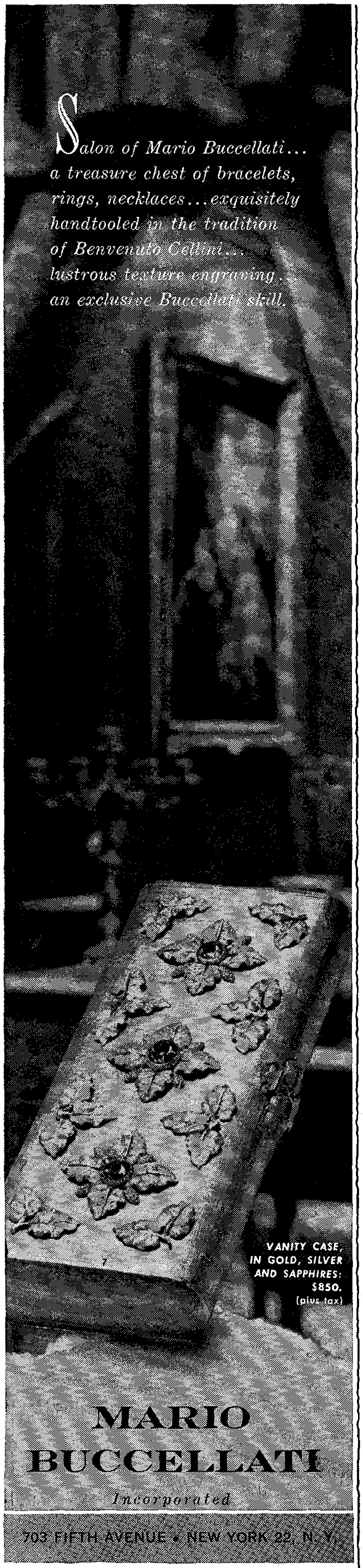

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of Police on August 19th and had held it against all attacks. Nobody called them *flics* or *poulets* or *la flicaille*. In a city where cop-hating is a tradition, such cordiality was without precedent. "*La police à l'honneur!*" It was like a dream.

THERE were considerable numbers of Moslems in the Daydaybay, but nobody was calling them *bicots*, which is the contemptuous French slang word for North Africans. It was not until a week later that I met a man, in a black-market restaurant near the Bourse, who said he thought it had been a mistake to let *indigènes*—"natives"—take part in the Liberation of Paris. It might make them uppity, he felt. I did not ask him what barricades he had stormed, for I was being friends with everybody, and so, still, was almost everybody else. But the sour note he injected into the general rejoicing was bleakly symptomatic of many things to come. Those things—some of them, at any rate—were probably inevitable. The mood of the first few days after the Liberation could not, in the nature of man, have been expected to last. It was too beatific, and the victory that we were all looking forward to did not arrive soon enough to act as a booster shot; cold weather and physical discomfort arrived first, and dampened the August enthusiasm. Nevertheless, when I left Paris, three months after the Liberation, the romance was still on. Simply being an American predisposed Parisians in your favor.

Between late 1944 and my present visit, I returned to Paris only once—for ten days in 1948, during which I had little chance to do more than say hello to old friends. But after I came back here last summer and had settled down for a while, I found it hard to believe that the girls on bicycles had ever ridden out to greet us. Although the old friends were as warm as ever, the city itself made me feel a bit like a man returning after a dozen years to a former love and finding that she is married, has four children, is worried about money, and devotes all her afternoons to the Parent-Teacher Association, the Ladies' Village Improvement Society, the Friends of Krishnamurti, and the American Red Cross. She is not hostile; she just has no time to waste on past performances. This always astonishes the man, although it shouldn't.

Such a man is likely to try to reconstruct a picture of things as they were. In a similar frame of mind during the last few months, I have occasionally felt

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impelled to make small expeditions in quest of the past, like Rétif de La Bretonne circumambulating the Ile Saint-Louis to read the inscriptions he had scratched on walls there on evenings when Sara was kind. (That was how I came to look up the plaque in the Gare Montparnasse.) On one of these excursions, my destination was the Boulevard Saint-Michel, in the student quarter, where I spent a good deal of time during my first visit to Paris, as a student myself, in 1926. Setting out from my hotel, I walked through the Square Louvois to the Bibliothèque and turned down the Rue de Richelieu toward the Seine, stopping, as usual, in front of the building at No. 69, where in 1830 Stendhal wrote "Le Rouge et le Noir." It was No. 71 in his day, and a hotel, like almost every other place he ever lived in. He was correcting the proofs of "Le Rouge et le Noir" when he heard the first shots of the July revolution, which substituted Louis-Philippe for Charles X on the throne. It was Stendhal's lucky year. He put on one of his light-cinnamon frock coats, for which it is highly improbable he had reimbursed his tailor, and went out to root for the mob. Two months later, he had a consulate, which supported his literary labors for the rest of his life. ("Le Rouge et le Noir" was not a serious money-maker; it brought him a total of something under a thousand dollars.) A few rods farther on, I passed No. 61, where, in the eighteen-twenties, when it was No. 63, he lived in what he insisted was not sin with Mme. Giuditta Pasta, the prima donna of the Théâtre-Italien.

I crossed through the Tuileries, where the 1830 shots were fired, and, when I got to the Left Bank, walked on to the Odéon, a brisk half hour's going. Leaving the Place de l'Odéon, I had a choice of several tangential streets by which to reach the Boulevard Saint-Michel. I chose the Rue Racine, and presently stopped in front of the window of a bookshop where a copy of a new collection of French cartoons was on display. The cover drawing showed a lanky, goofy-looking American soldier sitting in a swivel chair with his feet up on a desk and holding a telephone to his ear. The caption was "*Toujours occupé*"—a pun in French but not in English, since we say a country is "occupied" but a telephone line is "busy." Pinned to the G.I.'s shoulder was a tag reading, "Go home," but he was fatuously unconscious of it. The artist had clearly been influenced by Sad Sack. It is one of the dilemmas of the young

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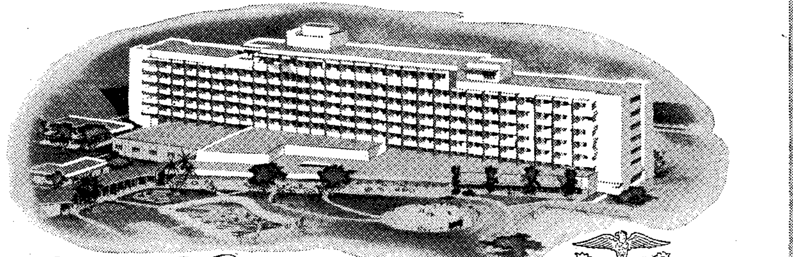

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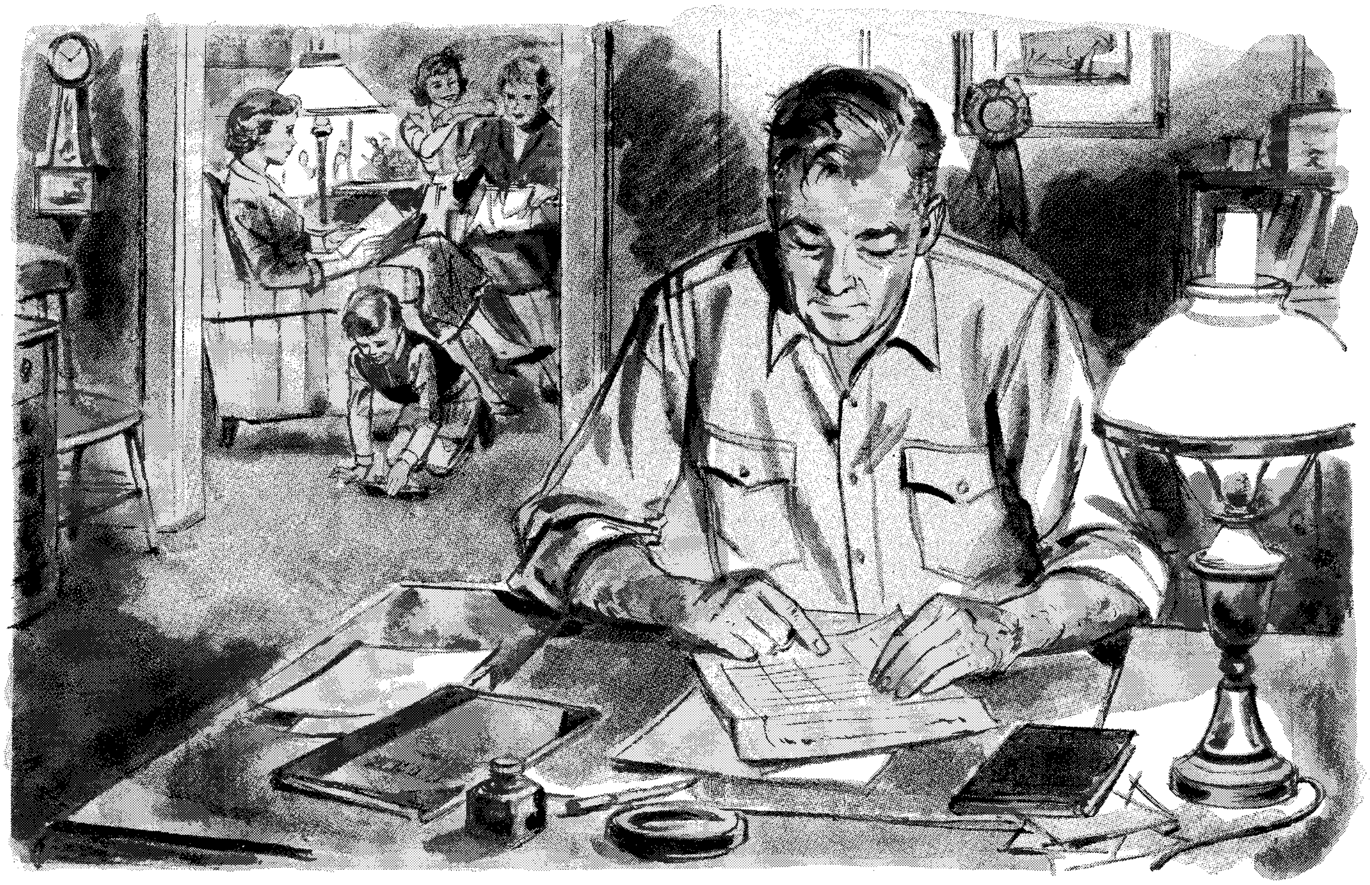


Grown man doing homework...

Once, perhaps, the bright boys headed for the Big City, and the not-so-bright stayed on the farm.

But not so today. The book shy and poor retainer has a dim future on the farm. Farming is changing so fast, with so many new ideas and methods, that only a good student can be a competent farmer. The one who doesn't know is handicapped. And the one who doesn't care is hopeless.

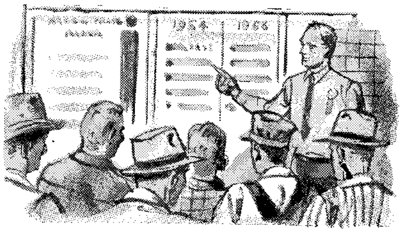
In fifteen years, corn yields have been tripled and quadrupled in certain areas. Continuous corn planting on the same land is practicable. Pasture nutriment is improved by mixed seeding; green silage avoids the food losses in hay.

Soil conservation is constant. Some fertilizers now in use were laboratory formulas a few years ago. Antibiotics are staples in livestock raising. The new insecticides require precise usage. Milk and poultry are virtually production line operations.

Farm buildings must be redesigned, equipped for labor saving, automatic feeding, easy cleaning, farrowing and calving, milk handling and storage. A modern dairy barn may have as much wiring and as many motors as a small factory. Complex farm machinery must be properly maintained.

The Department of Agriculture, the ag schools, breed associations, county agents and manufacturers flood the farmer with literature. Reading and study are imperative.

Today, SUCCESSFUL FARMING in turn makes a greater contribution than ever before in presenting procedures and methods which are proved by use – to increase yields and earnings, save time and money... has more influence with farmers than ever before. And offers advertisers the most effective approach to the country's best farm families.



THE good farmers are still making money. In 1950-1954 farmers' incomes of over $10,000 increased by 90,000! Farmers' liquid assets in 1956, by US treasury estimate, will be $18.8 billion – 1.1% under the all-time high.

SF farm subscribers have had an average cash income from farming of around $10,000, for several years. Three out of four are in the 39% which gets 88% of the national farm income. And SF families are spending money for better living as well as better farming.

SUCCESSFUL FARMING with more than 1,300,000 circulation, represents one of the world's best class markets... balances advertising schedules where general media run thin in an important segment of the national market. Any SF office can give you the facts.

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Here you see Charlie Straus, a copy supervisor in our advertising agency, selling silverware.

Other times you may find other members of our staff pumping gasoline, stacking grocery shelves, selling cosmetics.

It's a fixed agency policy for our writers, art directors and account executives to work at the point of sale one week a year.

We have found that the more we sell from behind a counter, the better we sell from behind a typewriter.

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MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

Western European anti-American that in any popular art he must express himself in an American idiom or lose his audience. Jazz, the movies, and the ten thousand pseudo-Hemingways, half of whom are European, have formed the mold. The other side has nothing to offer as an alternative. It is impossible, for instance, to imagine a young Western European cartoonist adopting the manner of the Soviet's *Krokodil*, which is that of *Punch* or *Puck* in 1905, or a Russian folk-dance ensemble taking the play away from Lionel Hampton's band at a Parisian music hall. It is our misfortune both that we have not more to offer and that the others have so much less. Everything we do is overconsidered by Europeans, like the performances of a fair three-year-old in a nothing year. An American B picture is reviewed at solemn length, as if it were a novel by an Academician, and the critic comes up at the end of two columns with the verdict that "Flaming Guns," or whatever, is not the kind of first-rate art that one might expect from a country "with the pretension of instructing a Europe that has, after all, let us not forget, produced Corneille, Euripides, Sartre, and Shakespeare."

I continued up the street to the Boulevard Saint-Michel, where thirst and curiosity prompted me to stop in at a small café I had once known. Since I had last seen it, in 1944, the place had been sold and the new boss had called in a decorator to slick it up, turning the pleasant, easygoing, typically French café into a restaurant de luxe—a cocktail lounge on Route 4 in New Jersey. The bar, too, had gone *discret*, with recorded piano music and tropical fish. The music was schmalz, and consisted of selections whose lyrics are familiar to anybody of an age that I don't like to be reminded of: "I'll see YEW again"—things like that. The barman served cognac in a *ballon*, a burlesque

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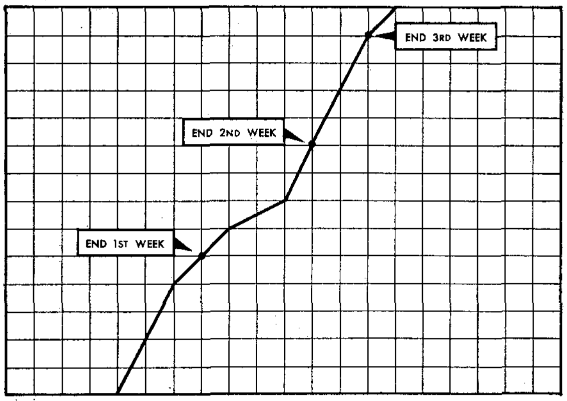

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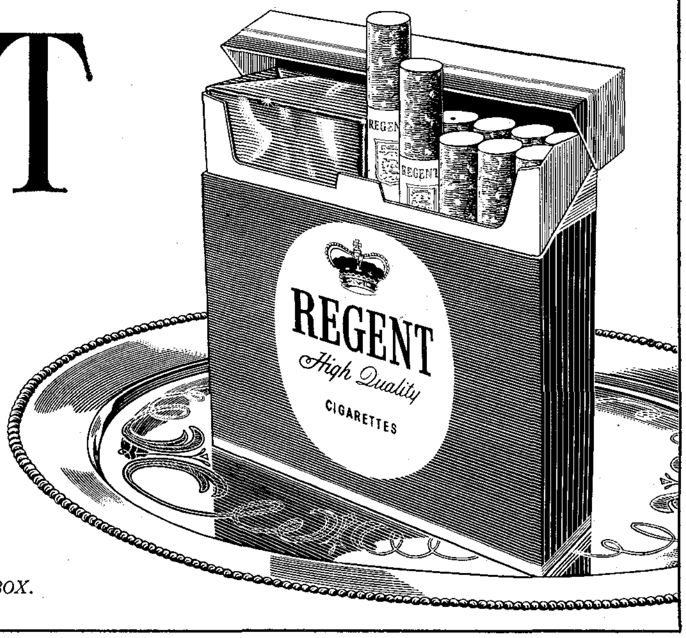

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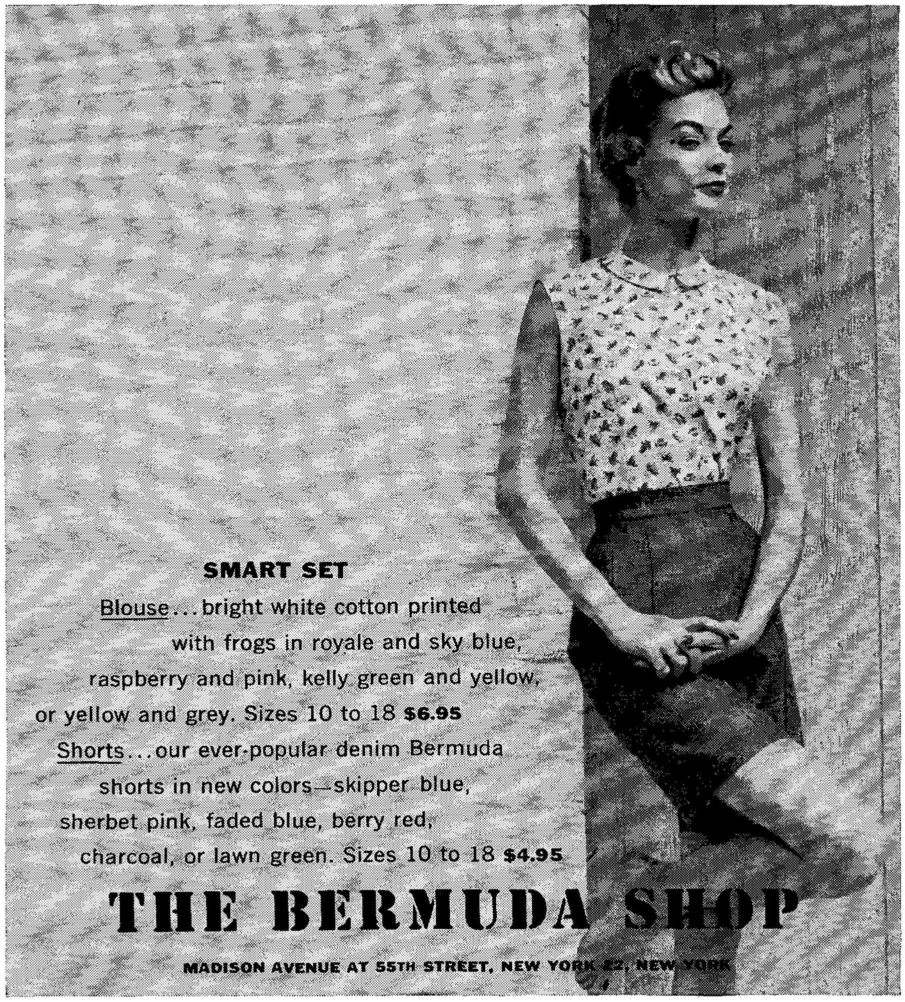
The memory of a fine dinner lingers long; that of a noble wine, even longer. Let the heart-warming bouquet and flavor of Duff Gordon Cream Sherry contribute to the success of *your* next dinner party. Also try No. 28 (moderately sweet), Nina (medium dry), Pinta (very dry) and Amontillado. Sole United States representatives, Munson G. Shaw Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.



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gesture unless the cognac is highly distinguished, and even then it would be better off in a brandy glass of a size a man can warm in one hand. I remembered a fat French engraver named Gillet, who used to cadge drinks there back in my student days, and I couldn't imagine him at home in a bar such as this. Gillet was a fat man with a scraggly chin beard like Verlaine's, and his fingers were always blue from acid. He wore a *vie-de-bohème* hat—high crown and wide brim—and there were always buttons off his overcoat, because of the trouble he had in drawing it together across his belly. Gillet would have hated the music—"I'll see YEW again." Go home, indeed! What need to, if on the Boulevard Saint-Michel they were going to change good cafés into muted mood joints?

WHEN Roach at last succeeded in inching the Chevrolet through the crowds in the Place d'Orléans, we headed for the center of town along the Avenue d'Orléans, through more scenes of frenzied excitement, and came out on the Place Denfert-Rochereau—the first spot we reached in Paris that I distinctly remembered having been in before. It is a big *carrefour*, where six or seven boulevards and avenues converge. There are *brasseries* all around its perimeter, and in the middle of it is the bronze statue of the couchant Lion de Belfort—a memorial to the garrison of the one French fortress that held out through the war of 1870-71. The sculptor was Bartholdi, who did the Statue of Liberty, but the Lion is a better job. Bartholdi was stronger on animals than on goddesses. (If Klagmann, who did the four rolling rivers in the Square Louvois, had got the contract for Liberty, she would attract more attention.) Beneath the Place, there is an old quarry full of bones removed from cemeteries that were abandoned in the eighteenth century. Although I didn't know it as we drove past, this catacomb was still serving as the headquarters of Colonel Rol, the Communist who commanded the combined forces of the Resistance during the insurrection of Paris. *Dans le civil,* he was a metalworker in the Renault automobile plant. I met Rol a couple of weeks later, when the Era of Good Feeling was still on and the Jesuit Père Philippe was speaking from the same platforms as the Communist Louis Aragon. It was the period of the Front National, which seems as distant now as Mistinguett's First Communion.

We drove down the Avenue Den-

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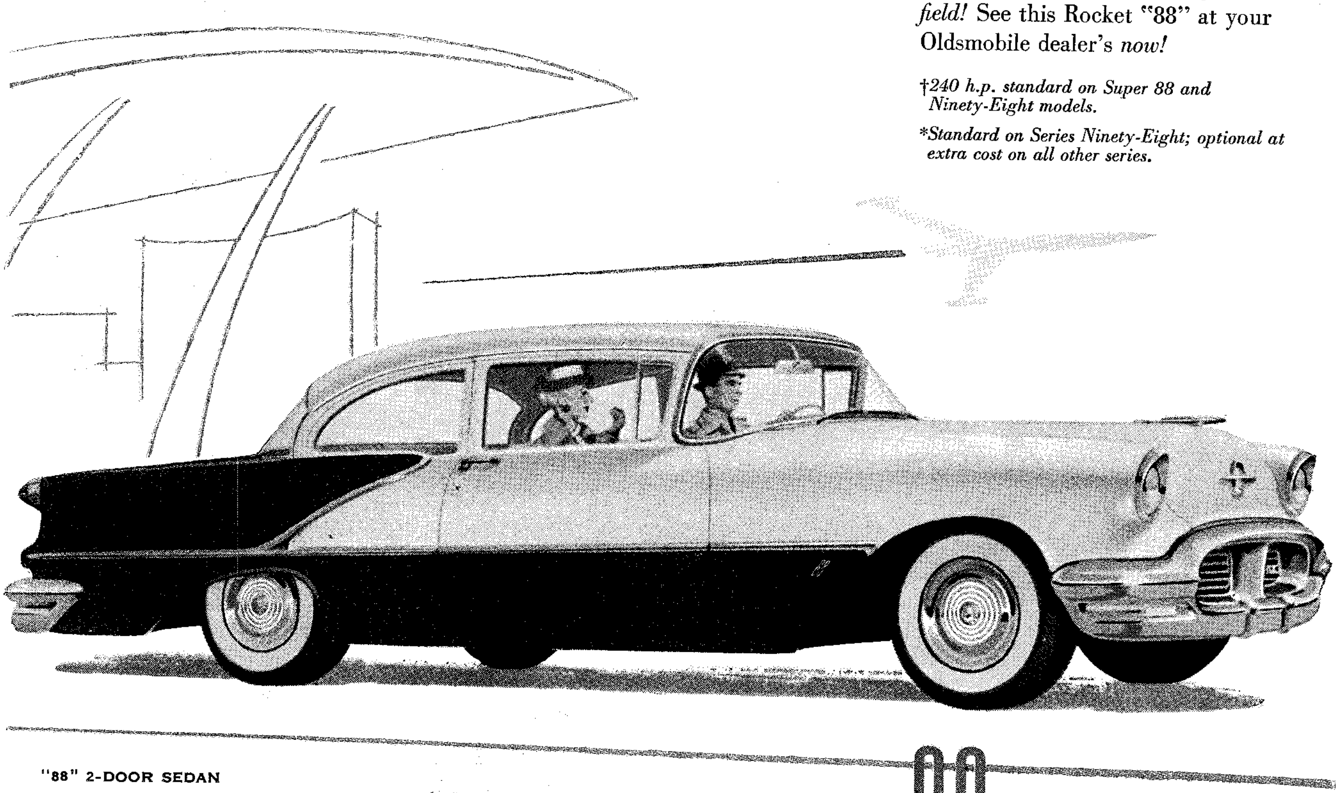

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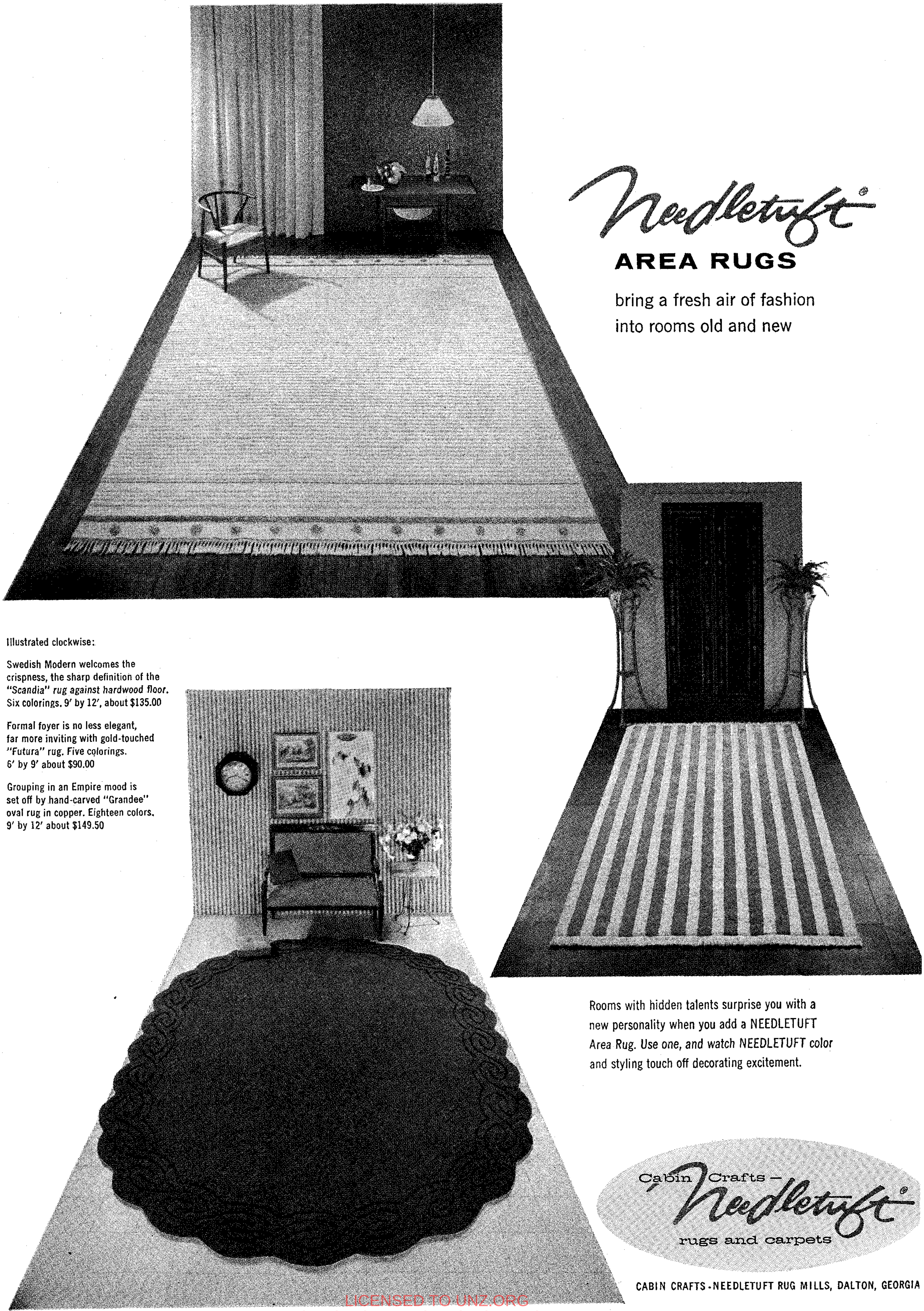

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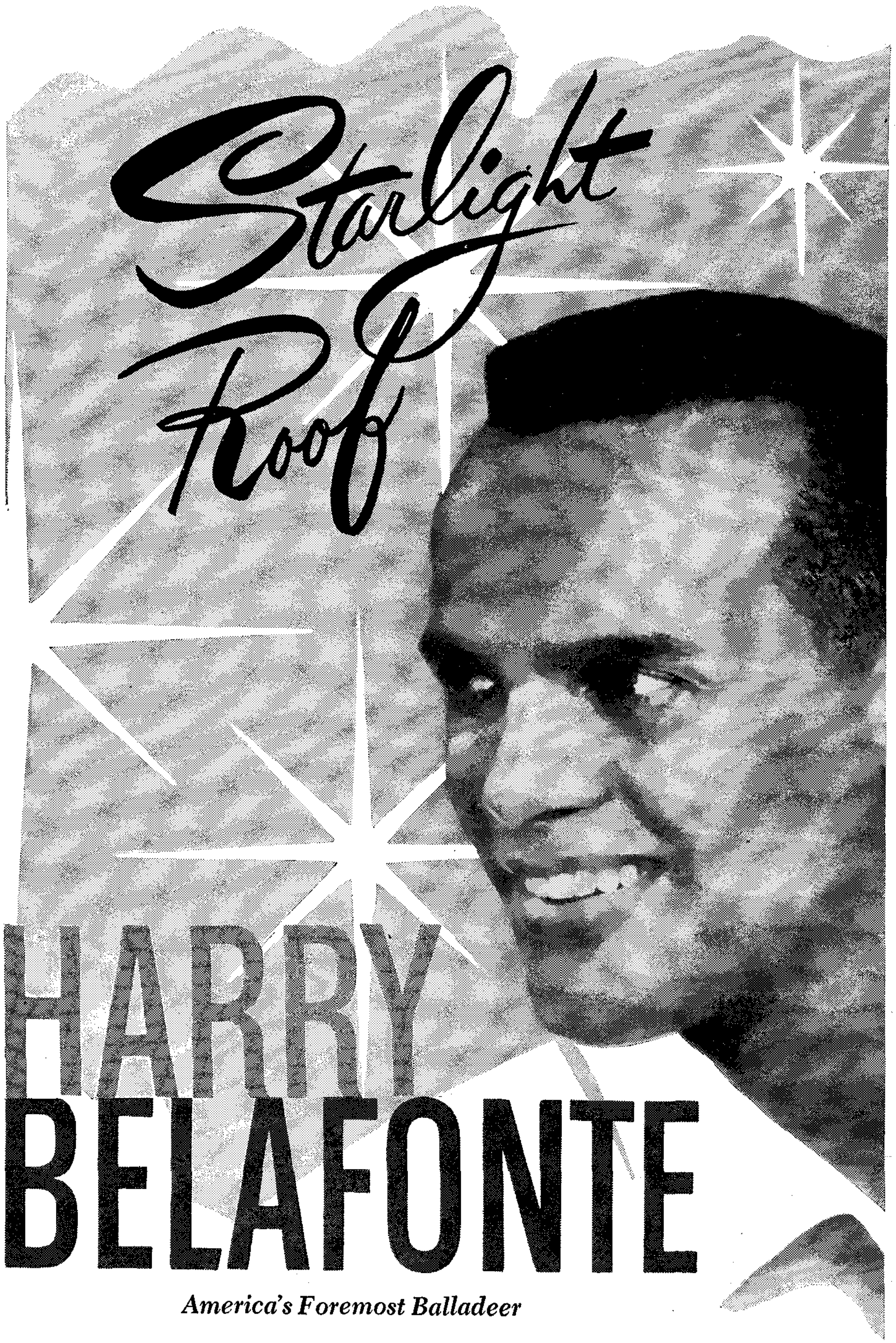
CABIN CRAFTS · NEEDLETUFT RUG MILLS, DALTON, GEORGIA fert-Rochereau, an austere thoroughfare lined with religious institutions. Most of them, housed in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century buildings behind high walls, are Catholic—an orphanage, a convent, a home for old priests, and the like. Among them, however, there used to be an American Baptist Center, with a small gymnasium and shower room at the far end of a baroque courtyard. Every Wednesday afternoon during my student days, I would walk to the gymnasium from the less bracing surroundings of the Taverne Soufflet and the d'Harcourt, in the Latin Quarter, where I spent most of my leisure, and have a workout and a cold shower. I did not admit these infantile regressions to anyone—not even to Angèle, my favorite companion at the Taverne Soufflet. I would as soon have had her catch me eating puffed rice with sliced bananas. But one Wednesday afternoon when I walked into my hotel, on the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, my right eyelid was studded with metal clamps, installed by a doctor after a Mormon missionary and I bumped heads while boxing, and I stood exposed.

The fellows I met at the Center were Americans, most of whom were living in Montparnasse and were writing or trying to learn how to paint. None of them were trying to learn how to write, because in the twenties that ability was supposed to come naturally, like falling off a bar stool. There were also some, among them the missionary, who were studying at the Sorbonne. Most of these were taking the packaged course in French culture and living with nice French families. Basketball and handball were the popular games, but I usually found somebody to box with. After a workout, several of us would walk down the Avenue Denfert-Rochereau, which at its tip merges with the Avenue de l'Observatoire, as far as the Closerie des Lilas, where we would stop in for a vermouth cassis together. Then my friends would head for the Dôme or the Sélect, on the Boulevard du Montparnasse, while I would start back for the Soufflet or the d'Harcourt, on the Boulevard Saint-Michel. I was priggishly determined not to waste my year abroad on fellow-Americans; Wednesday afternoons were simply exceptions.

The Closerie stood by itself, with gravel and trees all around it; quiet and cool, it had a touch of class. The noisy geniuses you heard at the Vikings and the Sélect and the Dôme considered it *vieux jeu*, and did not frequent it. The



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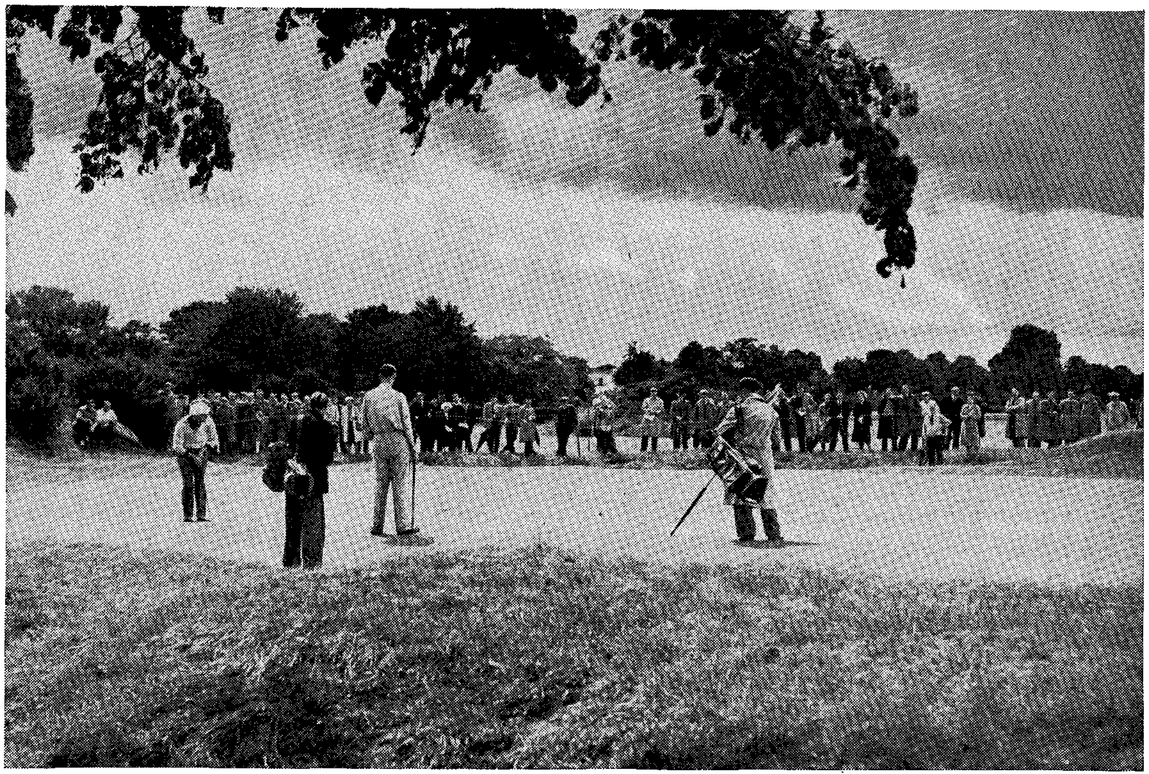

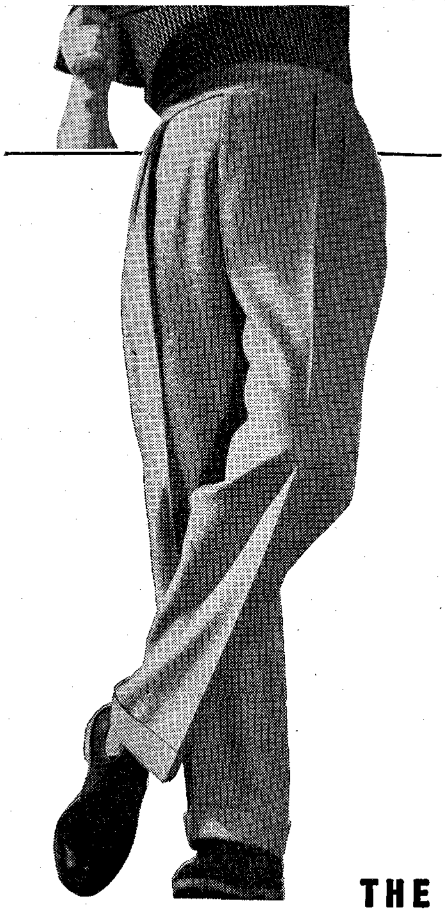

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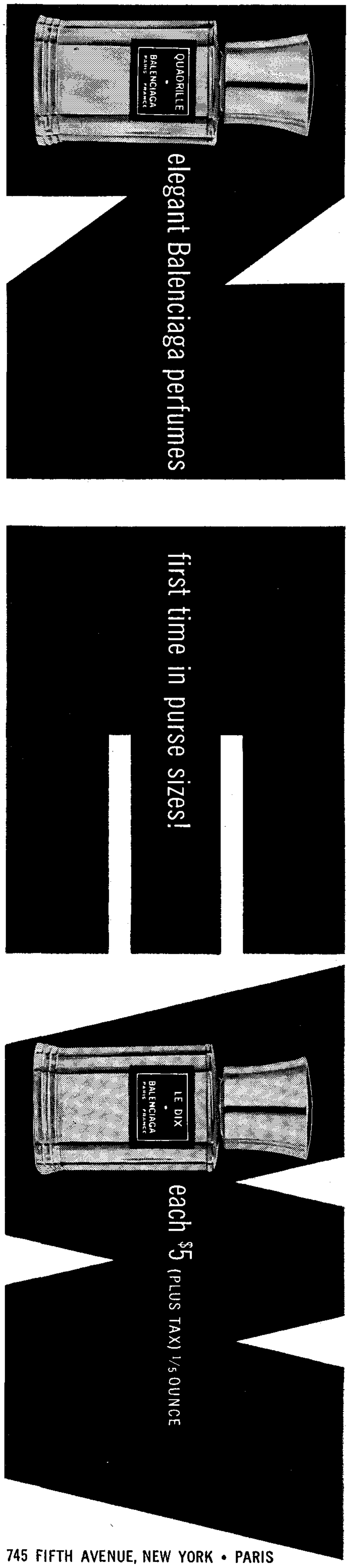
place had a brisk, knowing barman named Dominique, a Catalan from Barcelona, who would have been a natural for a good speakeasy in the States. Sometimes, after my friends had left, I switched to hard liquor and stayed on talking to him. These interludes were part of my small weekly concession to a nostalgia I wouldn't have avowed. The most memorable customer was a Canadian painter named John Russell, who always wore a bowler hat and a chesterfield with velvet lapels. He wasn't imitating the Edwardians; he was one. Russell was in his late forties and not yet decrepit, and this reassured me. I was twenty-two, and worried, because I associated thirty with dotage. Looking at Russell, I could see that I might still have a couple of years left to work in. Russell had white hair, which he wore rather long in back, black eyebrows, a red face, and a profile like that of an old tragedian. He was critical and imperious, and also often abusive, because he was a solvent portrait painter, producing pictures that brought high prices but that his avant-garde colleagues contemptuously referred to as "good likenesses." (They were mostly portraits of wealthy Anglo-Canadians, dressed as Masters of Foxhounds, and their wives, to whom Russell gave a telling hint of family resemblance to Queen Mary.)

"They all sneer at Bouguereau, but I'd like to see one of them paint a hand with five fingernails and polish on them," Russell used to say. "They" meant the avant-garde. Once, in 1927, I went to the Salon de Printemps to see a picture he was showing. It was of a smart nude lying on a sofa in front of a full-length mirror, which was so convincing that I caught myself looking into it to straighten my tie. In front of the sofa stood a coffee table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and on the table was a cloisonné vase containing four flowers, all different. It must have taken a lot of doing. *Ce vieux Russell* was often accompanied by a tail of French painters, more advanced but less pecunious, for whom he bought drinks. They didn't needle him, as the young Americans did—partly, no doubt, because they spoke no English and Russell's French was limited, but also, I suspect, because they respected his bag of tricks, even if they didn't like them. And maybe they did like them. Then, too, he was paying for the drinks.

IN a way, I was aware of all these matters as Roach turned the Chevrolet down the Avenue Denfert-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Rochereau, although, naturally, I said nothing about them. It would have been hard to explain why I should recall such trivia on the day of the Liberation of Paris, which was History with a capital "H," or so I imagined. But they increased my excitement. We stopped for a couple of minutes at the corner of the Avenue de l'Observatoire and the Boulevard du Montparnasse, to consider our further course. Before leaving Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, a guestless watering place in Normandy that had been the First Army's last pre-Paris headquarters, Roach and I had been told that the press would set up shop in the Hôtel Scribe, on the Boulevard des Capucines, near the Opéra. Roach wanted to report there as soon as he could, but we had no means of knowing whether the way was clear. I thought our best bet would be to turn west on the Boulevard du Montparnasse, which we could see was peaceful, and then head down toward the Seine when we were approximately opposite where we wanted to go. During our halt, while Roach consulted a street map, I noted with satisfaction that the Closerie was intact, although blackout blinds had been drawn behind its plate-glass windows. Then we started up the Boulevard, past the Nègre de Toulouse, the Jockey, the Sélect, the Dôme, and the other landmarks of the prohibition emigration, all of them closed. It was a quarter I had never fancied, but I felt a certain emotion about it just the same. Any liberated place acquires a special charm, like a kitten recovered from the town dump. In the immediate neighborhood of the Gare Montparnasse, with Daydaybay vehicles parked in the adjacent streets, things were just as festive as they had been in the Place d'Orléans. And so, after turning back from our attempt to get through the Rue de Rennes with the help of the F.F.I. boys, we returned to the train shed in time for the surrender.

We were, it developed, in plenty of time, for Leclerc, ordinarily so impatient, was holding up the ceremony until General de Gaulle could get there. With the approach of the Daydaybay, one of the division's intelligence officers told me, the German garrison had given up trying to reduce Resistance strong points within the city and had been besieged in its turn, in perhaps a dozen redoubts of its own. (Von Choltitz had a rather better chance of being shot if he retreated than if he didn't, for Hitler, it was later disclosed, had directed him to fight to the last man. I think if I had known then

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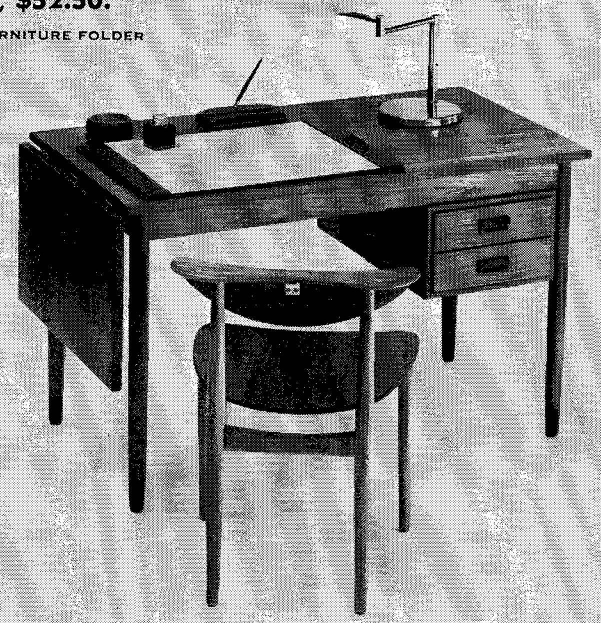

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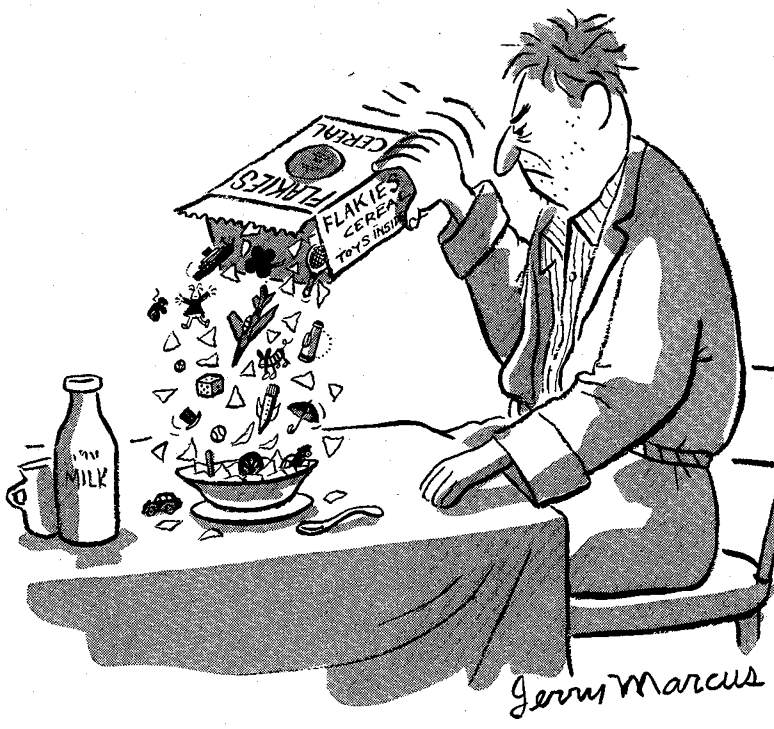

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LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

what lay behind that troubled soup plate of a German face, I would have felt a little sorry for Von.) Leclerc had ordered an attack on the Meurice, on the Rue de Rivoli, in order to bring in von Choltitz, the only man in Paris who was qualified to sign the surrender. When the German Military Governor felt himself safely surrounded by French regulars, he had come out. All the Germans had a deadly fear of being lynched by the F.F.I.

Lieutenant General Leonard T. Gerow, of V Corps, was at the Gare. He was a tall, dry man, who might have thought that since the Daydaybay was part of his corps, *he* was the liberator of Paris, but Leclerc kept him in his place. (Paris, like practically every other town in France, has since named a street for Leclerc; it is the former Avenue d'Orléans, along which Roach drove us on the great day. The Avenue du Général Leclerc is wide but not chic, being bordered by cheap department stores and cut-rate retail markets. It is not a slum, though—just Washington Heights or the built-up parts of Queens.) Finally, de Gaulle arrived—stiff-backed, as usual, but very nearly smiling—and the surrender was signed. De Gaulle wore the expression of a poker player hauling in his first pot of the evening and trying not to show how good he feels. It was politically important, from the point of view of the Free French, that de Gaulle be on hand, because up to the last minute they were afraid that our State Department would produce somebody like Camille Chautemps or Georges Bonnet to usurp his place. They couldn't forget Darlan. The Daydaybay was Gaullist, and its tanks were marked with the Cross of Lorraine.

While we and von Choltitz were still waiting for de Gaulle, two more American correspondents arrived—Paul Gallico, who was writing for a monthly magazine, and Harold Denny, of the New York *Times*. They had been travelling together in a jeep, with a soldier driver, and had run into the same sort of perplexity as we had in trying to get across town. When Denny spotted the Germans, he reacted like a redbone hound to a tree full of raccoons. He saw that he had a scoop of historic dimensions, since he was the only correspondent for a daily publication present. Denny, who was one of the best reporters I have ever known, broke out his typewriter and went to work. The rattle of the keys, echoing under the train shed, cheered him on. He lit a cigarette, ran a hand through his hair,

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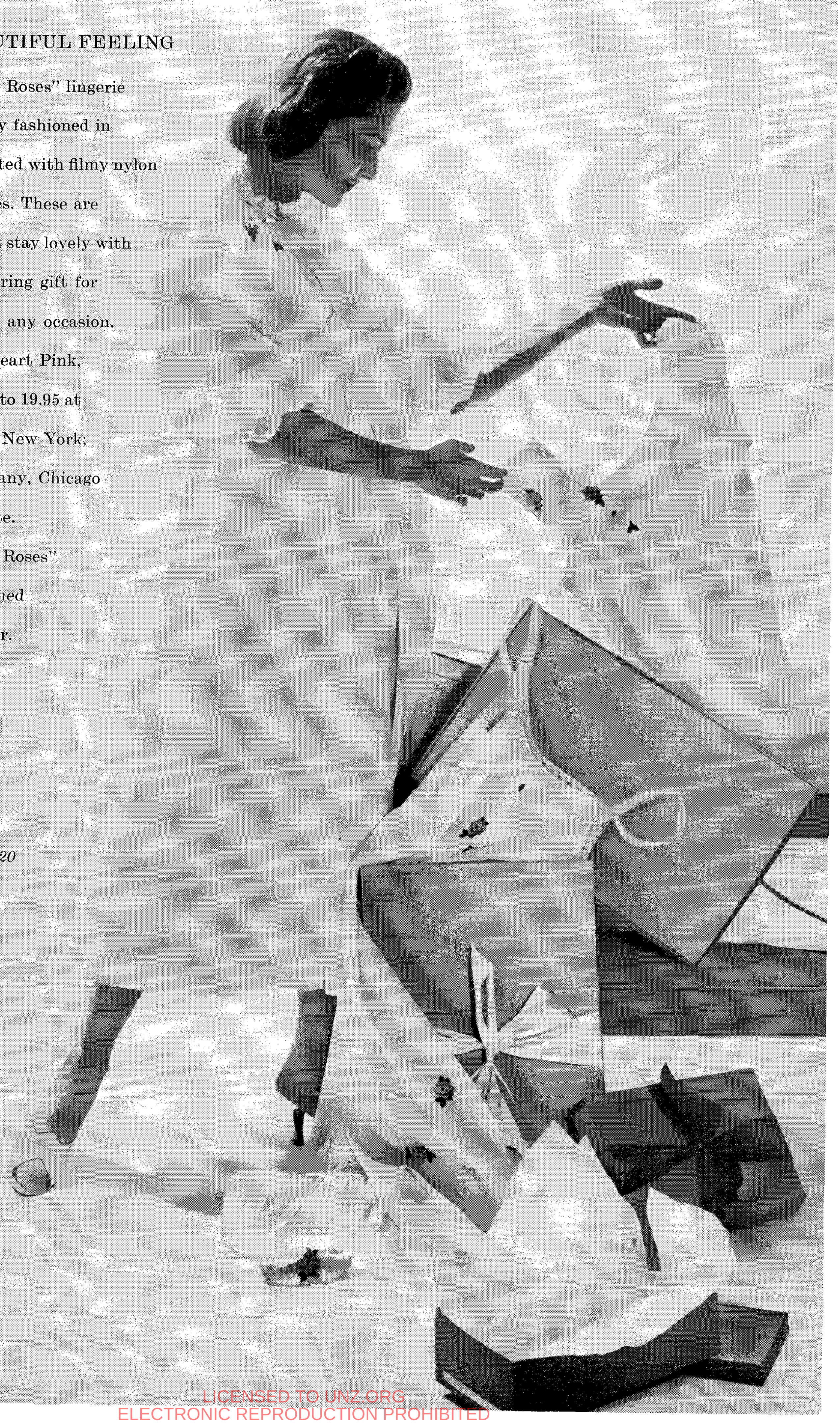

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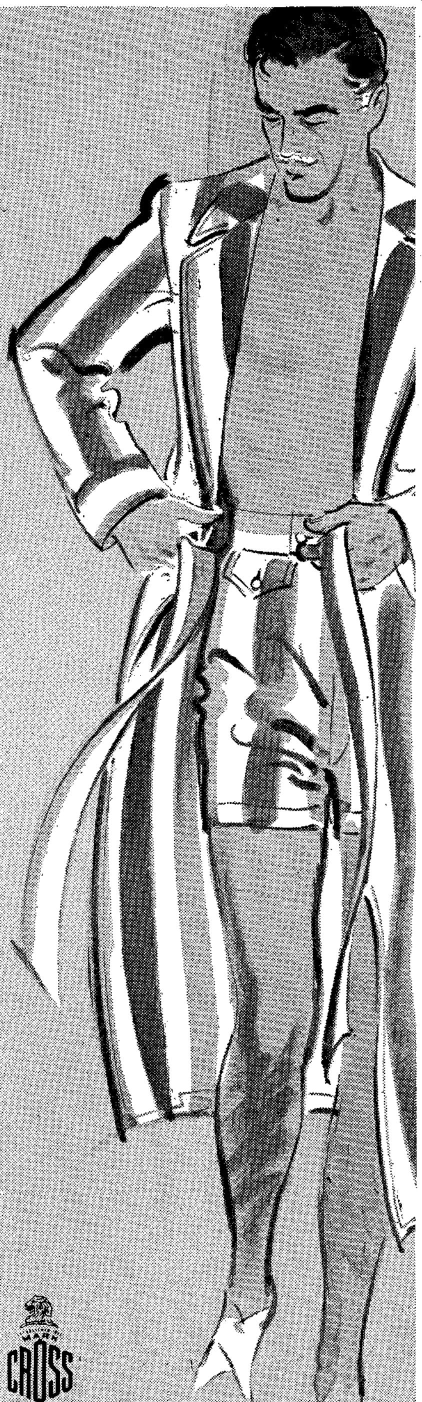

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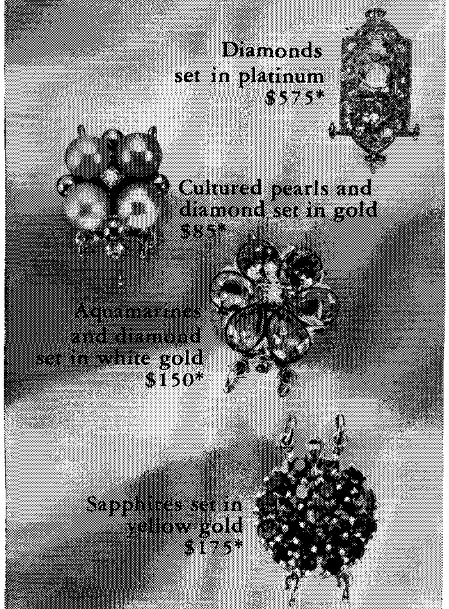
filled a sheet of paper, and instinctively yelled "Boy!" Only, there was no boy to pick up his copy. It was then that he realized he was faced with the problem of how to get his copy from the Gare Montparnasse to a censor and a wire.

We all knew that if an American communications center had been set up in Paris, it would be at the Hôtel Scribe. The obvious person to take Denny's copy there was Roach, who, as a public-relations officer, could expedite its transmission, and who, moreover, felt obligated to get there at the earliest possible moment. I therefore agreed to give up my de-luxe transportation—it was but justice—and to pig in with Gallico and Denny in their jeep. After the German surrender party had been marched away, I went downstairs and got my typewriter, sleeping bag, and musette bag out of the Chevrolet. Despite the extreme revulsion I experience at the mere thought of K rations, I took a couple of those waxed-cardboard cartons charged with soapy cheese, vegetarian bouillon powder, and similar delicacies from a supply that an open-handed G.I. had thrown into our car a couple of days before. Since arriving in Paris, we hadn't seen anybody who looked hungry enough to want them, and now that I figured my days in the field were about over, I was resolved never again to allow myself to get that hungry, either. Still, we had heard that Paris was short of food, so I thought it prudent to be prepared for the worst.

That was the end of our small Bagnoles-Chartres-Paris task force. Morrison shouldered his musette bag and went out into the streets to collect paragraphs for *Stars & Stripes*, and after Denny finished his story, Roach, with a Daydaybay soldier for a guide, left us to take it to the Scribe. There, we learned later, he found a press center installed and functioning normally—so normally that it managed to lose poor Denny's exclusive eyewitness story of the surrender. At any rate, the *Times* never received it. When the first copies of the August 26th issue of the *Times* reached Paris, flown in by the Air Transport Command, we were dismayed to see that the big story about the surrender was an Associated Press dispatch that read as if it had been assembled in London. It was the worst luck I have heard of a reporter's having. Denny died a little less than a year later. He was fifty-six—older than almost any other American correspondent in France, although he looked younger than the majority of us—and



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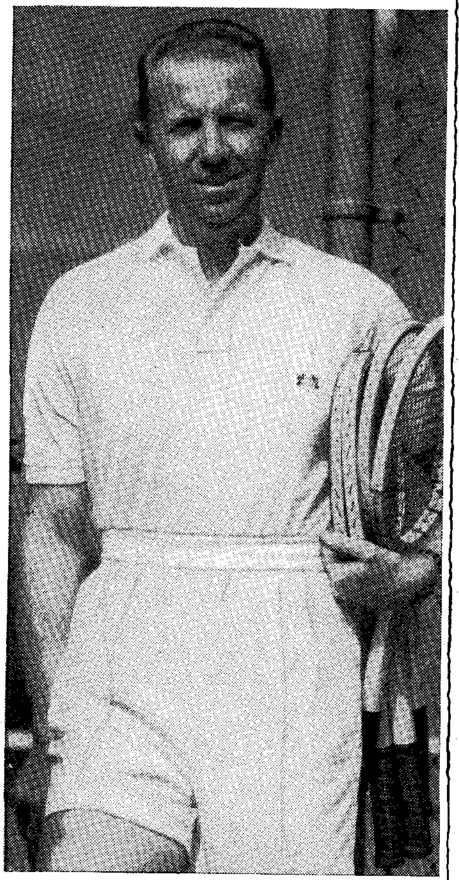

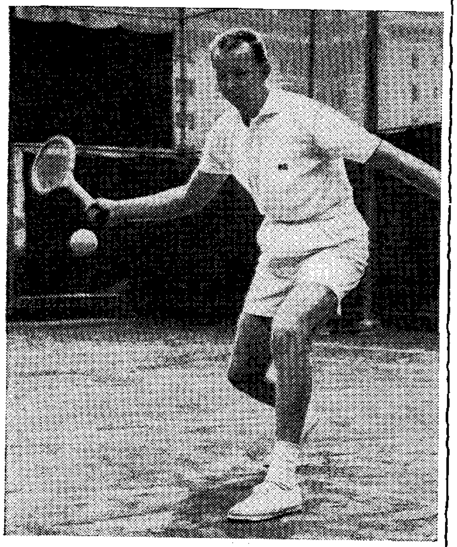

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his heart failed him. I've sometimes wondered how much the lost scoop had to do with it.

Since we had no idea that the story was going to be lost, Denny and Gallico and I were in high good humor as we left the Gare. But it was getting on toward six, and they said they were tired, as I certainly was, so we decided to seek a lodging for the night. From the moment of our appearance in the station, we had been attended by a bevy of F.F.I. lads wearing tricolor brassards and strung with bandoleers and lethal weapons, mostly captured Wehrmacht machine pistols. They told us they belonged to the Service de Presse des Forces Françaises du Quatorzième Arrondissement, so I asked a fellow who seemed to be their commanding officer if he could find us a billet. He replied that a hotel had been set aside for the accommodation of *la presse étrangère*—the Hôtel Néron, near the statue of the Lion de Belfort. It was an appetizingly wicked name; a good orgy, I felt, would be appropriate on such a night.

Our progress to the Néron was a dashing cortege—a cross between an Arab fantasia and the reception accorded Adah Isaacs Menken by the silver miners of the Big Bonanza. Six or eight F.F.I.s, each carrying at least three firearms, hung on to the sides of our jeep, which was preceded by one captured Volkswagen and followed by another, both loaded to the Plimsoll with effervescent firepower. The Néron, despite its name, turned out to have nothing *louche* about it. Standing on a side street off the Avenue d'Orléans and a couple of hundred yards beyond the Lion, it was neither dilapidated nor elaborate. The Fourteenth Arrondissement is a neighborhood of low-salaried white-collar people, mostly civil servants, and the chief peacetime clientele of the Néron, I thought, must have consisted of old bachelor or widower postal clerks and railway conductors. Now the hotel was a combination of barracks and arsenal, with young men in berets, shirtsleeves, and pistol belts bounding up the stairs three at a time, for no apparent reason, and then dashing down again. The soldiers of the night were strutting openly at last, and enjoying it.

Two ecstatically beaming elderly women were standing in the office downstairs when we arrived at the Néron—the *patronne* and her maid, delighted to be in the midst of such excitement. The hotel, I noticed on the way to my quarters, had a bathroom, and I

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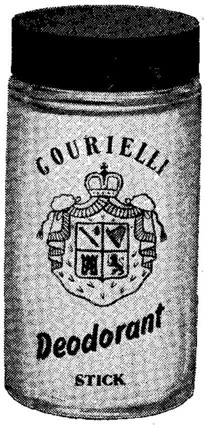

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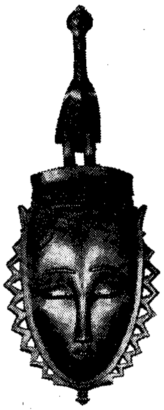
Cigar store Indian, shown by Helena Penrose.

Connecticut cherrywood chest of drawers, probably made by Benjamin Burnham of Hartford, Conn., around 1760-65. Shown by Florene Maine.

Waist-length miniature of Major John McCluney, dated 1794, by James Peale. Shown by I. Snyderman.

A Chippendale chair, once owned by George Washington. Shown by Israel Sack, Inc.



Ancestor cult mask, with totem animal, from the Baule tribe of Africa's Ivory Coast. Shown by Segy Gallery.

George Washington *really* sat here . . . and he could have rested his rum toddy on that cherry chest . . . turned an admiring eye towards the life-like miniature of Major John McCluney (1794). These and other furnishings were used in some American home during Washington's time. (The chair is a Washington item of authenticated history.)

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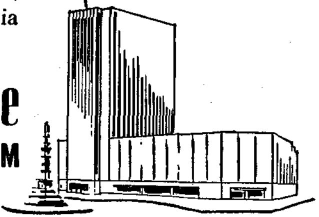
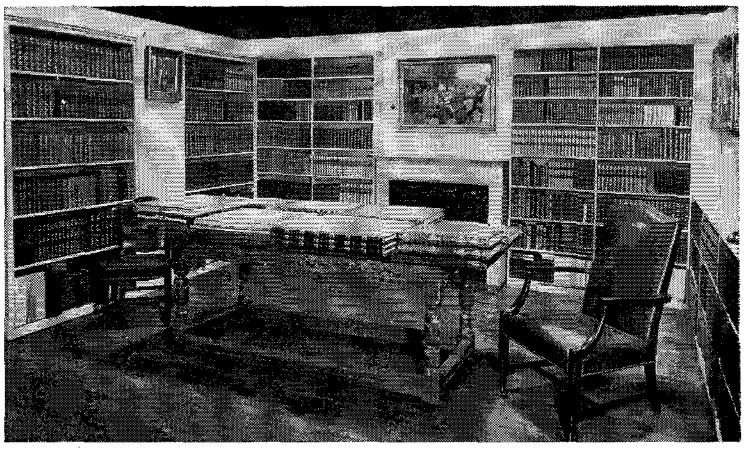


A walnut Philadelphia lowboy. Attributed to William Savery, about 1760-80. Shown by John Walton.



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was soon gratified to discover that the taps worked, although they both ran cold. In all the other French cities I had been through, the Germans had succeeded in blowing the water systems before leaving, leading me to conclude that there are few more miserable disappointments than reaching a hotel in a city the size of Rennes, say, after a month in the field and finding the faucets dry. The best I had been able to manage at Bagnoles was a swim in a spinachy pond.

I HAD an invigorating soak, got dressed, putting on a fresh pair of socks—the only change in attire my musette-bag wardrobe would permit—and sallied out into the dusky streets, home again. It was not quite dark yet, and the *bistros* on either side of the Avenue d'Orléans and on the Place Denfert-Rochereau were full of men—some with F.F.I. brassards and some without—*discutant le coup*, as after a football match. I went into a bar and had one of those sticky red apéritifs that partly refute the notion that the French have sensitive palates. It cost a hundred francs, which was two dollars then. I was getting hungry, and looked for a place to eat, but I saw none that was open; the reports of a food shortage in Paris were evidently well founded, and I began to think grimly about my K rations. Walking along the Avenue Denfert-Rochereau, I searched for the plaque that had marked the gatepost of the American Baptist Center, and, unable to find it, presumed that the Germans had closed up my old health resort during the Occupation.

By now, it was beginning to be really dark. From the direction of the Luxembourg came the sound of steady firing—small-cannon as well as machine-gun; apparently, the Germans inside hadn't listened to the officers sent out from Leclerc's headquarters. I mention this firing because it seemed part of the summer night, like thunder. There was no menace in the sound, and if it were not for plaques on the walls of houses in various parts of Paris that now commemorate the deaths of Frenchmen on that very night, I would find it difficult to believe there was any real combat on the evening of my stroll. I walked on down as far as the Closerie des Lilas, and crossed the Boulevard du Montparnasse to have a better look at the place. The French were never as thorough as the English were about blackouts, and I could soon see, through chinks in the curtain of a window near

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the side door of the café, that there was a blue light—a *veilleuse*, or night lamp—burning within. I banged on the door and shouted, in French, "It's an old customer! An old customer! An American! An American!" I thought that would interest whoever was inside, and it did, but not immediately. After I had shouted it a dozen times, the door opened a crack and a barman I had never seen looked out. I said to him, "Dominique? Where is Dominique?" I couldn't remember the boss's name. For all I knew, Dominique might have been gone seventeen years, for I hadn't visited the Closerie since 1927. In that case, the current barman might never even have heard of him. But I was in luck. Dominique had not left until 1940, when the Germans came in, and this barman had known him. "Dominique went back to Barcelona in 1940," he said. At least, I had established myself as a former customer.

I could hear another man behind the fellow at the door, talking to him, and now a new face, which I recognized as that of the *patron*, appeared at the crack. "I used to come here with Russell," I said. "*Le vieux Russell.* With the *chapeau melon.* Is he still in Paris?"

The *patron's* face split in a grin. "*Ah, sacré Russell!*" he said. "He went to England. Come in." He opened the door.

There were no customers in the Closerie—only the *patron*, his wife, the barman, and a waitress. Once inside, I talked to them of Russell, of the celebration at this very bar of Lindbergh's safe arrival in Paris in 1927, of the perils of D Day and the hardships of the road, and of the outstanding character of General Leclerc. It took. The four of them had been preparing to dine at one of the deserted tables, and as the waitress brought in a great terrine of potato soup, the boss asked me if I had eaten. I magnanimously consented to join them, even though his wife warned me that there would be nothing to follow but an omelet and a salad; the *patronne*, it was plain, had never sampled a K ration.

The firing around the Luxembourg continued. "Apparently they're still holding out," I said.

"A lot of good it will do them," the *patron* observed, with relish. "A shot of red?" He filled my glass with Bordeaux, and, as he did so, his name came back to me—M. Colin. "Do you remember how Russell used to talk about Bouguereau?" he asked. "How he was all for Bouguereau?"

"*Sacré vieux Russell!*" I said. Never

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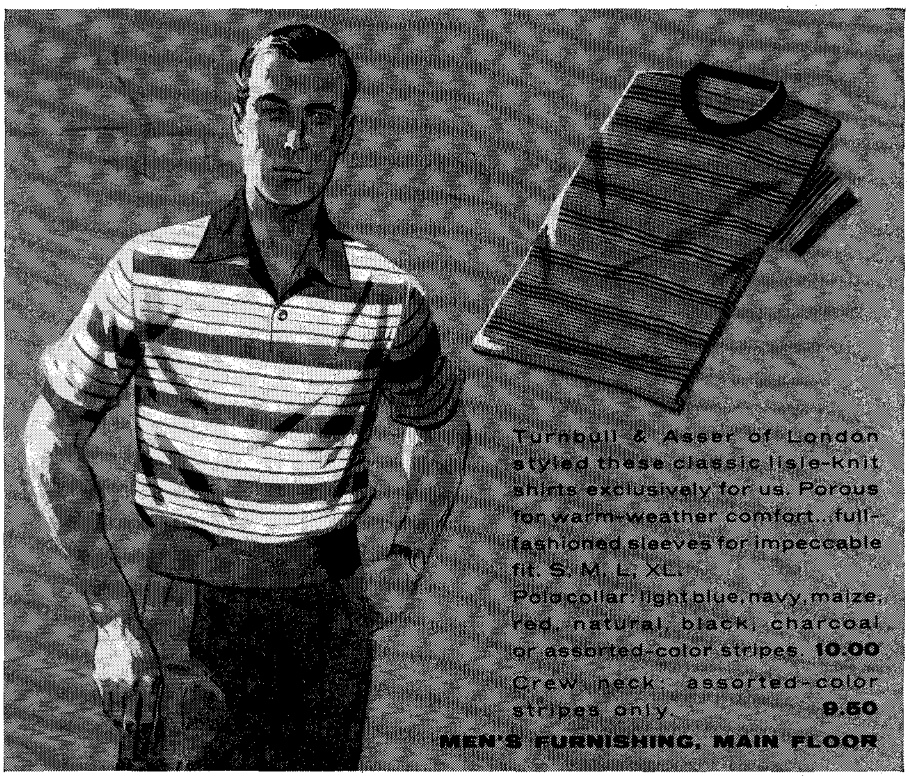

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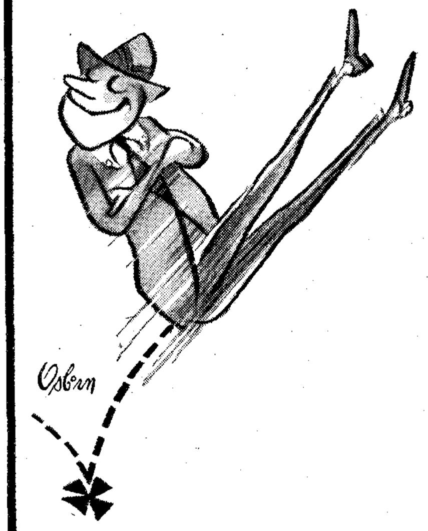

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had an acquaintance served me better. The omelet was as big as an eiderdown.

"The Americans will be back soon," I said. "It will be like old times here at the Closerie."

"But you are the first," M. Colin said, in a voice that had taken on a tone of significance. Up to that point, our talk had been friendly but casual, with nothing about it to suggest that we were reunited on a historic occasion. Now, however, M. Colin said, "Monsieur, at the moment of the debacle, when the future looked blackest, I set aside two bottles against the arrival of the first American customer to return here. One is a bottle of *véritable* Pernod and the other contains Black and White. Later, such bottles became impossible to find in Paris. They were beyond price. But I have never opened either. Which bottle will you drink?"

I chose the whiskey, because I knew I could drink more of that, and after we had finished the wine and the omelet and the salad, M. Colin put the bottle on the table. It was the only trophy or award I won during the war, and I wouldn't have traded it for the D.S.O. We drank to Russell and Bouguereau and Lafayette and General de Gaulle, and to Angèle, whom, I remembered, I had once prevailed upon to accompany me as far out of the student quarter as the bar of the Closerie, where she immediately became homesick for the Taverne Soufflet, half a mile away. "She said whiskey smelled of bedbugs," I recalled, sentimentally. "But she admired the stimulating effect it had on me. She has been dead for seventeen years." By that time, my new honors were beginning to overwhelm me.

"A chagrin of love never forgets itself," the waitress said. "You must not make bile about it."

When we had imbibed the last of my glory, I took an effusive leave and went out into the dark street. The bars that I had passed earlier were still busy, but I had no inclination to enter. Any further drinking that night would have been a letdown. I made but one brief pause—to roar at the Lion. He wouldn't roar back, and I continued to the Hôtel Néron, which I found as easily as if I had lived there all my life.

NEXT morning, Denny, Gallico, and I rose early and drove across town to the Scribe. There was not even token firing now; the city was calm but exhausted, like Manhattan on a New Year's morning. I left my gear in a room at the Scribe, but I didn't bother to unpack. I knew where I was going to

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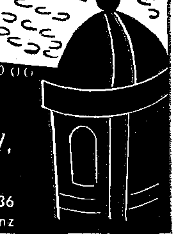

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stay, unless something had happened to it. I went down to the street and walked by the Café de la Paix, where a few of my colleagues were already seated waiting for everybody they knew to pass. I turned down the Avenue de l'Opéra and left on the Rue Saint-Augustin, then right for one block on the Rue Sainte-Anne, and left again, and found myself staring at the navel of La Loire, who hadn't straightened her back since I had last seen her. I counted the trees in the Square. There were still fourteen. The pigeons, of course, were gone, but I can't say that at that moment I really missed them.

I exchanged lubricious smiles with La Loire and then walked into the lobby of the Hôtel Louvois, for the first time in four years, two months, and sixteen days. Mlle. Yvonne was sitting behind the desk, going over her accounts. "*Bonjour*, M. Liebling," she said, barely looking up. It was as if I had just stepped out for a walk around the fountain. —A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of two related articles.*)

•

PERCEPTION AND THE REPRESENTATIVE DESIGN OF PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS. By Egon Brunswik. Many experiments in perception, though indisputable in their results, have been of unscrutinized ecological generalizability. This work shows how criteria of representativeness can be incorporated into experimental design, applying probabilistic policies to both subjects and objects. Factorial design departed from the classical notions by becoming multivariate; but representativeness is required if experimental psychology is to move toward dynamic rather than static analysis. The experiments described open the way toward a general theory of the relationship between life-relevance and distality, capable of dealing with problems of biological-functional economy, including social perception and learning.
About 168 pages, 39 figs. March. $5.00
—*1956 Spring Book List, University of California Press.*

We'll take the 39 figs.

•

Lawrence A. Peerce, 25, and Margaret R. Black, 27, of the WCPO-TV staff, applied for a marriage license yesterday. Mr. Peerce, producer of the Dottie Mack show, is a son of Jan Peerce, Metropolitan opera star. He lives at 920 William Howard Taft Rd. Mrs. Black, in the station's public relations department, lives at 3813 Indian View Dr., Mariemont. They said they planned to be married next week.
No man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when tomorrow's burden is added to the burden today, that the weight is more than a man can bear.—GEORGE MACDONALD.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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THE THEATRE

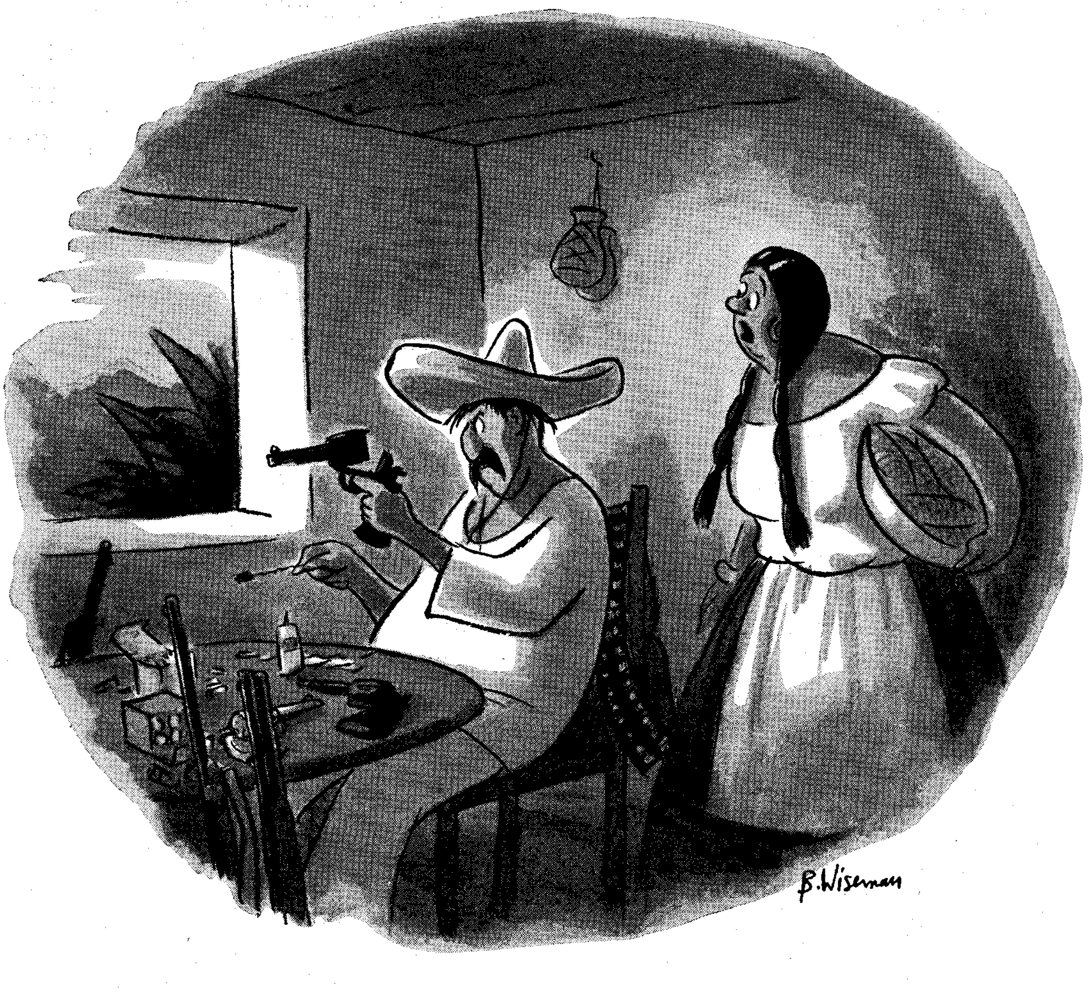
GOOD OLD HICKEY

TWO things occurred to me as I watched the revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh" down at the Circle in the Square. One was that in many ways the play seemed to me far more impressive than it did when I first saw it, uptown, in 1946; the other was that four hours and forty-five minutes is an intolerable length for any entertainment, and particularly for one devoted almost exclusively to conversations among living dead whose theatrical *raison d'être* is that nothing much can ever happen to any of them again.

The first of these opinions is not easy to explain. In its simplest terms, the idea conveyed in "The Iceman Cometh" is that no man can face life deprived of his false dreams of the past and his baseless hopes for the future. This is as bleak and appalling a message as any playwright has ever offered an audience; it is presented in a fairly complex and cryptic fashion, working on a system of delayed half revelations and apparent irrelevancies; and I suspect that this combination of the emotionally disturbing and the intellectually demanding was a little too much for me on my first visit. Seeing it again, prepared for the conception of absolute despair, and understanding the general scheme of the play, I was able to appreciate its stature as a work of art as I hadn't before. It is, I think now, a tragedy that, for all its defects, states a terrible truth with extraordinary power and compassion, and it makes most of the current efforts that we are asked to regard as tragedies seem contrived, melodramatic, and as vacant as the sorrows in a soap opera.

While most of my heightened regard for Mr. O'Neill's play can be attributed to the fact that I was better-equipped this time to deal with its problems, the new production has something to do with it, too. Some performances—notably those of Farrell Pelly, as the proprietor of the gruesome bar in which the action takes place; Richard Abbott and Richard Bowler, as two ruined survivors of the Boer War; and Larry Robinson, as a young suicide—are considerably inferior to those that were given originally by Dudley Digges, Frank Tweddell, Nicholas Joy, and Paul Crabtree, in that order; the others, with one exception, are not conspicuous improvements, either. In the leading role, however, as Hickey, the crazy salesman of death disguised as peace, Jason Robards, Jr., succeeds brilliantly where it is my recollection that James Barton failed almost completely, and this realization of a part that is not only the most important in the play but also one of the most difficult in the history of the theatre makes an enormous difference. From the moment the salesman enters, bringing the promise of free drinks and the rowdy stimulus of his personality, to that final interminable monologue that reveals him as a madman and a murderer, Mr. Robards plays with chilling authority. Genially, affectionately, plausibly, he brings the other characters one by one to the awful acceptance of death, and the gradual disclosure that he offers them nothing but a share in his own doom is managed with amazing subtlety and skill. It is a magnificent portrayal, and I left sad that Mr. O'Neill was not alive to witness it, because it was so clearly what he intended but never got.

The excessive length of "The Iceman" has been remarked on too often to require much comment here. Of the nineteen characters, at least five major ones, it strikes me, are superfluous, either because they substantially duplicate others or because their tragedies are too special and bizarre to fit very well into a pattern of universal suffering. There are scenes that prove little except that O'Neill was a moderately primitive humorist, and others that repeat almost unendurably ones that have preceded them. I am properly grate-



"Oh, Pablo, you're not going back into politics!"

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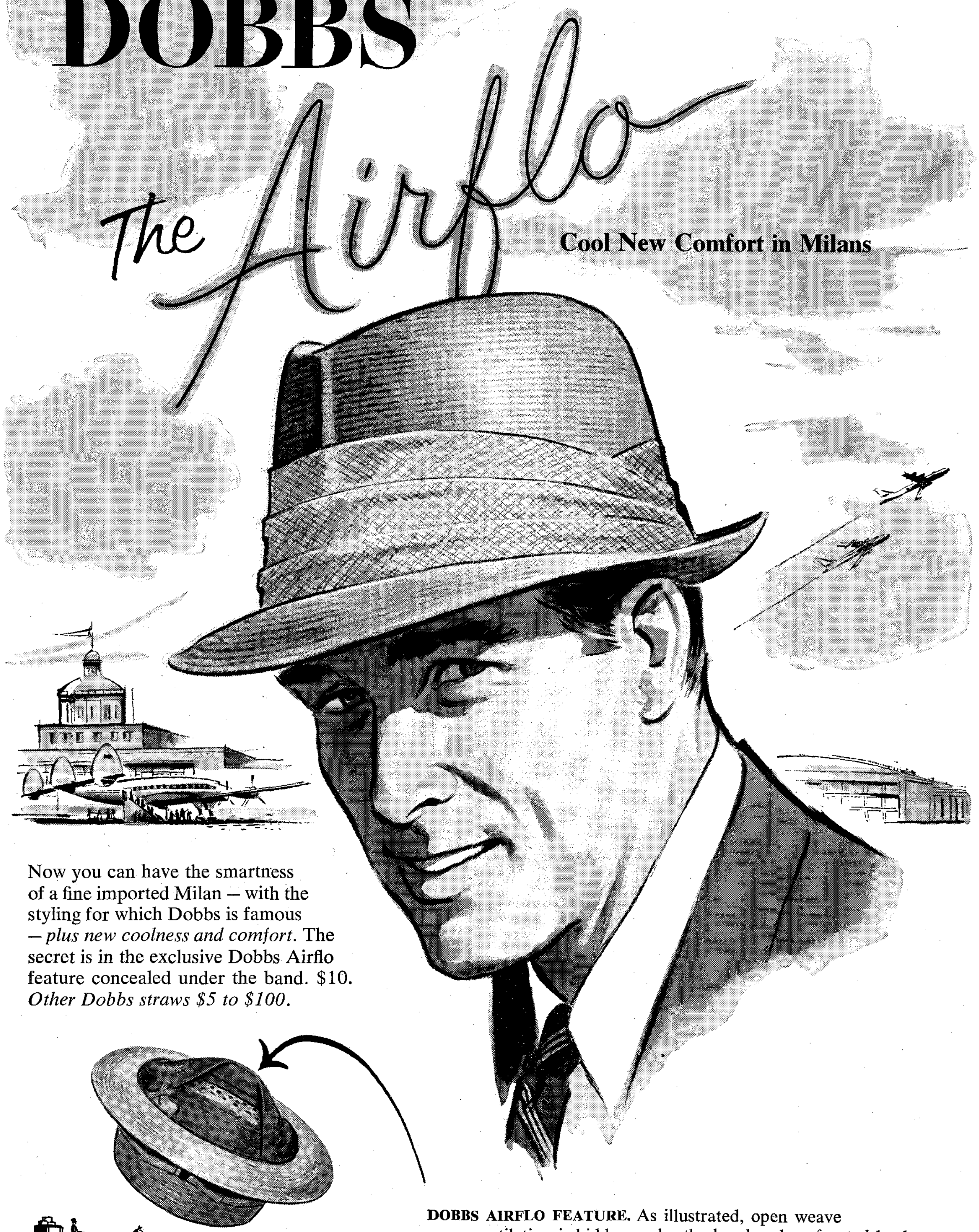

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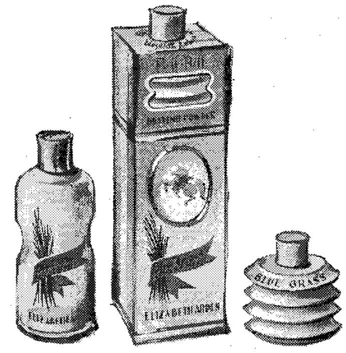

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Elizabeth Arden

ful for the prestige that O'Neill achieved as a playwright, but I can't help deploring the fact that it enabled him to override all suggested editing. It would have been very easy, without sacrificing any of its quality, to turn a great play into something less calculated to intimidate the general public.

Finally, I would like to say that the platform staging employed at the Circle in the Square is admirably suited to "The Iceman Cometh." You are apt to feel as if you were sitting right there in Harry's bar, along with all the other lovely bums. It is a disturbing experience but a memorable one. José Quintero's direction accomplishes the complicated task of maintaining equal visibility from all points in the auditorium with commendable ingenuity. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

MOTHER TONGUE

No language barrier. No dictionary required.—*Adv. of the British Travel Association.*

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  If only 'arf a mo',
Where, when they speak of wireless,
  They mean a radio,

Where private schools are public
  And public schools are snobby
And insurance is assurance
  And a cop is called a bobby,

Where a traffic hub's a circus
  And up is down the street
And a sweater is a jumper
  And candy is a sweet,

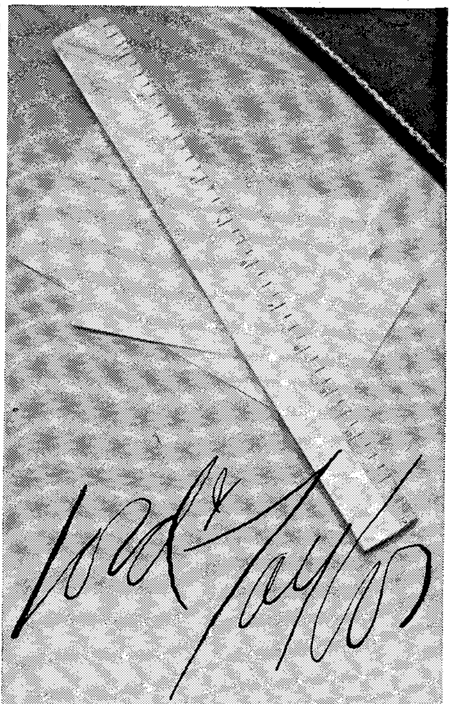
Where a cracker is a biscuit
  And a trifle is dessert
And bloody is a cuss word
  And an ad is an advert,

Where gasoline is petrol
  And a stone is fourteen pound
And motorcars have bonnets
  And you take the Underground,

Where, holding up your trousers,
  It's braces that you use
And a truck is called a lorry
  And boots are really shoes,

Where a druggist is a chemist
  And the movies are the flicks
And you queue up on the pavement
  For a stall at three and six....

There is no language barrier
  The tourist needs to dread
As long as he knows English
  From A to Z (no, zed).
—RICHARD ARMOUR



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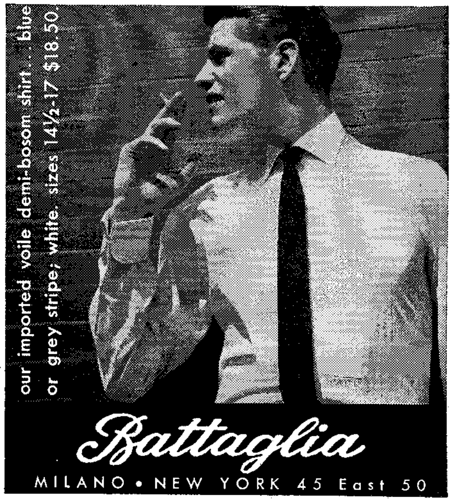

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Some readers of The New York Times, believe it or not, take only a cursory glance at the front page each morning. Politicians, statesmen, bankers, college professors and suburban housewives, they are restless readers until the sports pages. There they settle down with Arthur Daley for a relaxed moment in "Sports of The Times."

"Sports of The Times" is an invitingly quiet and pleasant corner in this noisy world around us. In it Arthur Daley plays host to the personalities who make the sports news. Daley is a quiet and pleasant sort of guy. He loves sports and likes and respects its people. They return the compliment.

The result is a daily sports column spiced with wit and salted with anecdote. It delights men and women everywhere. It so delighted the gentlemen who give out the Pulitzer Prizes that this year they gave Arthur Daley one. The Pulitzer is the highest award in U. S. journalism.

Arthur Daley's fascination with sports and its people started when he was a kid. He used to watch the Giants and the Yankees play ball from an exclusive bleacher pressbox—an elevated railway signal tower. At Fordham he played baseball, basketball, football, covered sports for the Fordham Ram.

Since 1926, when he joined The Times, Arthur Daley has covered some 30 different sports. He helps turn out the biggest daily sports report any U. S. newspaper produces. Full of sports lore and legend, he is co-author of a history of the Olympics, author of "Times at Bat," an informal history of baseball's first half century.

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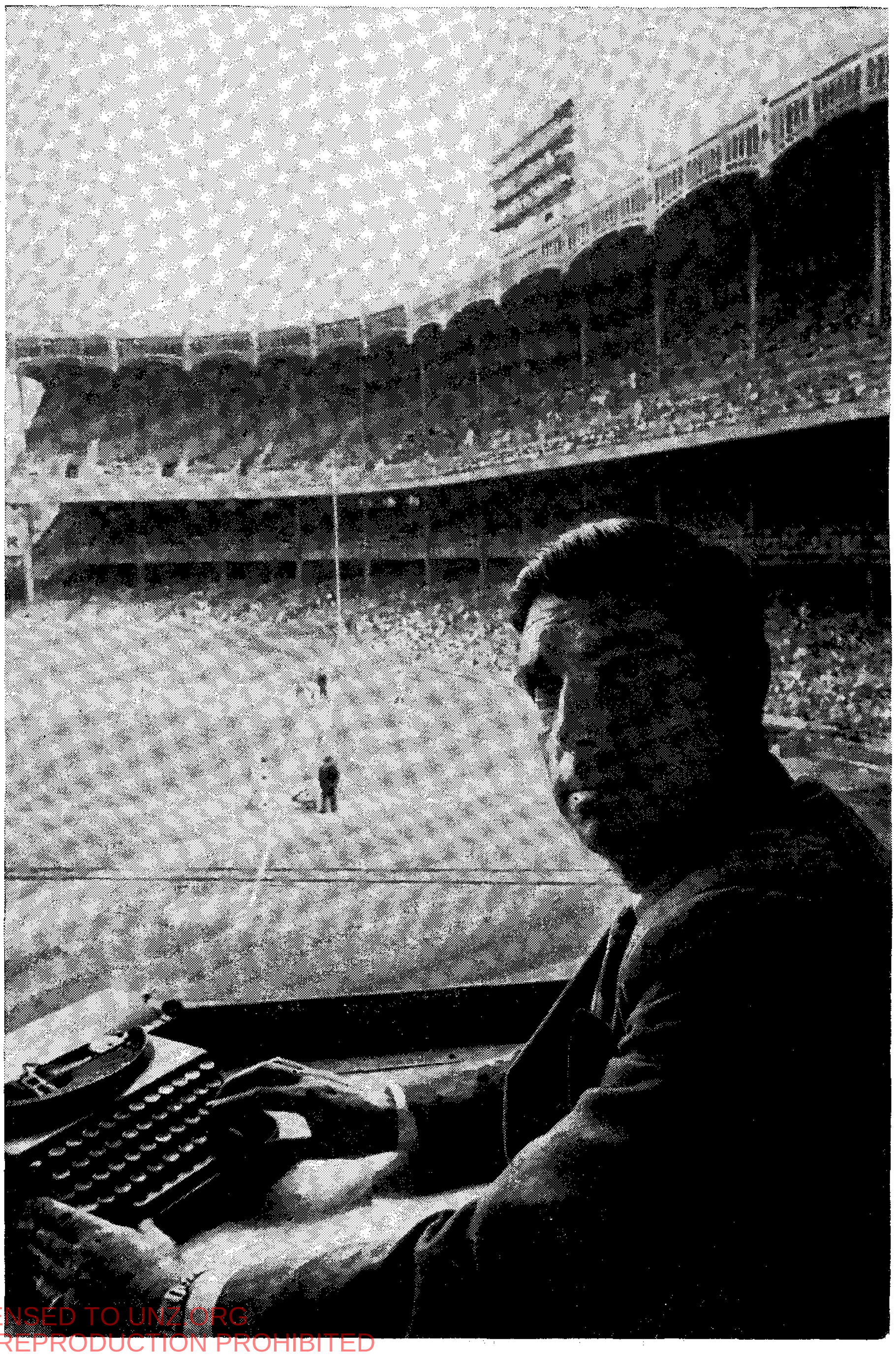
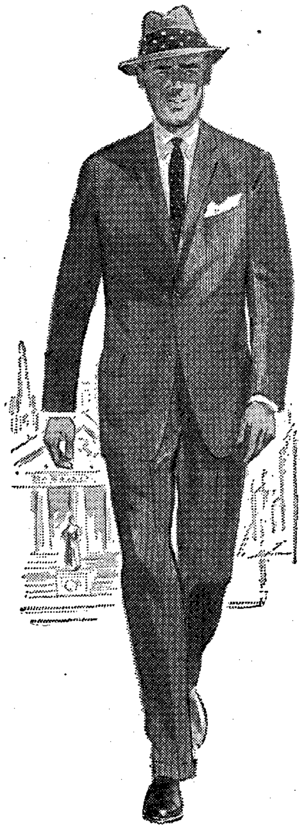


Arnold Newman



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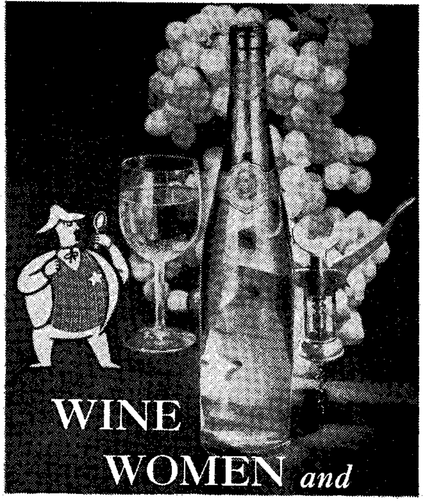
THE RACE TRACK

Calumet Weekend

JIMMY JONES, the friendly young man who trains the Calumet Farm racers, is not given to tall talk. Outlining his plans after the Kentucky Derby, he said that he was taking Fabius to Baltimore for the Preakness, sending Princess Turia, Beyond, and a few others to New York, and shipping Trentonian and the rest of the horses to Jersey. Then he added, apologetically, "The stable's all bits and pieces, but we're going to do the best we can with what we have." What Calumet had was plenty, and last Saturday was reminiscent of those lush Calumet weekends of a decade ago. Fabius won the Preakness at Pimlico, beating Needles and seven other three-year-olds; Princess Turia and Beyond ran a dead heat for the Acorn Stakes at Belmont Park; and Trentonian romped home in the Coast Guard Purse at Garden State Park. Any number of stables I could name wish they had such a collection of bits and pieces.

The Preakness is one of this department's favorite events, and Pimlico is a pleasant place to spend the day, for the management does things well. I confess that I enjoy listening to the red-coated band that has been playing the horses to the post for the Preakness for the Lord knows how many years. True, some of the bandsmen aren't as nimble as they used to be (a couple had a spot of trouble getting over the low hedge that borders the turf course), but they still give out just fine with "Bambalina" and "Maryland, My Maryland." Incidentally, Pimlico seems to be a great place to pick horses by number. On Preakness Day, No. 4 was the ticket; four of the first five winners carried No. 4 on their saddle cloths. They paid good odds, too.

The big race got away to a quick start, Eiffel Blue popping out in front in the dash to the first turn. Golf Ace was closest, and Fabius wasn't far behind, in spite of his having stumbled slightly as he came out of the stall gates. Needles, of course, was away last, and he didn't begin to improve his position until he'd gone more than three-quarters of the mile and three-sixteenths. Meanwhile, Fabius had taken the lead,



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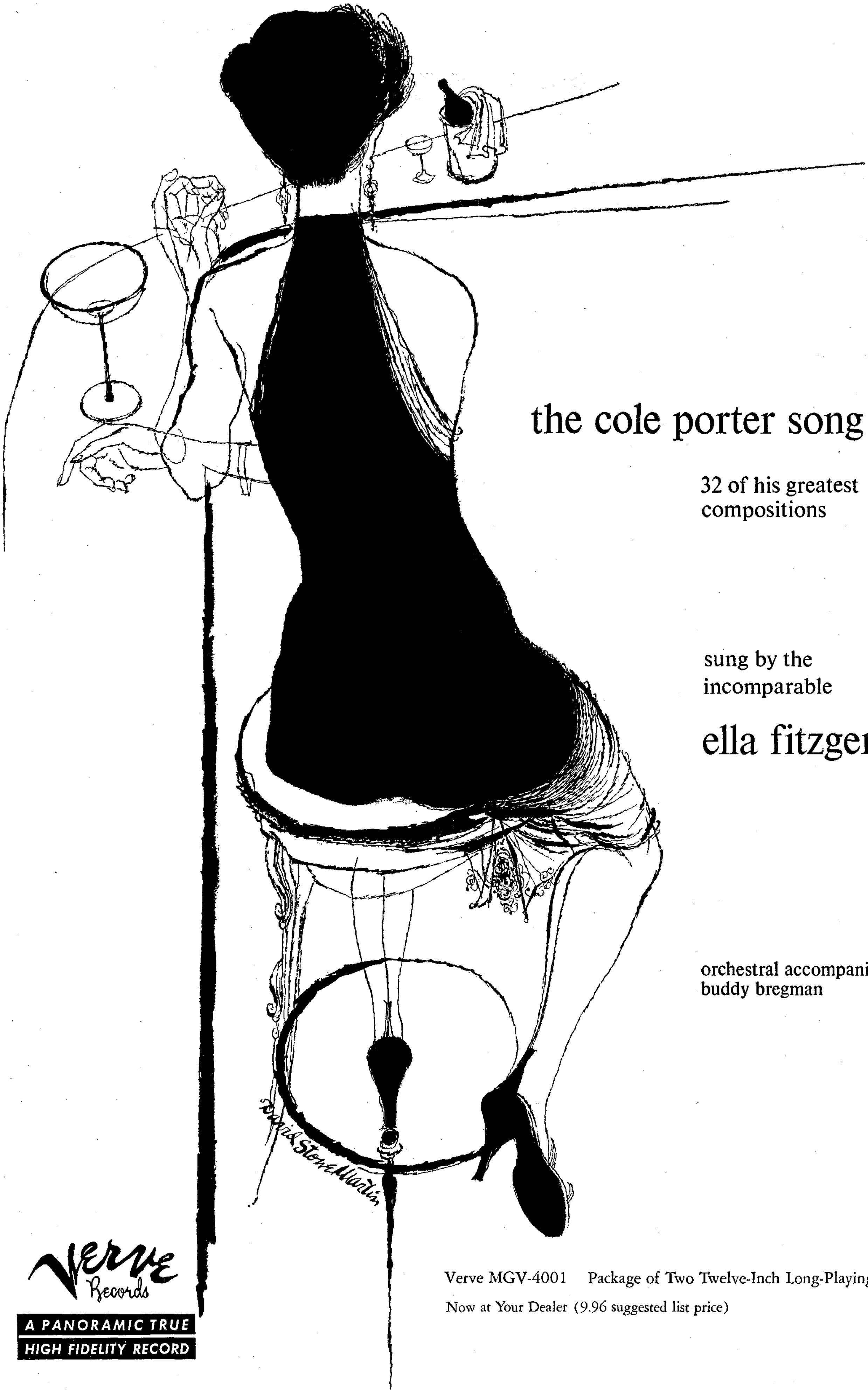

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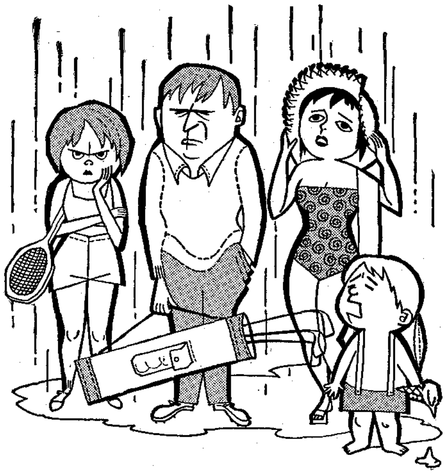

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Eiffel Blue having dropped out of it (his stable said afterward that the track was probably too hard for his tender feet) and Golf Ace having shortened his stride. As Needles began to overtake the leaders, the enthusiasm of the crowd was tremendous—after all, he was the favorite, and odds-on at that—but half a furlong from home it was plain that he wasn't going to catch Fabius, and the roar died down. At the end, Fabius had an advantage of nearly two lengths, and I'm sure he could have held the lead for another furlong; Needles was a length in front of No Regrets, the long shot of the lot; and the others were far behind. As in the Kentucky Derby, the running time of the Preakness was slow (it was $1{:}58\frac{3}{5}$), although the track was fast.

I hardly know what to say about Needles; he looked as good and behaved as kindly as he did when he won the Kentucky Derby, but, as Erb, his jockey, put it, "he didn't have that big move." Maybe he didn't like the track (a customary excuse for beaten favorites) or maybe he didn't have a long enough rest between races. Anyway, he did better than Ponder, his papa, who finished fifth in the 1949 Preakness. As for Fabius, who is Calumet's fifth Preakness winner, he is a medium-size, well-made sleek brown colt by Citation, and is the first son of that famous horse to win a classic race. (Citation won the Preakness in 1948.) Fabius, who resembles his grandpa, Bull Lea, more than he does Citation, was not much of a two-year-old; in fact, nobody thought of him seriously until he finished third in the Flamingo at Hialeah last February. He won the Derby Trial at Churchill Downs and was second-best in the Derby four days later. His next appearance will be in the Jersey Stakes at Garden State Park this weekend. No predictions.

ON a number of occasions, Calumet horses have finished one, two in stake races. Best remembered, I suppose, are Citation and Coaltown in the Kentucky Derby, and Citation and Bewitch in the Hollywood Gold Cup. Also, Bewitch, Citation, and Free America ran one, two, three in the Washington Park Futurity when they were two-year-olds. However, I venture to say, without looking it up, that the feat of Princess Turia and Beyond—two runners from the same stable finishing in a dead heat—is unique. By the way, Freeman McMillan, who saddled them, used to be Citation's exercise boy.

Another event at Belmont last week

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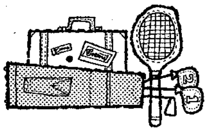

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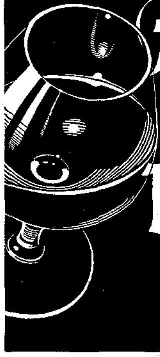

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worth remembering was the Toboggan Handicap, in which Nance's Lad carried top weight and beat fourteen other sprinters in 1:08⅖ without a tail wind.

ACCORDING to reports, Nashua had no more difficulty winning the Camden Handicap at Garden State Park last weekend than he would have had in a good workout. Leading from beginning to end of the mile and a furlong, he beat Fisherman by a couple of lengths and picked up $22,750. This brought his total earnings to $1,100,365—more prize money than any other horse has earned. As a result of this achievement, there has been some discussion about how he compares with the great horses of the past. The fact that he has won more money than, say, Citation means little, because purses are bigger now than ever before. In my book, Nashua is a good horse in a bad year but by no stretch of the imagination a great horse. Be that as it may, I'm sure everybody was as delighted as I was to hear that he wouldn't be retired. I wonder, though, what the handicapper to the Jockey Club thinks of the announcement by Leslie B. Combs II, the director of the syndicate that owns Nashua, that the horse will not start in any race in which he has to carry more than a hundred and thirty pounds.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Billy Evans was noted for his pithy commentaries on the umpire-player relationship.

He summed it all up once when, after shouting, "Fair ball!" the ball in question hit a pebble and rolled fair. In response to howls of wrath from the dugout of the team at bat, Mr. Evans said: "Well, it would have been a fair ball yesterday and it will be fair tomorrow and for all years to come. But right now, unfortunately, it's foul because that's the way I called it."

What his statement amounted to was an admission that, although the umpire cannot always be right, he must stick by his decision.—*The Times.*

But must a newspaper?

•

The April meeting of the Mattituck Parent Teacher Association will be held in the High School Cafeteria on April 23, at 8 p m. An interesting program is planned with Theodore S Rawland, a retired teacher from East Hampton, as the guest speaker.... Mr. Garelle, the school principal, will also be present to speak on irrelevant subjects, and answer any questions that may arise.—*Riverhead (L.I.) News-Review.*

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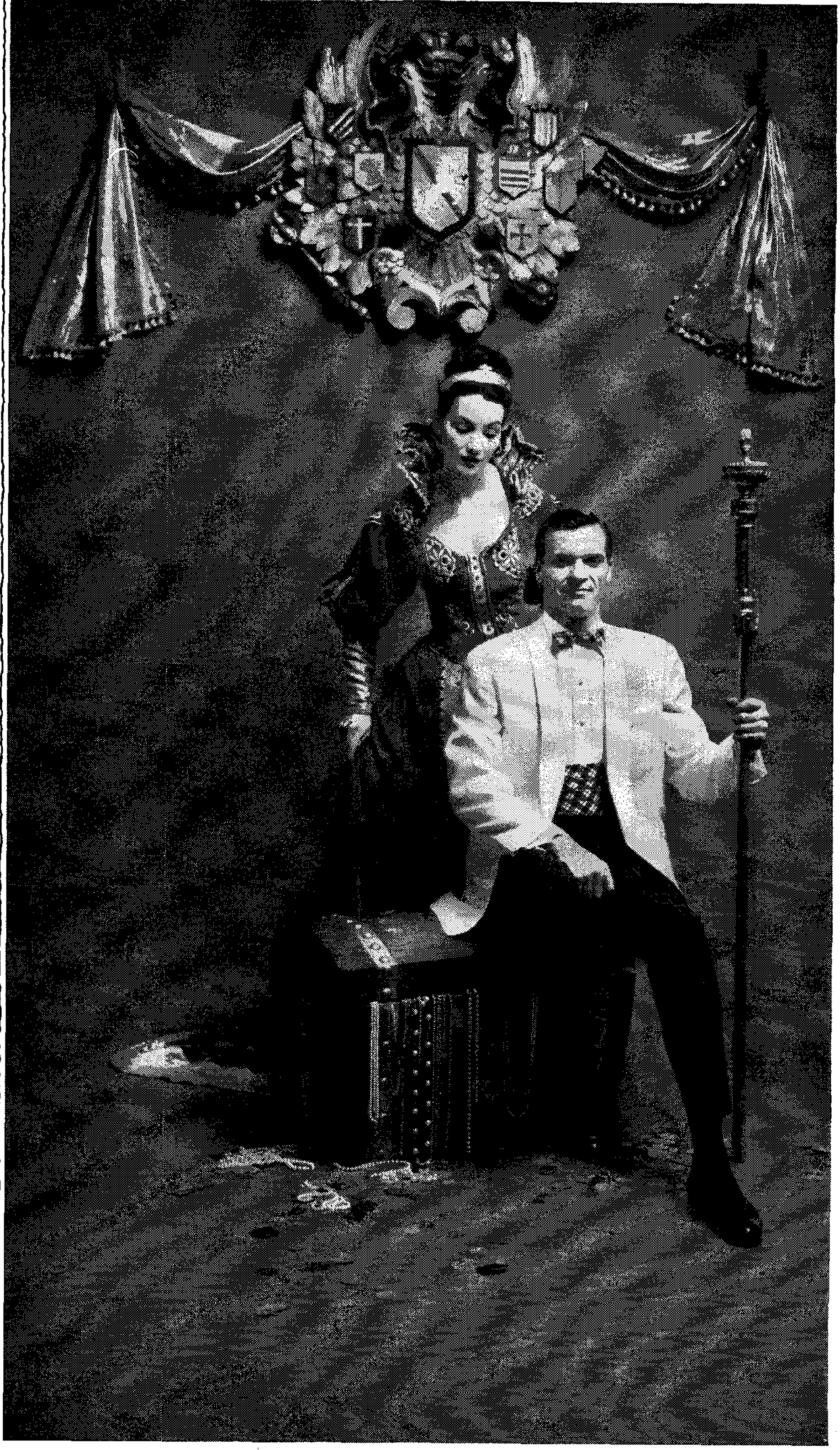

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NOT FOR DOGS

ONE Saturday morning a few years ago, there were five letters in the mail—all of them from Detroit, which had been our home before we moved to Los Angeles a decade earlier. I took them to the kitchen, where my grandmother sat at a table drinking coffee and my mother stood beside her, rolling meat into cabbage leaves. I gave my grandmother the two letters that were addressed to her, handed my mother her two letters, and kept the one addressed to me. Although my grandmother was blind, she liked to handle her mail and to open it. She stroked the envelopes and weighed them in her hands before she tore one open, removed the pages, and gave them to me to read aloud. Sitting down, I looked at the signature and told my grandmother that the letter was from Rose Spigelman.

"Rose Spigelman," my grandmother said. "Imagine, after all these years! What does she say?"

The letter said that Rose's daughter Annette Bird was going to be in San Francisco with her little boy, David, to see a doctor at the Eye Hospital. "She will make it her business to go to Los Angeles and see you."

"You remember Annie," my grandmother said to my mother. "She married a Fogel boy, the skinny one with the cigarette machines. How does she come to be Bird?"

"Fogel is Bird," said my mother.

"Oh, sure," my grandmother said. She laughed. "Isn't that clever, though? Well, well, so Annie is coming to see us. Very nice. Rose, I always liked. She was like a daughter to me, when we lived on Richton." Then she said to me, "She was young enough to be my daughter. She's only a year or two older than your mother."

"Five years, Ma," my mother said. "She's five years older."

"Five?" my grandmother said. "So much? Well, all right."

"It's five years," my mother said. "She moved in on Richton when she was twenty-one and I was sixteen. I was still going to Central High School—the old building, downtown. She was married and had Annie already."

"You're right. I forgot. Well, Sunny?" said my grandmother, calling me by my nickname. She handed me the other letter.

"This is an invitation," I said, opening it. "Why, it's from Nessie. Nessie's getting married."

"Our Nessie? My niece, Nessie Golden?" my grandmother said.

"Nessie's getting married?" said my mother. She glanced at the envelopes in her hand, and opened one of them. "Say, I got an invitation, too. It's for Joe and me," she said. Joe is my father. "Well, well. Nessie Golden."

"Mine is an invitation from Nessie, too," I said.

"Read it, Sunny," my grandmother said. "Three invitations to one wedding! He must be rich. Read what it says, Sunny."

I began to read: "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Golden request the honor of your presence—"

"The *honor*," said my grandmother. "Say!"

"All invitations say 'the honor,'" my mother said. She rinsed her hands and returned to making cabbage rolls. "It's a form, like the government said 'Greetings' on Mortie Greenberg's draft notice."

"'Greetings' means something else," my grandmother said. "I know 'Greetings.' It's like 'How do you do?' But three invitations to one house, that's what I like."

"That's a form, too," my mother said. She laid a cabbage roll in a big pot. "I hope my husband won't say this is sweet. I didn't put sauerkraut on the bottom. They're supposed to send three invitations."

"Put a little *sauer* salt in the gravy," my grandmother said. "Read, Sunny."

I read the invitation and, along with it, a handwritten note from Nessie saying that her fiancé, Bill, who was a doctor, was going into the Army and that if he was sent to California they would see us.

My grandmother shook her head. "A doctor," she said. "Some girls are lucky. You take Nessie, she's a lovely girl. I couldn't say one word against her. When she was here that time on the trip, she brought me those nice hankies from Hudson's. Say, she didn't look at the initial. The saleslady gave her a 'T' by mistake. They were real linen. But just between you and me, Nessie is no beauty—she wears glasses. And she didn't go to college. She's a nice girl, a sweet girl, and all that, but how does she compare to— to others?"

My mother laughed. "With you, how does anybody compare to— others?" she said. "Now, what can we buy for a present if he's going to the Army?"

"They take even a *doctor* for a soldier?" my grandmother asked.

"They need doctors for the Army," my mother said. She looked an instant

This is

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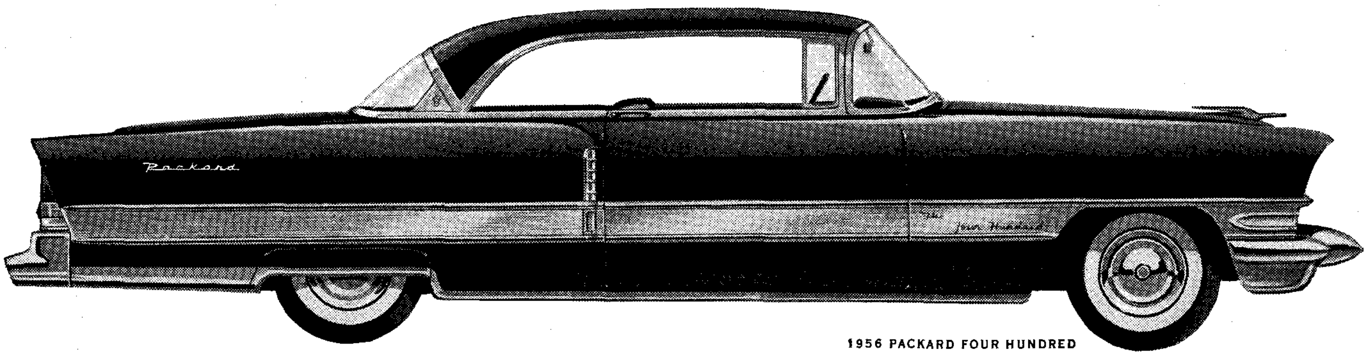

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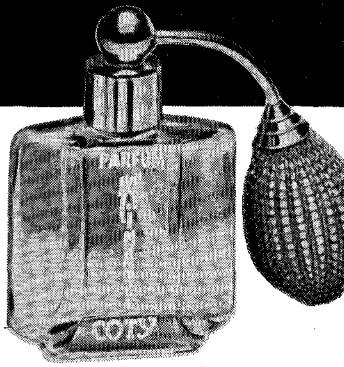

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at my grandmother's face and said comfortingly, "If this is the same boy Nessie was going with, Esther once gave me to understand that he's a homely-looking fellow."

"He's a *doctor*," my grandmother said. "He doesn't need to be good-looking."

My grandmother, I could tell, had mixed feelings about Nessie's marriage. She could not be wholeheartedly glad for Nessie, because I hadn't yet found a husband.

My mother then read her second letter, aloud. It was from my Aunt Esther, and it made things even harder for my grandmother. Nessie's boy was not simply a doctor; he was a specialist. "They make big money in Detroit," Esther wrote. "Nessie will have it very good."

The next day, I overheard my grandmother saying to my mother, "I tell you, Laura, I don't understand it. Between you and me, who is Nessie? What is she? A plain, ordinary girl. You take others, they go to college, they're like a sunshine in the house, and they don't get married."

"Well, don't forget, Ma," my mother said, "Nessie's three years older than Sunny. A lot could happen in three years."

"I know," my grandmother said, "but she won't meet a doctor in that place where she works."

"No," my mother said. "I guess not."

"So what's wrong with a nice businessman?" my grandmother said. "If he's a nice man? Nothing. It's just hard to figure out. Isn't it hard? Nessie Golden. She was never good in school."

ON the day of the wedding, we sent three telegrams of good wishes to the bride and groom. A few days later, there was a letter from Esther. The wedding had been nice—not fancy, just sweet stuff and a cake and drinks. Nessie had made a pretty bride. She had worn a pink suit. The boy was not good-looking. He was going to an Army camp in Texas for a few weeks. "So now we got a psychiatrist in the family," Esther wrote. "So now we can all go crazy for nothing."

"Very nice," said my grandmother after she heard my mother read the letter, as the three of us sat in the kitchen. My grandmother was more cheerful than she had been in days. "I like white, myself, for a bride," she went on. "Now, tell me, ladies, how come the invitation said he was a doctor? It wasn't necessary to lie about it. A psychiatrist is nothing to be ashamed of. A specialist,

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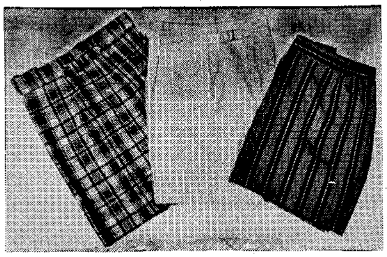

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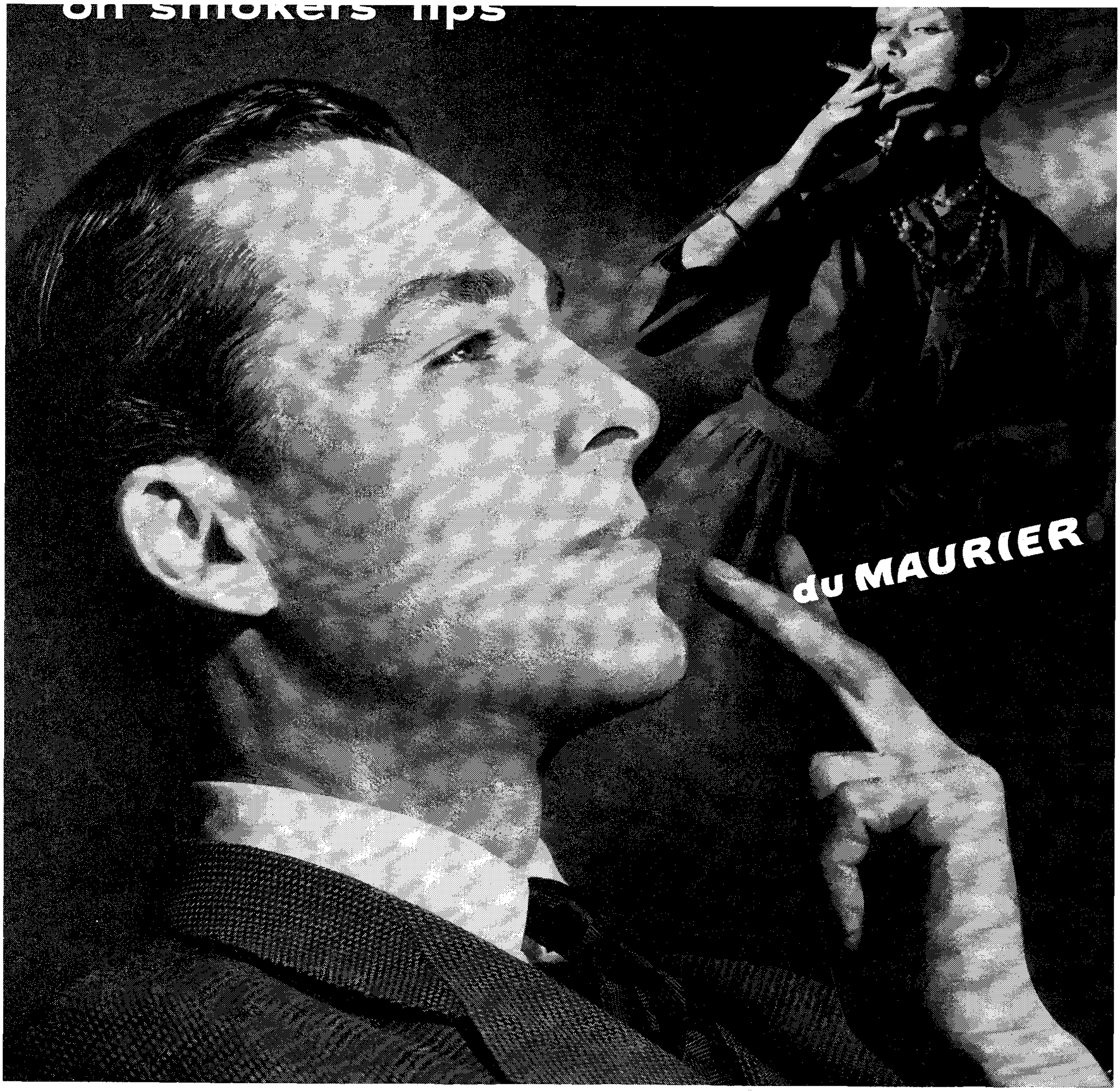

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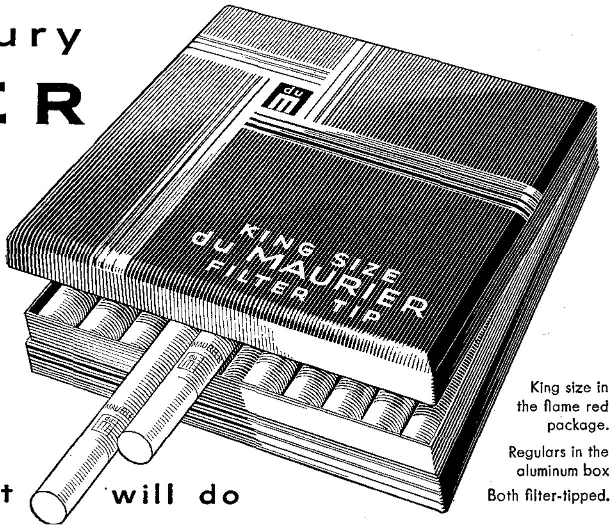

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they said he was. Esther herself said that."

"He *is* a doctor, Ma," my mother said. "He's a specialist. That's what a psychiatrist is—a specialist for crazy people. Right, Sunny?"

"Not crazy people," I said. "Lots of people go to a psychiatrist because they're unhappy. One of the girls in our office has to phone her mother every hour because she thinks her mother will die if she forgets to phone. She's starting to go to a psychiatrist."

"Maybe her mother is a sick woman," my grandmother said.

"No, there's nothing wrong with her mother," I said.

My mother shrugged. "Say, Ma, we know a woman who went to a psychiatrist. Remember that nice-looking woman lived downstairs from us on the East Side? I forget her name. The one that was always buying?"

"Oh, sure," my grandmother said. "What did *she* go for?"

"Well, you know how she was always buying. If she just had a new refrigerator, she would be happy, so she bought a new refrigerator and for two days she was happy. Then she needed a new stove."

"I remember now. I remember well," my grandmother said. "She bought even a typewriter and she couldn't typewrite. Then she bought a sewing machine. She couldn't sew, either. Oh, *that* poor woman. Something lacked in her life, that's what it was. She had no children."

"Well, psychiatrists help people like that," my mother said.

"How?" my grandmother asked. "Tell me how."

"He could help her stop buying."

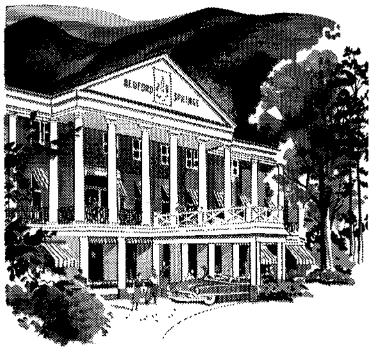
My grandmother nodded. "Of course. She goes to him and he tells her, 'Don't buy,' so she stops buying. But if she doesn't go to him, she buys. The way you explain it—"

"You don't understand—" I began.

"I understand," my grandmother said quickly. "People don't have enough to do, they get foolish. For this, they go to a psychiatrist. That's nothing wrong. He gives them treatments. He has machines? Or he gives them medicine?"

"He listens to them and talks with them," I said.

"He talks," said my grandmother. She shook her head. "He listens. They pay him money for this. I see it. Please." She held up her hand. "Don't tell me any more." She sat silent a moment. "You know," she said explosively, "I'd have more respect if he just



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went with a gun and took the money!"

We all began to laugh. My grandmother no longer resented Nessie. Poor girl, she was married to a crook.

I then tried to explain the meaning of neurosis to my grandmother. She listened attentively and repeated some of my words—those she seemed to like. "Neurotic. Anxiety. Conflict." She said she enjoyed learning, and it was wonderful what they taught in college, but she could not understand how anybody could be so silly as to go to a psychiatrist. That was *mishigas*—craziness. If a person wanted to talk to somebody, talk to your mother or your good friend. But to pay? A doctor to take money for this? Better buy a gun and be an honest-to-God robber.

A postcard came from Nessie. Bill hoped to be sent to Long Beach when he finished in Texas, and they would see us. There was also a letter from Annette Bird, from San Francisco. David was being examined at Greens' Eye Hospital, and she would visit us before she went back to Detroit.

MRS. BIRD arrived one Monday while I was at work. That night at supper, my mother described her to me as looking like a million dollars, with auburn hair—"it was a muddy brown when she was a kid"—and the most beautiful clothes my mother had ever seen. "A mink coat," she said. "A whole coat, not a stole. That silver color. I want you to get a look at her. I told her I want her for dinner one night with the boy, but the boy stays at the Statler with the nurse. She doesn't take him around."

"She's full of pep," my grandmother said wearily. "Talks fast—fast."

"Oh, she tires you out," my mother said. "Your grandma missed her rest today, on account of her. Next time, Ma, you excuse yourself and go upstairs. You need that rest." My grandmother was eighty-four and had begun to lie down every afternoon.

"It's not polite to go upstairs and she sits here," my grandmother said.

"Don't be so polite. You're too tired even to eat your supper," said my mother.

"Well, she does tire you out," my grandmother said.

Mrs. Bird came every day for several days. My mother complained to me. "She comes early, ten or eleven in the morning, and she apologizes for keeping us waiting. She thinks we sit and wait for her. If she isn't here by ten-thirty, she calls and says she knows we're waiting, but she's shopping, so

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she'll be a little late. Then she comes. And she talks. I'm telling you, Sunny, in your *life* you never heard anybody talk so much and so fast, the same thing over and over. She's wearing your grandma out. Your grandma has to be polite. She's just dropping when that woman goes."

On Saturday morning, I was in my wrapper, having coffee with my grandmother in the kitchen when the doorbell rang. My mother went to the door and said, with what I thought was unconvincing cordiality, "You're just in time for breakfast."

"I had to come early," Mrs. Bird said. She followed my mother into the kitchen. "The nurse took David down to breakfast early this morning so I could sleep, but I couldn't sleep." She paused to look at me. "So this is Sunny! Laura, give me a cup of coffee, please. Save my life. I didn't sleep an hour last night. I don't know how you people can live in this town. The drivers are all maniacs. You know there was a fog downtown? Terrible. The cab just crawled." She was wearing a broadtail jacket, and now she pulled it off and threw it over a chair. My mother picked up the jacket and stroked it. I excused myself and left the kitchen to get dressed. Mrs. Bird went on talking.

In the living room, my mother overtook me, still holding the jacket. "Do you see this? Four hundred dollars, if it cost a cent. Did you see that dress, trimmed in fur?" I nodded.

Mrs. Bird's voice was audible even after I got upstairs. She had been too excited to sleep, she said. They had told her at Greens' that she should postpone surgery on David's eyes, but she had decided to see someone while she was in Los Angeles. Yesterday, the maid who cleaned her room at the Statler told her of a wonderful doctor near the hotel who cured everything—strabismus, blindness, cataracts, everything. She had taken David there in the evening, and this doctor was really remarkable—explained everything clearly and advised immediate surgery. "The reason all those other doctors wanted to wait is because surgery on a young boy is very touchy, and they just didn't want to bother with it," she said.

My mother said something I could not make out.

"Oh, he's terrific," Mrs. Bird said. "Works until ten o'clock every night. His name is on the card. Wait, I have it here. Here it is." She read the name.

I heard my mother say loudly, "Ma, it's Dr. Davenport." She went on, "That isn't the name, Annie. That's

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what Ma called him, because she used to sit on a davenport in his office when she waited for her treatments."

My grandmother said, in dismay, "Annie, is that the doctor you went to with your boy?"

Mrs. Bird read the name again.

"That's the one," my mother said. "Some woman talked us into taking my mother to him about her eyes. He said, oh, sure, he could cure her, she'd never even need glasses, she would see just fine, and he took our money for months and nothing happened."

"It can't be the same man," Mrs. Bird said.

"It's the same man. I still have his card somewhere," my mother said.

"That's the same name, all right," my grandmother said. "Oh, he's just no good. We found out later he isn't even a regular doctor. He never studied about eyes. He just puts ads in the paper and people go to him."

I WENT down to the living room, where the three of them were now sitting. "How do you account for his office being jammed with patients?" Mrs. Bird was saying. "I had a seven-o'clock appointment last night and I had to wait an hour. There were people waiting after we left."

"I don't have to account for it," my mother said impatiently. "He's no doctor."

"He has six nurses," Mrs. Bird said. "I counted them. How do you suppose he can afford to keep them?"

"How?" my mother said. "Easy. There's a sucker born every minute."

After a moment or two, Mrs. Bird said, "Thank you for the compliment."

"Pardon me," my mother said. She stood up and walked into the kitchen, but left the door open.

"She's right," my grandmother said. "That man gave me all kinds of treatments and injections—for nothing. Now we know what it is with my eyes. The retina, they call it—it has spots. It cost a nice few hundred dollars to find out he was no good." My grandmother leaned forward. "Listen, Annie, I'll tell you something. Your boy was to doctors in Detroit, you had him to Chicago, now you had him to San Francisco. They all told you to wait a few years. So wait. If you look around long enough, you'll find some doctor that will operate on that boy, and you might be sorry the rest of your life."

"You don't understand," Mrs. Bird said. "Sometimes waiting makes a condition worse." She looked restlessly about the room. "They don't want to

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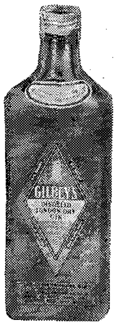

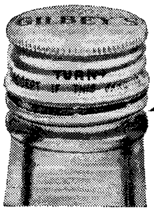

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operate because he's small and it's harder for *them*. They all tell me it has to wait until his vision is better in the left eye. But I know why they want to wait—so it'll be easier for them. Eye muscles get bigger as the child grows. I don't care if it is hard. I'll pay for the surgery. I don't even ask the fee." She put one hand across her eyes. "I didn't sleep a wink last night. After I saw that man, I was so happy. I thought, At last I've found somebody to do it, and I can take David home with his eyes straightened. Now it's spoiled again. I don't know what to do. Tell me what you would do. You'll say I should go home. Go home and do nothing?" She glared at my grandmother and then at me. "Let the boy be subjected to ridicule? The other children laugh at him, in those thick glasses."

"Lots of people wear glasses," my grandmother said. "My granddaughter Nessie wears glasses, and she just got married."

"That's all right," Mrs. Bird said, "but I don't want my son to wear glasses."

"You don't want?" my grandmother said mildly. "No mother *wants*. Sometimes we have to do, is all."

"Well, I don't believe in giving in to things," Mrs. Bird said. "I don't take one doctor's opinion, either. I think you owe it to a child to do what you can."

"But you do, you did. You saw half a dozen doctors already," my grandmother said.

"Then I'll see a dozen, I'll see twenty," Mrs. Bird said.

My grandmother sighed.

Mrs. Bird got up, and sat down in another chair. "You don't understand my feelings," she said. "You don't know what I've gone through with that child. He had colic when he was born. He didn't sleep through a night until he was two years old. I wouldn't have a nurse for him. I had two women help me in the house, but I took care of him myself. He had barium X-rays when he was eight months old. They couldn't find anything. When he was two years old, I took him to Mississippi for an appendectomy. Those fool doctors in Detroit kept telling me his appendix was all right. Well, it was all right, it wasn't infected or anything, but it was retrocaecal; that means it was tipped. I know you don't hear about it, because when people die from it they call it heart failure. He has a special diet. No wheat. I haven't a single wheat product in my home. I have soya flour, soya milk, everything. Then he couldn't have roughage. I peeled his peas until he was

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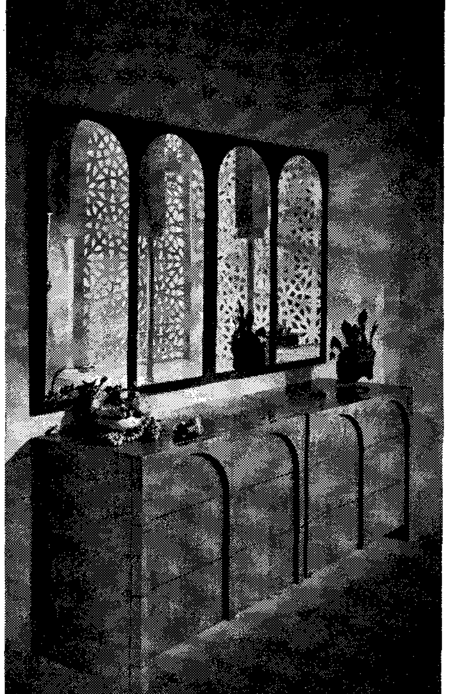

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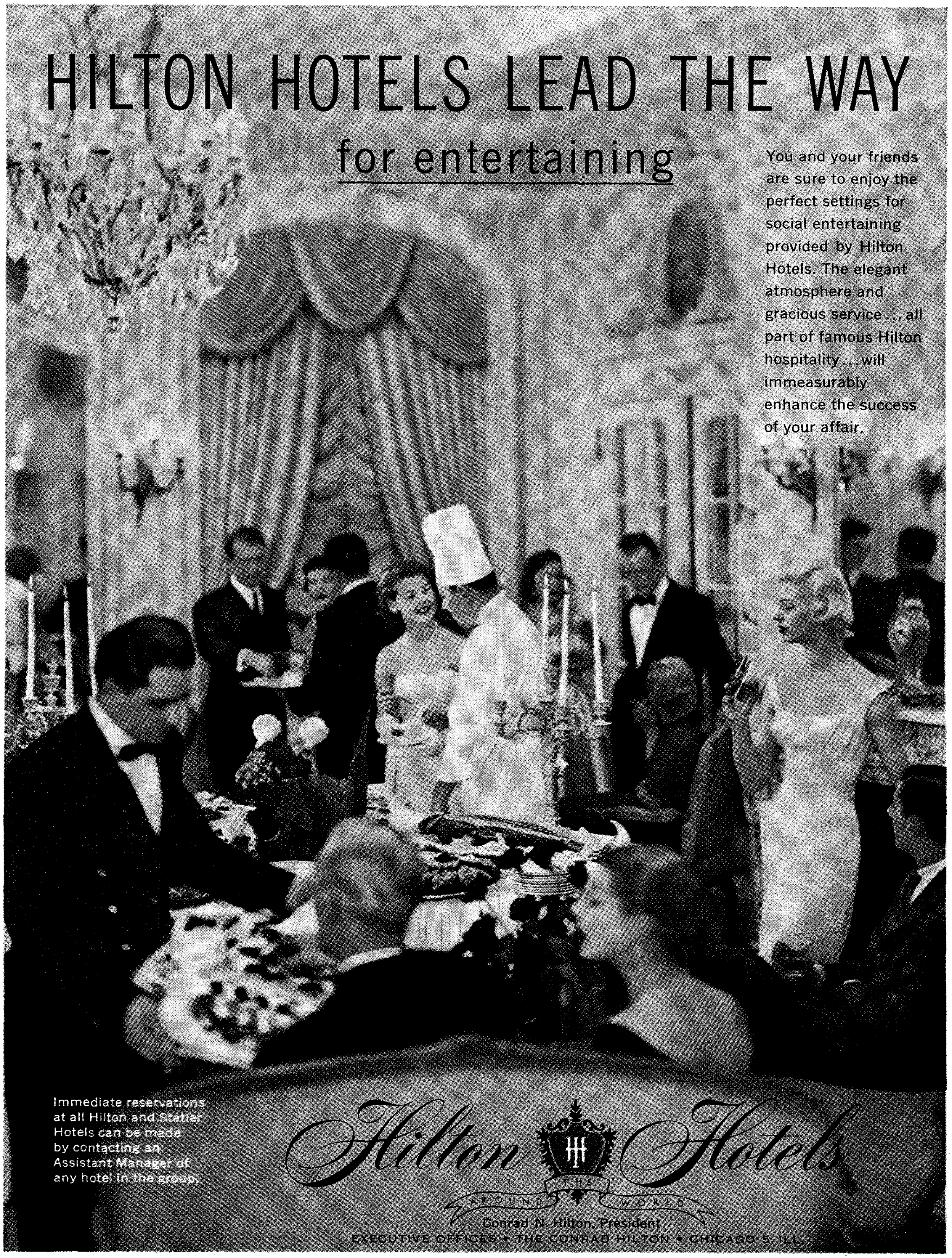

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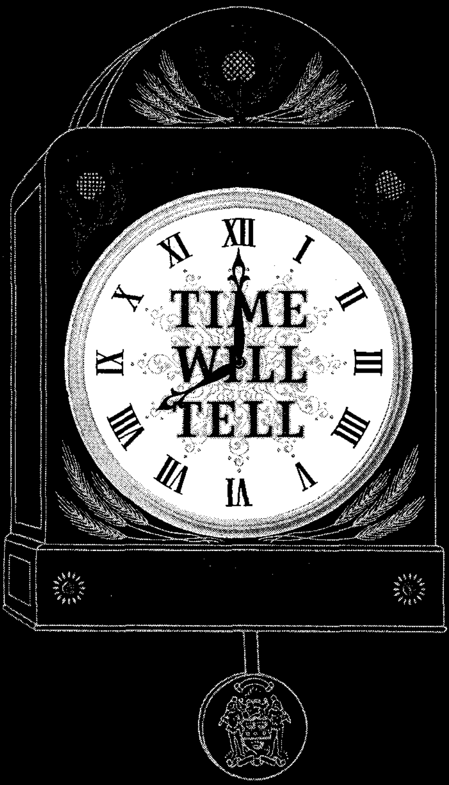
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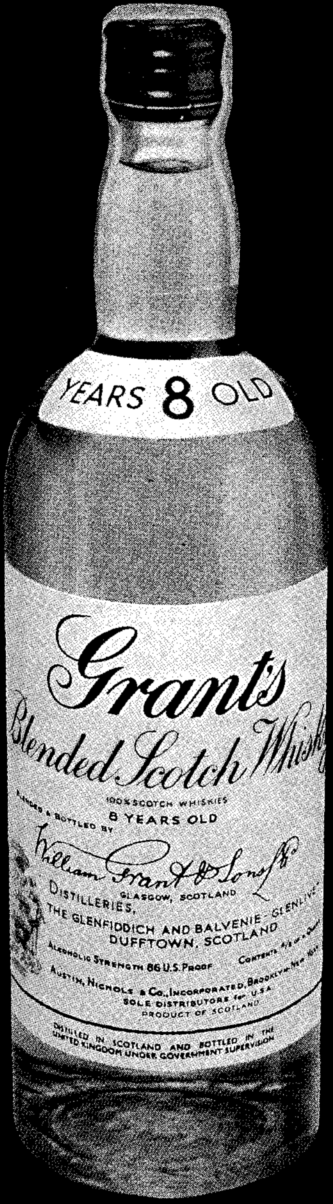
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six years old. Now he has hay-fever shots three days a week, five months a year. You don't know what I've been through with that boy."

I murmured an excuse and went to the kitchen. The talking continued unchecked. My mother whispered, "Go make an interruption. She'll wear the old lady out."

I went back into the living room. Mrs. Bird was describing David's chicken pox, at seven. The pox had been in his scalp, and even in his mouth. His temperature had gone up to a hundred and four degrees.

My presence did not stop her. I cleared my throat and tried to speak.

"Just a minute," she said. "Let me finish."

AT twelve o'clock, we had lunch. My mother managed to control the conversation for a few minutes. She spoke of Detroit. Did they still have C. F. Smith in Detroit, she wondered. She had always bought a bushel of small cucumbers at Smith's. They made excellent crisp pickles. Out here, you seldom saw the small cucumbers.

"David can't eat any type of pickle," Mrs. Bird said. "He's allergic to spices, even cinnamon. I went to three allergists before they found *that* out."

We did not get off the subject of David again. When lunch was over, my mother took my grandmother firmly by the arm and led her to the stairs. "You've got to have your rest today, Ma," she said. "Two hours. Mrs. Bird will excuse you."

"I have nothing special to do," Mrs. Bird said. "I'll go up and keep her company."

"She has to rest," my mother said.

"Well, she'll be resting," Mrs. Bird said. "Are you jealous, Laura?"

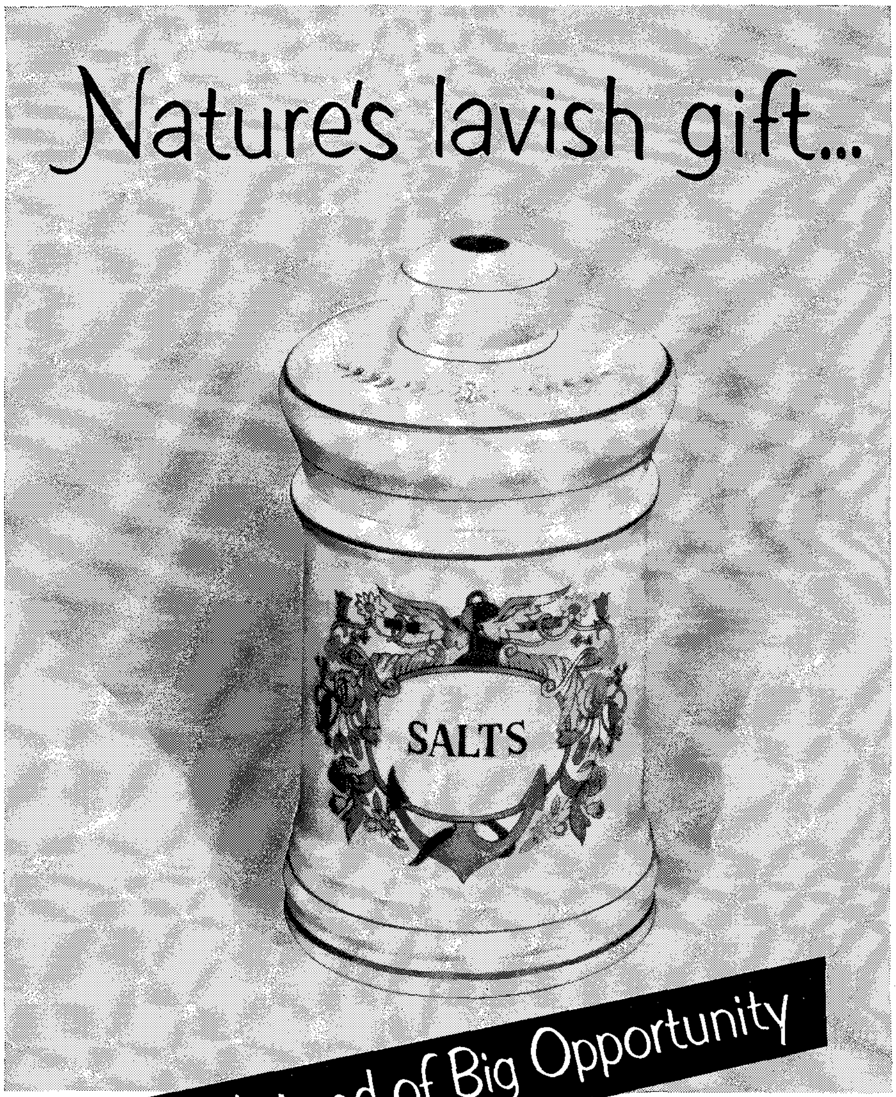
Mrs. Bird went upstairs with my grandmother. My mother and I could still hear her voice. I kept looking at the clock. Two o'clock, and the talk never lagged. Three o'clock. "You'd think she'd get hoarse," my mother said. "Poor Ma."

A few minutes later, they came downstairs. My grandmother was pale. Mrs. Bird had renewed her makeup and looked fresh.

"Your grandmother thinks I worry too much," she said when we were all seated again in the living room. "I suppose you agree with her?"

"Well—" I began.

"Just let me give you an idea, just a faint notion, of what I've been through with David," she said. "Then you can make up your mind." She told,



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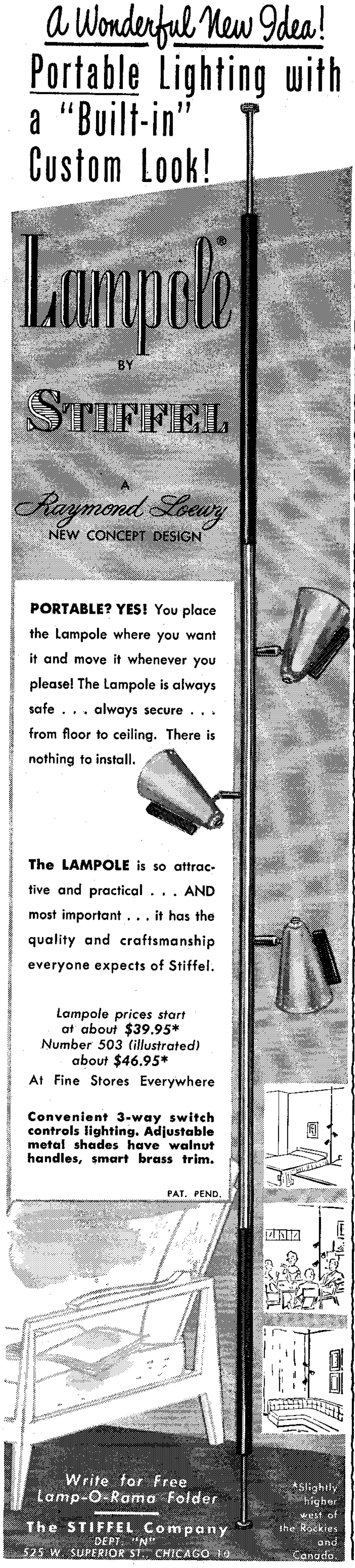
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once more, of the colic, the allergies, the appendix that was tipped, the chicken pox, the strabismus. In the middle of this, my mother excused herself again and went to the kitchen, where she made clanging noises with pots and pans. At the end of her summary, Mrs. Bird said triumphantly, "Now, tell me. With all that, would you worry?"

I said, as gently as possible, "Well, I wouldn't worry about what's past."

"My dear girl," she said, "this isn't past, this is right here. Allergies, spasm, strabismus, sensitive colon—all right here, now. So what happens to your theory?"

"It's not a theory," I said. "It seems to me it's a matter of degree. If the boy can wear glasses—"

"I couldn't expect you to understand," she said. "You have no children. It takes a mother to understand." She went on to say she would lay down her life if it would help the child for five minutes—she would take him to Europe, she would scrub floors. She had a tutor for him. She refused to send him to school in bad weather. She would not have him undressing in a drafty locker room, getting athlete's foot and being exposed to all sorts of germs.

At five o'clock, Mrs. Bird called a cab. Although she had not been invited, she said she could not stay for dinner. She always ate dinner with David. She said goodbye, kissed my grandmother's cheek, and said she would be sure to come the following day.

When the door closed on Mrs. Bird, my grandmother said, "I don't know if I'll have the strength."

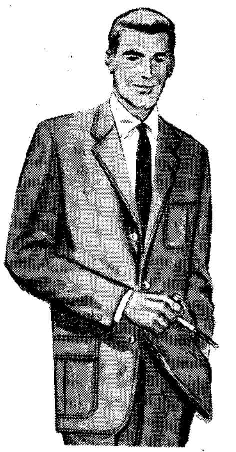
"It's your own fault," my mother said. "You could have said you wanted to sleep."

"Oh, Laura, she's so worried," my grandmother said.

At eight o'clock, my grandmother went to bed, exhausted by her day with Mrs. Bird. At eight-thirty, the doorbell rang. It was Nessie, with her husband and another medical officer.

My mother exclaimed over the handsome uniforms. Nessie looked pretty and happy. Her husband was a pleasant young man who, like her, was from Detroit. The other officer was also from there. We all sat in the kitchen, drinking coffee and eating strudel Nessie had brought with her from her home; her husband had been given leave before starting his Long Beach assignment. "Imagine, yesterday they were in Detroit," my mother said.

When the evening was over, my mother was tempted to awaken my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grandmother to tell her about the visitors, but she decided to wait.

The next morning, when I entered the kitchen, I found her talking to my grandmother. "They'll be back next week, Ma," she said. "They wanted to see you."

"Well, I'll be glad to see Nessie," said my grandmother, stirring her coffee.

"You'll like her husband, too—the doctor," my mother said. "He's in Long Beach, so in an hour they can be here to see us."

"That's nice," my grandmother said.

"The fellow he brought for Sunny, he was very nice, too," my mother said casually.

"What fellow?" my grandmother asked. "What kind of a fellow?"

"A doctor. Psychiatrist."

My grandmother, I was sure, had heard me enter the kitchen. She asked no more questions until I left the room. I was only a step outside the door when my mother, motioning me to wait, said to my grandmother, "Annie Fogel called this morning. She's flying home tonight, so she'll be over to say goodbye this afternoon. She won't have much time, thank God."

My grandmother carried her coffee cup to the sink. "Say, when she comes, Laura," she said, "maybe you could fix it so I could talk alone to her just a few minutes?"

"Certainly," my mother said. "You want to send a message to Rose?"

"No, no," my grandmother said. "I want to talk to Annie. Say, for days I listened to her. Now it's my turn. I got it just figured out what I'm going to say to her. I'll say, 'Annie, stop acting like a fool and go to a psychiatrist.' I'll say, 'Annie, psychiatrists are for people, not for dogs.' That's what I'll say."

"You'll really tell her that?"

"Sure I will. Listen, she needs it. You give me five minutes with her alone and I'll tell her." My grandmother lifted her face to receive the sunshine from the window. "Say, it's a beautiful day today, isn't it? So I missed Nessie and her husband, the doctor, didn't I? I hope they'll come soon."

My grandmother glanced around with a listening look. There was no sound of me, and she moved closer to my mother and asked softly, "What did you say his name was, Sunny's beau?"

—Sylva Grossman

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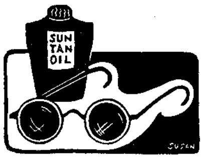
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

SPRING, which had been postponed again and again on account of wet grounds, has finally made it, and the shops, which of course knew all along that it would eventually arrive, are ready for it. Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room, for one. The most noticeable items there are a couple of suits done in a black-and-white cotton tweed that suggests wool. The first of these involves a short, fitted jacket, a turnover collar, a nipped-in waist marked by long, narrow self tabs at the sides, black bone buttons, and a stitched, gored skirt. The jacket is lined with yellow China silk. The second involves a semifitted jacket (lined with red China silk this time), a notched collar that stands away from the throat, a belt in front, and a stitched, pleated skirt. A sleek suit of black herringbone silk linen has a straight, gored skirt and a short, fitted jacket, which buttons diagonally. For daytime and later, there's a group of black Empire sheaths. The simplest is of crêpe—a round, collarless neck and a bow to catch up the shoulder drapery. Cartridge pleats decorate the front of another crêpe. A sheath that belongs only on willowy women is of summer-weight wool broadcloth. Black satin arches over the Empire bodice, curves down the sides, and ends in a bow and streamers beneath the low blousing in back. Periwinkle-blue, navy, black, or red Moygashel linen is the substance of another lot of simple sheaths, with deep, square necks, short sleeves, and buttons at the back of their Empire waist. Further details: shirtwaist dresses of white silk on which black and blue dachshunds cavort; double-breasted short-sleeved dresses of cocoa cotton on which black hieroglyphics cavort; dirndl dresses (cocktails at the country club, I guess) of white cotton on which pink and turquoise anemones cavort. Pullovers of strawberry-pink cashmere trimmed at the neck with the anemone print accompany the dirndls. Last of all, there are ingénue evening dresses of white organza with tiny navy and blue harlequin checks or of pink batiste into which pink blossoms are woven. Prices of this collection run from $30 to $195.



THERE'S an ample supply of afternoon dresses at Mimi Tuthill, who's in business at 27 East 61st Street. A Victorian but youthful one is of gray voile on which small pink roses and white leaves are embroidered. Pink embroidered beading threaded with white grosgrain baby ribbon encircles the high, round neck and descends the prim short-sleeved bodice, and the bouffant skirt floats over a flounced white petticoat. A white organdie fold bands the neck of a dress that is high in front and modestly V in back. This one is of white voile on which tiny, murky blue and red carnations are printed. Sheaths of white Egyptian cotton, draped into a butterfly bow on one hip, are sprinkled with cool green ferns (printed ones, that is). More worldly princesse sheaths, of black silk faille, are garnished with black fabric roses and faille streamers at one side of the bosom; the white cotton coats that go over them are horizontally striped with black-and-white roses. The prettiest princesse sheath of all has a portrait neck, short, cuffed sleeves, and a wide crushed sash; it's of white silk that's a mass of zinnias and morning-glories. For evening, there's a long dress of silk-and-nylon chiffon, all sea-green flowers and foliage, trimmed with bands of green peau de soie that cross on the Grecian bodice. You pay as little as $49.95 or as much as $195 for these goodies.

CLAIRE McCARDELL, Clare Potter, Vera Maxwell, and Rudi Gernreich are the names being dropped in Lord & Taylor's Sports Department, which is showing dresses by all of them. McCardell uses sashes to call attention to her high waists. A sun or dinner dress of beige calico, slashed in a wide V on the chest, is fastened with her favorite device of hook and eye and tied with a broad black cotton sash; a maroon Egyptian cotton, low and square at the throat, has a blue-and-yellow foulard pattern and a wide sash to match; a black calico play dress, buttoned at the bare shoulders with gilt balls, is encircled by a string sash of the calico. These are $29.95 to $45. A useful short-sleeved Gernreich coat dress of black cotton with a white pin stripe is $35. Maxwell's splendid shirtwaist dress of navy or black supima, which is a cotton chiffon, weighs less than a pound; $49.95. For those dog days in town, Potter's shirtwaist number, with a turnover collar and three-quarter balloon sleeves, is of blue or pink linen, moss-green shan-

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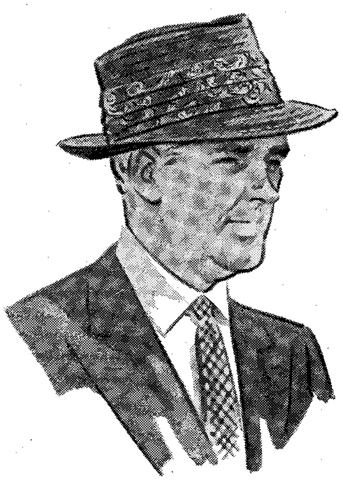
tung, or white silk in a minute field-flower pattern ($89.95 for any of these), or else of white piqué sprigged with pink and blue roses ($69.95).

Something called the Whistle Stop Department (junior sizes only) offers long-sleeved boleros of cotton in red-and-white awning stripes, to say nothing of red cotton shorts, white corduroy pullovers and shorts strewn with rosebuds, paratrooper trousers (with pockets above the knees) of white cotton twill, and duffel coats and attached hoods of the same stuff.

GUNTHER JAECKEL is prepared to get you to the beach in style. Bathing suits and circular skirts (these last have drawstring waistbands) are of white sailcloth on which turquoise oranges and lemon lemons are printed. Cardigans of white cotton lace, bound with white cotton to match their short shorts, are designed for the pool or the cabaña but could pass as evening jackets. Black linen tank tops are paired with tight trousers of black, white, and gold plaid madras and with wraparound pleated skirts of red, black, and white plaid madras. Both trousers and skirts are trimmed with black ball fringe. Jamaica shorts (shorter than Bermuda length) of brightly checked cotton go with blouses of mango-pink cotton poplin. All this is on the main floor.

Up in the Salonette is an afternoon dress of men's white figured cotton shirting, with short, puffed sleeves and narrow white lace on the bateau-neck bodice. There, too, is a tailored dinner dress—a long-sleeved top of écru cotton lace and a swirling skirt of white organdie. A décolleté evening sheath of white glazed chintz (the print is bouquets of blue and lavender violets) is covered by a white organdie overdress, and blue and lavender fabric flowers, tied with purple and blue velvet ribbon, are at the back of the long, pointed bodice. The prices of this Salonette stuff run from around $40 to $60.

PECK & PECK has come up with a bumper crop of sports separates and dresses. A series all of shiny lilac-and-white striped cotton dotted with pastel butterflies includes bathing suits ending in little-boy shorts, as well as beach shirts, circular skirts, and sun and shirtwaist dresses. Pink cotton with red walruses printed here and there is used for ruffled bathing suits and companion sun dresses. From Hawaii come bathing suits with elasticized backs, mandarin jackets fastened with coconut-shell buttons, and sun dresses with plunging



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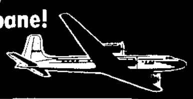

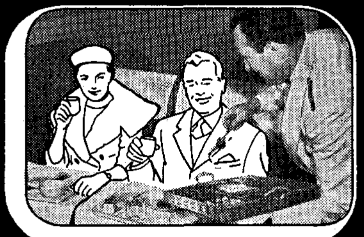

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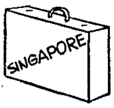
What makes a newspaper great?

In newspaper offices all over America teletypes chatter of Singapore riots, Gaza Strips, *apartheids*, Cypriots and war in North Africa. And while reports, interviews and feature stories pour in by the yard, harried editors spin globes and scan reference books to background themselves.

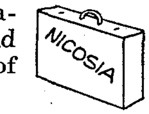


Intelligent newspaper editing today calls for wide experience plus a quiz-contestant's memory and intimate working acquaintance with a staggering array of assorted peoples and locales. For in the jungle of conjectures, half-truths and conflicting rumors, even the opinions of *on-the-spot reporters* may be contradictory or misleading.

That is why the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, despite their access to every important news gathering service in the world, have been sending local staff members in record number to Europe, Africa, the Middle East and the Orient.

These journeying journalists have no ambitions to become permanent foreign correspondents. Their job is observation. Their purpose: to be better able to interpret the world's important news stories in the light of the special interests and concerns of Upper Midwest newspaper audiences, already among the nation's best-informed on foreign affairs.

Executive editor William Steven, cartoonist Scott Long, assistant executive editor Wilbur Elston, reporter Carl Rowan, editorial writer Robert W. Smith, news editor Daryle Feldmeir and science writer Victor Cohn —these are some of the Star and Tribune staff men who have been *traveling distant continents* to examine for themselves the situations that underlie the world's tensions. For the Minneapolis Star and Tribune believe that the resolution of the conflicts in these areas ultimately will affect the lives of *all* of the world's people's, including their readers. Keeping the Upper Midwest more completely informed on daily developments and "big picture" trends, not only with thorough news coverage but also through wise interpretation based on first-hand knowledge, is the goal of these two newspapers.



It's through such extra efforts to add understanding, depth and color to the world's news that the Minneapolis Star and Tribune earn and hold the respect and confidence of the largest newspaper audience in the 3⅓ state area they serve: America's Upper Midwest.

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what's ahead . . .

Just a few of the highlights of Holiday's next ten months will prove the point! For example—John Steinbeck is doing a highly personal piece on *Paris.* You'll slink through a cloak-and-dagger *Spy Tour of the World* with Eric Ambler. Frederic Morton will report on the glittering musical world of the *Salzburg Festival.* Bruce Catton is continuing his penetrating series on *Civil War Battles.* And not *too* far off is what's likely to be the year's most sensational biography: an intimate portrait of Princess Margaret!

and more . . .

Don't get the idea that Holiday's focus is strictly for the world traveler, however. Our next ten issues will feature such fascinating *American* spots as Las Vegas, Milwaukee, San Francisco. Such American pastimes as rodeo, the outdoor barbecue, spelunking. Such American phenomena as the Texas millionaire, Milwaukee's "Gemütlichkeit," the western *good*man. All this in addition to our regular abundance of overseas highlights!

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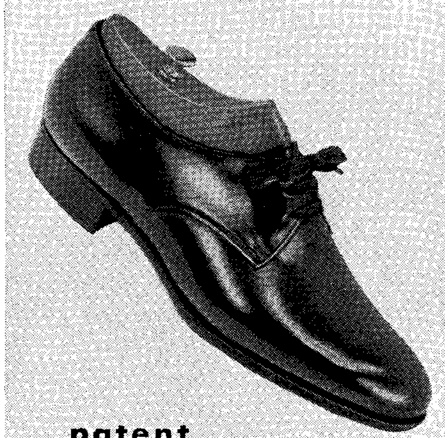
necks, draped midriffs, and slim skirts—all of green-and-blue cotton on which snails, starfish, and the like are printed. Odds and ends: jackets of white chino cloth, with hoods that turn back into cape collars; raincoats of natural cotton poplin (both jackets and raincoats are lined with red bandanna cotton); sleeveless blouses of the red cotton, with attached kerchief collars.

Greta Plattry has done some imaginative separates for Best's Sports Department. She uses beige glazed chintz spattered with lotus blossoms and leaves for princesse bathing suits, short kimono jackets, and sun dresses good-looking enough to wear to summer parties; she uses cotton printed with huge blocks of blue, green, and violet for Bermuda shorts, poncho beach jackets, bathing suits held up by corded straps, and a camisole sun dress bordered with wide rows of green nylon-velvet rickrack. Longish tapered trousers of black-and-white cotton alive with matching zinnias tie at the waist with a sash of red cotton faille. They're to be worn with above-the-waist surplice bodices of white piqué. The top price in the whole lot is $39.95.

Renée Montague, at 667 Madison Avenue (61st), can with justification be called a perfectionist. Everything she does is custom. Short rainy-day gloves of water-repellent cotton are four-color Paisley on the backs and beige or black on the palms; $16.50, to give you an idea. And there are rainy-day Paisley umbrellas with whangee crook handles and ferrules. For fair weather, there are six-button-length gloves of Moygashel linen with white backs and black palms. Heart-shaped purses of the linen, black on one side and white on the other, are lined with red cotton on which white pin dots run riot; black-and-white linen belts have the same lining. Vast drawstring carryalls are of white cotton on which copper ovals are printed. A princely (or princessly) suitcase of red patent leather, twenty-one by twenty-seven by five inches and lined with red-and-white Paisley cotton, is $186.45, federal tax included.

Long, pointed pumps of a Swiss millinery straw that looks like ribbed silk are Delman's new pet. They come in black or toast straw bound in black patent leather or in white straw embroidered with yellow daisies or pink clover. Red, purple, and pink printed peonies bloom on pumps of French



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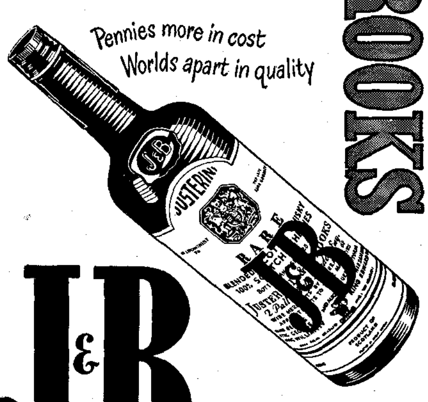

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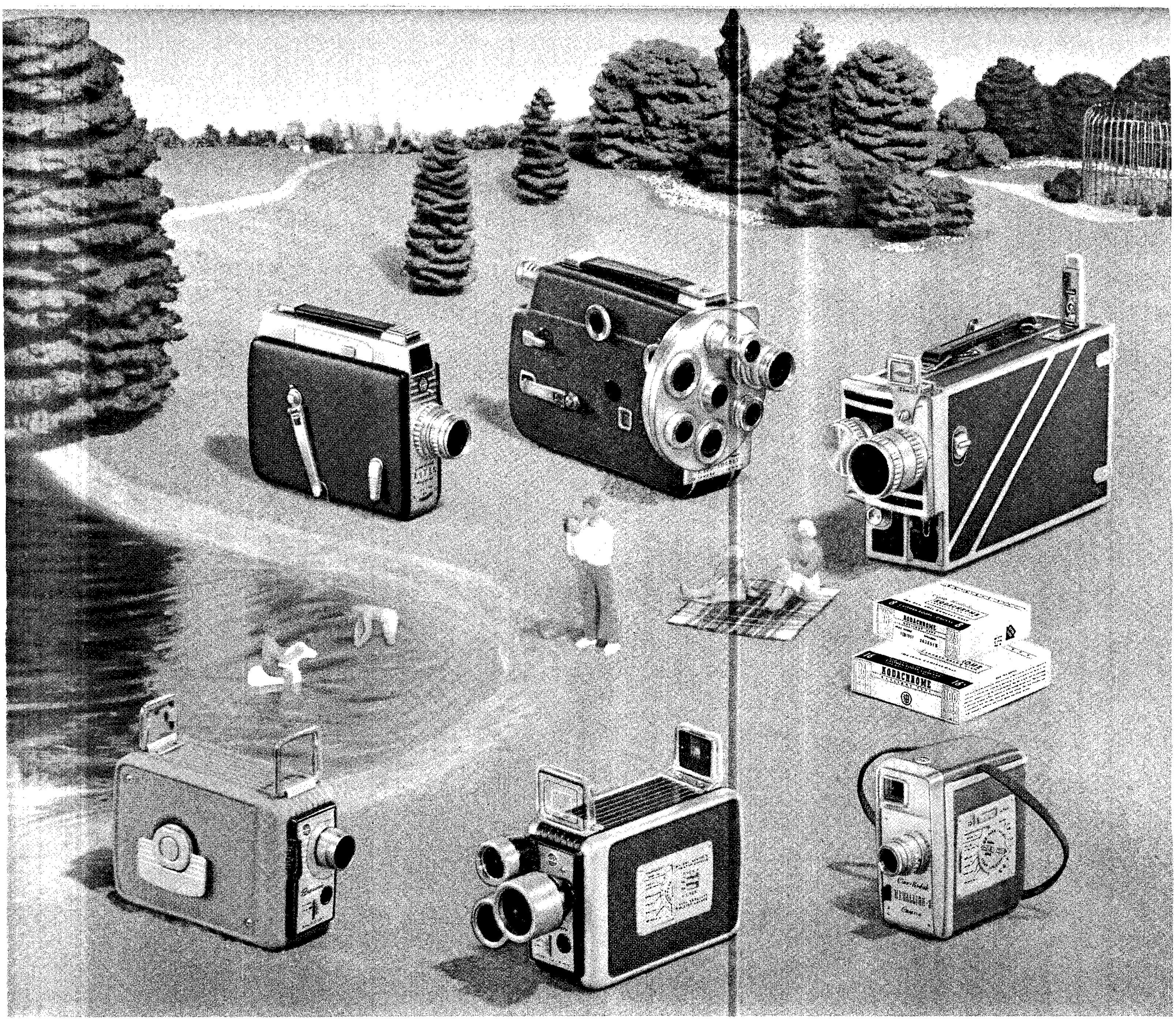

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Top row: CINE-KODAK ROYAL MAGAZINE CAMERA, *f*/1.9, $179.50. For BIG 16mm movies you can show on screens up to 12 feet wide! 3-second magazine loading; 3 speeds. Kodak's Cine Ektar Lens.

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Allan Block, a Villager, is at 171 West 4th Street, making custom sandals of cowhide or calf; $11 to $22, and twenty-five varieties to choose from. He's borrowed from the ancient Greeks, Caesar's legionaries, Franciscan monks, and Mexican peasants, and he'll take your ideas, too. Village hours, by the way: twelve to six daytime, eight to ten nights, except Sundays.

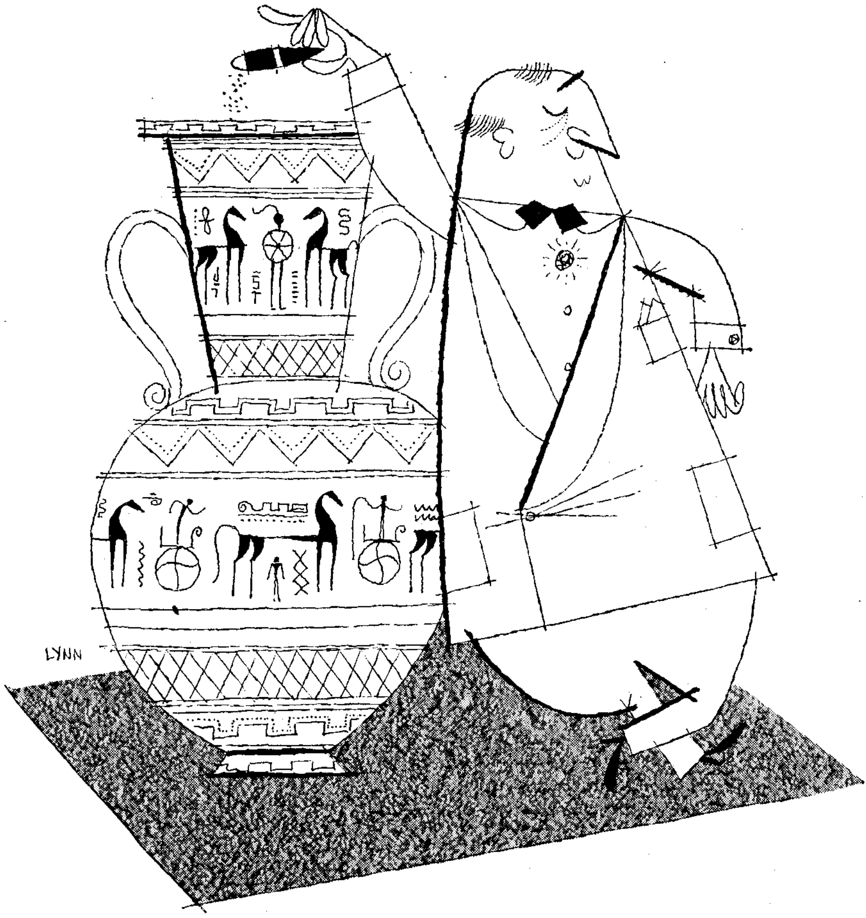
Elaine Starkman, another Villager, is at 127 Macdougal Street, turning out custom belts of cowhide for humans, to say nothing of collars for cats and dogs. Broad belts are anchored by running them through two broad loops of the leather, one of which you unfasten when you want to get at the concealed change purse. Plenty of free-form belts, plenty of gold-metal studs, plenty of brass eyelets here, naturally, and animal collars to match. The colors range from antiqued mahogany through tangerine, the prices are really reasonable, and the hours are really Village—two to ten Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; two to midnight Saturday.

Bits and Pieces: Bonwit Teller's nylon stockings of cobweb consistency, to wear with thong sandals, are pinky beige, look like long *tabis*, and cost $2.50. . . . Mr. Harold, on the second floor of the Hotel Winslow, uses a cold permanent wave that gives body to very fine hair and takes only an hour and a half, including a set; $15. . . . For anyone who needs glasses when she's applying makeup, Clairmont-Nichols, at 16 East 53rd Street, has dreamed up a special pince-nez. The lenses, not much bigger than dragonfly wings, sit far enough forward so it is possible to get behind them with mascara and eyeshadow. They're ground to prescription, and they're $18. —M. M.

•

Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire: Dartmouth Summer Research Project on Artificial Intelligence: $7,500.—*Rockefeller Foundation Grants, Fourth Quarter, 1955.*

Hardly seems enough.



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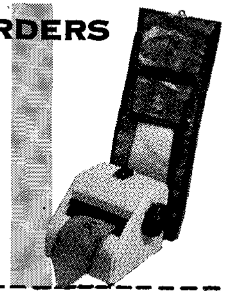

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

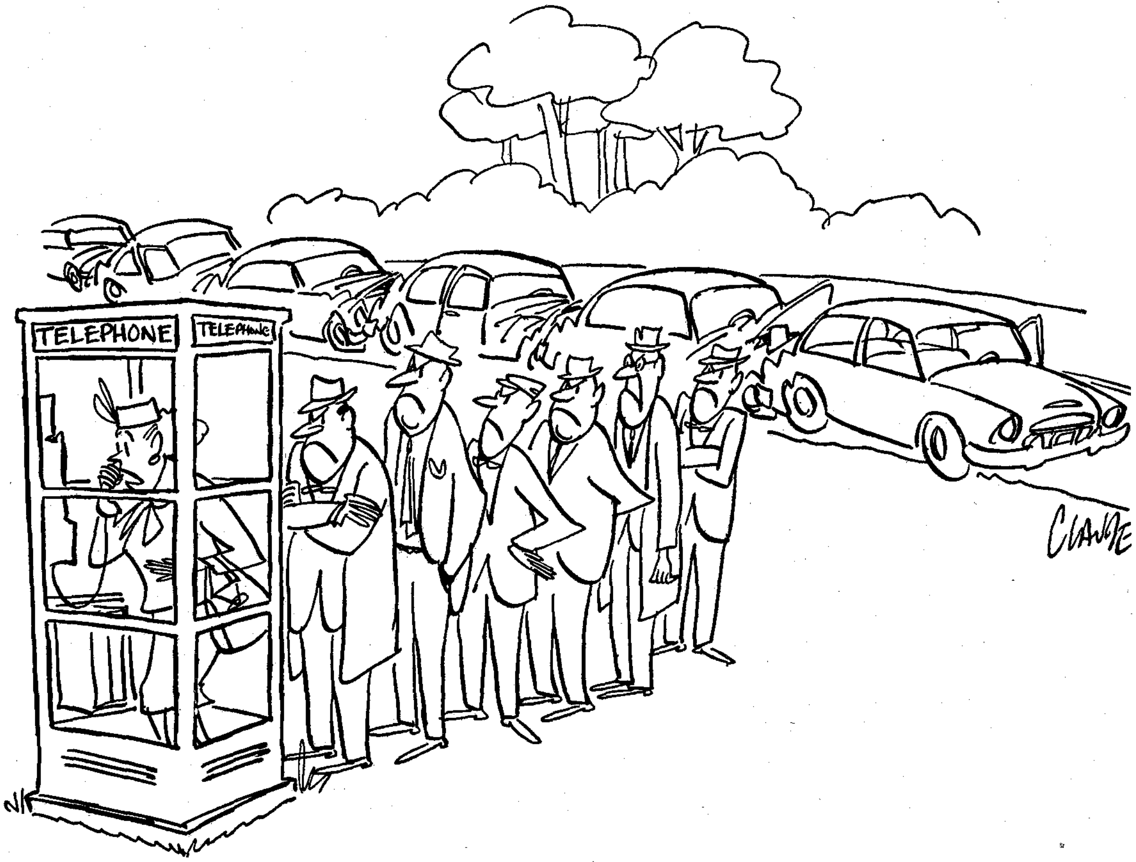
DIAMOND

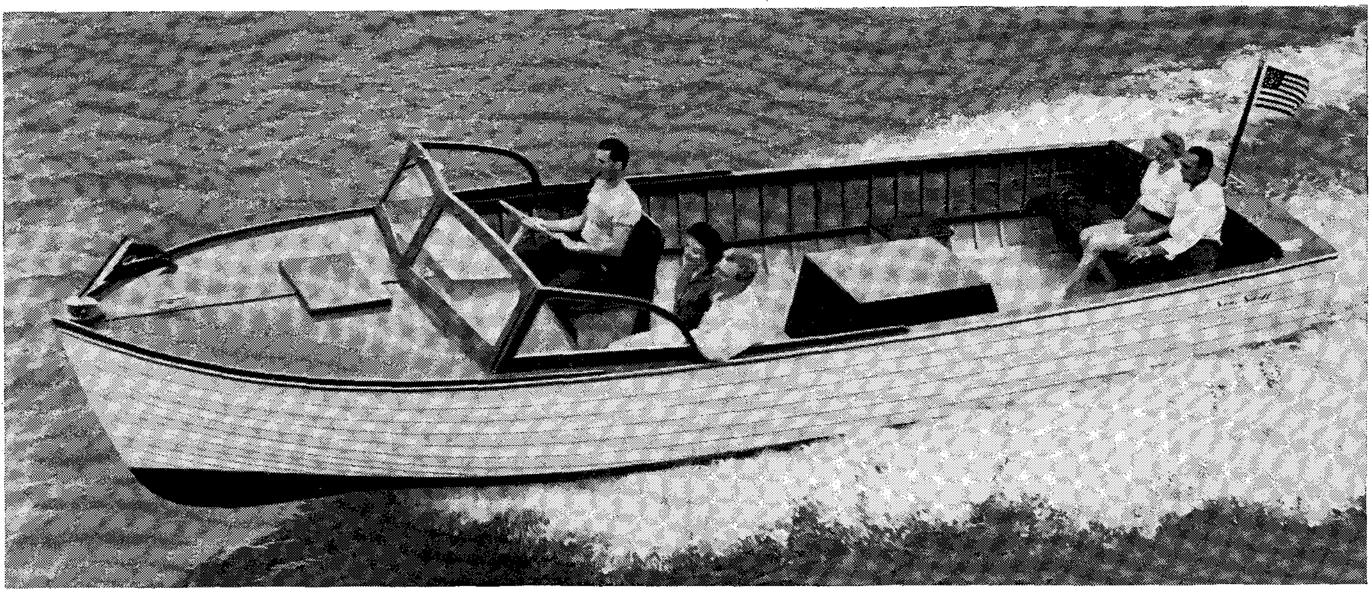
V—THE SHADE OF J. BALLANTINE HANNAY

IN February, 1955, the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, issued a statement that was read with great interest, and varying degrees of anxiety, by diamond people all over the world, and particularly in the far-flung mines, research centers, and offices of De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., the gigantic corporation, founded by Cecil Rhodes in 1888, that now controls practically the entire world trade in uncut diamonds. After four years of experimentation with "high-temperature superpressure," the laboratory announced, it had succeeded in manufacturing diamonds. These weren't imitation diamonds or diamondlike crystals, according to the statement; they were "purely and simply diamonds." A month or so later, General Electric put out a brochure entitled "Man-Made Diamonds," which explained that its research men had produced their stones in a new and powerful pressure chamber, by subjecting "a carbonaceous material" to pressures of up to a million and a half pounds per square inch and to temperatures of up to five thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The stones were small—General Electric cautiously said it would be premature to suggest that the pressure chamber could produce gem diamonds—but they were perfectly adequate for use in industrial tools.

A few months ago, I went down to South Africa and saw some of the De Beers installations, and I found that the people working in the deep diamond mines and the alluvial diamond fields in and around the famous mining town of Kimberley weren't wasting much time speculating about the General Electric threat; they were too busy digging up diamonds. Then, in Johannesburg, I spent a morning visiting the offices of Industrial Distributors—a subsidiary company, through which De Beers markets its industrial stones—and the Diamond Research Laboratory, which was set up nine years ago to conduct research into the properties and uses of diamonds, and I soon saw that the officials and scientists there were highly interested, to put it mildly, in the General Electric diamonds and were eagerly awaiting more facts about them. Industrials, which are drab stones, and usually small ones, constitute the less glamorous side of the diamond business, but, as the men at Industrial Distributors were quick to point out, it is a highly important side. Industrials account for eighty per cent of the diamond trade in terms of bulk and twenty-five per cent in terms of profit—a far from negligible sum. Some South African mines produce industrial diamonds almost exclusively, and even mines like the Premier, near Pretoria, which are celebrated for their gems, yield far fewer gems than industrials. Diamonds are virtually indispensable to some industries, and the United States has been stockpiling them for the last ten years; being nature's hardest substance, they are used in all sorts of cutting, grinding, and boring tools, from glass-cutters to oil-well drills, and hardly a year goes by that somebody doesn't think up a new way to use them.

Upon arriving at the headquarters of Industrial Distributors, I was met by a De Beers man named White, who ushered me into a large office and introduced me to a couple of other members of the firm. After we had chatted for a few minutes, I asked them how they had felt when they heard the news of the General Electric diamonds. "Pretty bad, at first," Mr. White said. "Diamond shares took a tumble right away, and for weeks nobody around here talked about anything except General Electric. But things have quieted down a good deal since; shares are back up and business is booming. Of course, we're tremendously curious about whether—and how soon—General Electric will be able to produce industrials on a commercial basis. The news didn't come as a complete shock to us, mind you. Experiments of this kind have been going on for years, and we've always kept our eye on them. A lot of people have tried to manufacture diamonds since J. Ballantine Hannay started the whole thing off, in





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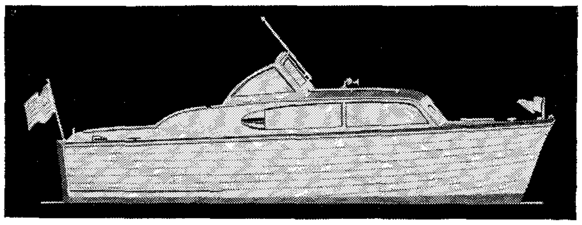

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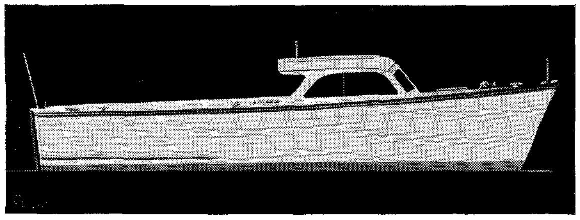

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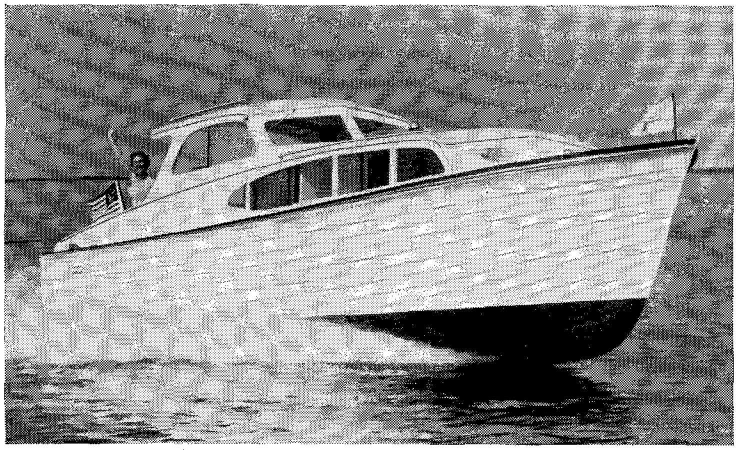

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1880—and, come to think of it, people must have been trying for hundreds of years before that, too. Do you know the story of Hannay?"

I shook my head, and one of the other men said, "To tell you the truth, I've had Hannay on my mind for months now."

"So have I," Mr. White said, and then he told me the story. "Hannay was a Scottish chemist who claimed to have succeeded in manufacturing diamonds," he said. "He had been working at the project, off and on, a good part of his life, and in 1880 he sent a number of stones to the British Museum to be examined and tested. Well, the specimens turned out to be diamonds, all right. They were tiny specks of things, but they were, and are, diamonds. You can go and look at them when you get back to England; they're in the Museum of Natural History, in South Kensington. Hannay said he'd manufactured them by applying intense heat and tremendous pressure. As I remember it, he put powdered carbon, bone oil, and a raft of other ingredients into some sort of iron tube, and heated it red-hot in a furnace."

" 'Eye of newt and toe of frog,' " murmured the third man in the office.

"Something like that," said Mr. White. "Hannay was quite willing to show people his paraphernalia, and he was more than ready to talk about his method to anybody who would listen. But the experts were dubious, and that was natural, I suppose. They hadn't seen laboratory accomplishments of the kind we've seen, which make anything seem possible. There was a general impression that Hannay was a fraud—that he had got hold of some ordinary natural diamonds and was trying to palm them off as his own creation."

"What do you think?" I asked.

"Well, I just don't know," Mr. White said. "But I'll tell you one thing that's interesting—at least to me. Hannay's diamonds, it appears, are of a special type, a type that you don't come across very often. They're what we call Type 2. You'll find out more about the types of diamonds over at the Research Laboratory. For the moment, just remember that only about five per cent of all diamonds are Type 2. The question immediately presents itself: If Hannay had simply got hold of some natural diamonds, was there much of a chance that they would all be of this type? I should say there certainly wasn't. Well, Hannay died discredited, and I doubt if anyone has given much thought to him for years, especially in

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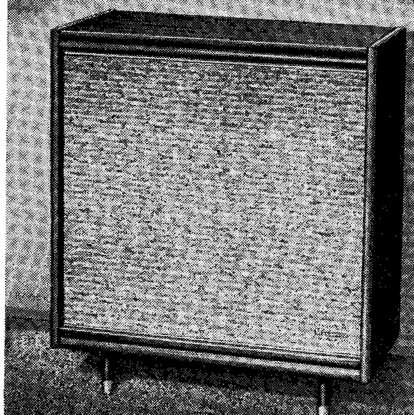

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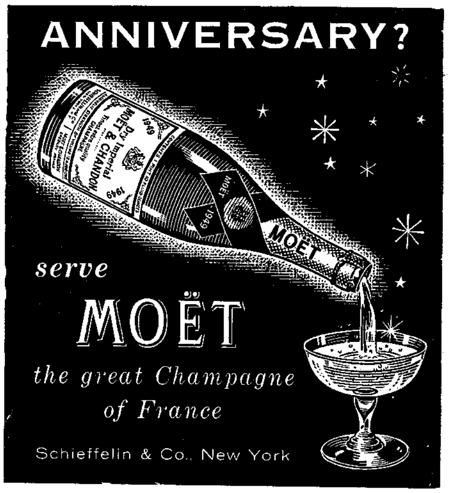

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light of the fact that right after him came a number of scoundrels—real charlatans—who also claimed to have manufactured diamonds, but always by secret methods. They were exposed, and this helped to cast a cloud over Hannay's name. But now— well, I wonder. I wonder, among other things, if these G.E. diamonds, by any chance, are also Type 2. I shall be very interested to hear. It's possible the world has done Hannay an injustice."

"I can't help thinking about him," said the man who had said it before.

The talk moved on to another name that had once been well known among diamond people—Lemoine. While the world didn't do *him* an injustice, Mr. White said, his story is one that diamond men enjoy, for its victim was a diamond man himself, and diamond men love jokes on one another. The victim was Sir Julius Wernher, an associate of Rhodes and the founder of Wernher, Beit & Co., which was one of the great trading firms in Kimberley in the early days. Sir Julius appeared in the diamond fields sometime in the eighties, and by 1905, when he first met Lemoine, he was a powerful man in diamond circles. At the time, the world was still buzzing, if mildly, about Hannay and about a distinguished French chemist named Henri Moissan, who had devised another kind of furnace and produced some minute crystals that were very possibly diamonds.

Sir Julius paid an extended visit to London in 1905, and Lemoine came over from Paris to call on him. The Frenchman, an engineer and self-styled inventor, said he had developed a surefire process for making diamonds. He refused to describe the process, but he said that he needed money to perfect it, and that if Wernher, Beit would back him, he would put the invention under their control. All he wanted was a royalty, on terms to be arranged. Of course, if Wernher, Beit didn't back him, some other firm would.

Sir Julius listened to all this with great interest, and it was not greed alone that made him do so. He was a diamond-mine owner, representing other owners, and he was well aware of what might happen if diamonds were mass-produced in a factory: the market could be ruined. If Lemoine really did have a secret process, Sir Julius's duty obviously was to get control of it, so he promised to put up some money, provided Lemoine could give a diamond-making demonstration that would prove convincing to him and several other expert witnesses. Lemoine agreed, and in-

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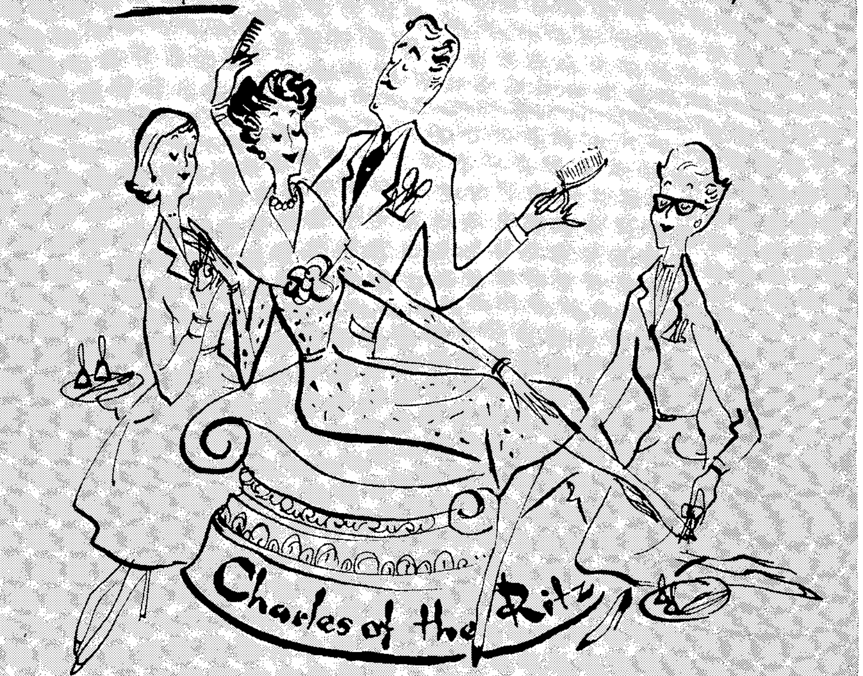

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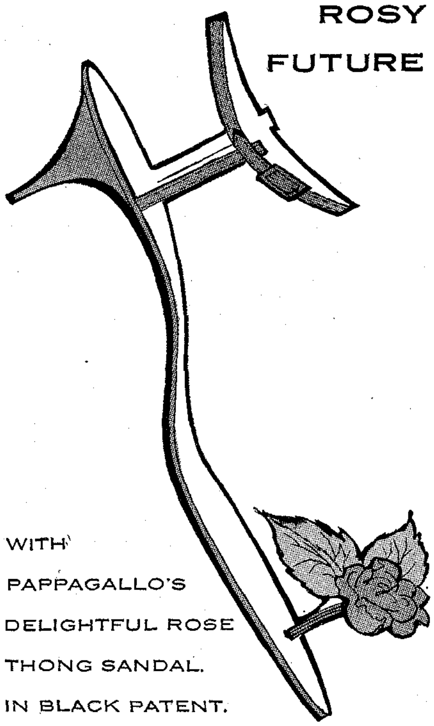

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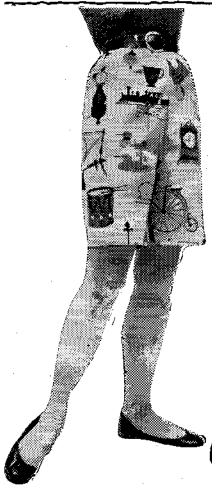

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vited Sir Julius to visit his laboratory in Paris. One evening, a week or two later, Sir Julius and three associates were shown into the laboratory, and presently Lemoine made his appearance, in a way that could justifiably be called dramatic. He was stark naked. He had undressed, he explained, to reassure the gentlemen that he was up to no skulduggery.

It was a grotesque scene, with overtones of alchemy. The naked man mixed some mysterious substances in a crucible, and then put the concoction in an electric furnace to cook. As the group waited, Lemoine explained that the ingredients were known only to himself. After fifteen minutes, the crucible was white-hot, and he removed it from the furnace with a long-handled shovel and carefully set it on a metal table. Another period of waiting ensued while it cooled. Finally, he opened it, stirred the smoking, blackened mass inside, and started lifting out diamonds, one after another. They were real diamonds, tiny but of good color and nicely crystallized, and they looked like the South African gems that the gentlemen knew so well. There were twenty of them.

Sir Julius was greatly impressed, but he strove to maintain a skeptical attitude, and one of his companions, a Mr. Francis Oats, was sure that the whole thing was a hoax. The gentlemen withdrew and conferred, and presently asked Lemoine to repeat his performance then and there. He cheerfully complied, and this time he scooped thirty stones out of the smoking crucible. After that, however, he seemed tired, and when the gentlemen asked him to give still another demonstration, he grew cross, saying impatiently that he simply wasn't prepared to give a third demonstration that day. He was doubtless telling the truth.

Even now, Sir Julius wasn't quite sure—not with Oats at his elbow, sniffing for rats—but he decided that the thing was worth a try, and he and Lemoine worked out an agreement: the secret formula was to remain secret, but Sir Julius was to give Lemoine money to build a bigger furnace and turn out bigger and better diamonds. Over the next three years, the Frenchman wrote to Sir Julius fairly regularly, asking for money, reporting on how the work was going (it was invariably going well), and now and then sending along a sample diamond. (The diamonds were perfectly good ones; according to Sir Julius's experts, they resembled those dug out of the Jagersfontein Mine, south of Kimberley, which is famous for

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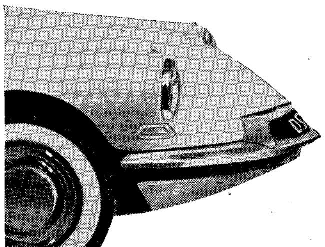
its fine blue-white gems, and, as a matter of fact, it later developed that they had been dug out of that very mine.) And so the months went by until the winter of 1908, when Lemoine, who had collected sixty-four thousand pounds from Sir Julius, put in another request for money. Sir Julius, exasperated at last, demanded the secret formula and, when Lemoine refused to hand it over, asked the French police to look into his activities. Lemoine was indicted for fraud, and thereupon ran away, but he was soon apprehended and brought to trial in Paris. The trial was a short one. A Paris jeweller testified that for some time the accused had been in the habit of buying uncut Jagersfontein diamonds from him, and Lemoine was convicted and sent to prison. The long and costly experience had saddened Sir Julius, and it discouraged other diamond magnates from having any part of diamond-making projects. After a time, Lemoine was forgotten, along with Moissan and Hannay. The Hannay diamonds rested undisturbed in the museum; only a few people, over the years, showed any interest in them, and these were not diamond men but mineralogists.

"And now—General Electric," I said when the men fell silent.

"And now General Electric," Mr. White repeated. "Well, all we can do is wait and see."

A LITTLE later, I went over to the Diamond Research Laboratory, hoping to find out something about the properties of diamonds in general and to stir up whatever speculation I could on the subject of the G.E. diamonds. With its neat brick exterior, broad cement staircases, wide corridors, and big, cool rooms, the laboratory reminded me of a building on a modern American college campus. I was taken in hand by a bright young guide, and the first thing he showed me was a small museum, on the ground floor, where I looked at glass cases containing specimens of tools and instruments in which industrial diamonds are used—wire-drawing dies, stone-cutting saws, glass-cutting saws, engraving pencils, abrasive wheels, dressing tools, drill bits, and crowns for oil-well drills, along with wheels for polishing diamonds themselves. It came as a small shock to me to recognize a phonograph needle in the midst of all those esoteric implements. Then I spotted a dentist's drill. This horrid object reminded me of something my dentist had said before I left London: "You know, if the dia-



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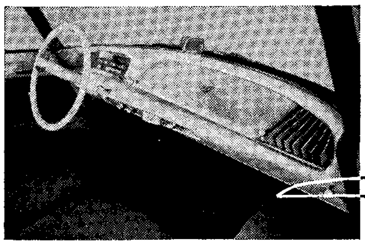

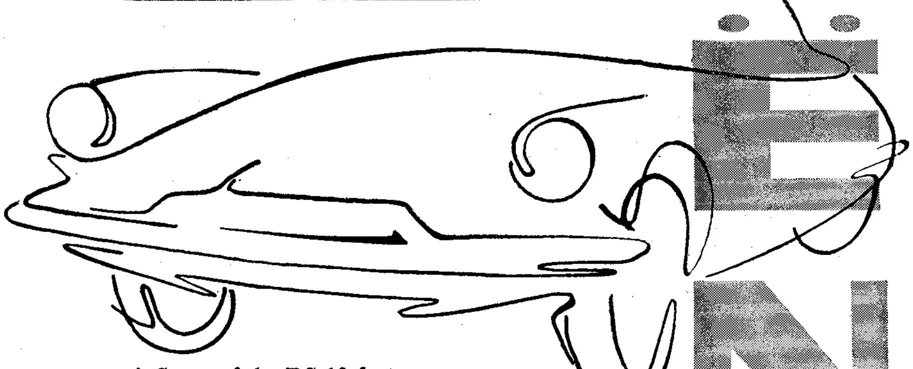

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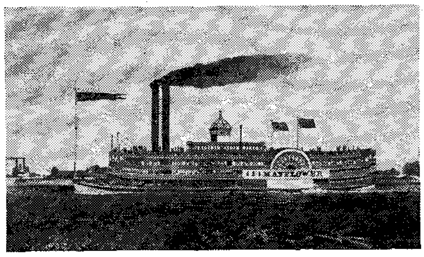

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I told my guide what the dentist had said. "Your dentist is wrong," he assured me. "Quite wrong. We aren't holding back industrials; our supply simply isn't equal to the demand. But it's no use saying so. We say it until we're blue in the face, and the public won't believe us."

I decided to take another tack, and said, "But now, with the General Electric diamond, it surely won't take long for the supply to catch up with the demand?"

"Ah, the General Electric diamond," he said. "It's impossible to predict what effect that is going to have. I'd guess that production costs are still too high for the thing to be a commercial proposition, but in time— Here's Dr. Custers. Why don't we ask him?"

Dr. J. F. H. Custers, a native of Holland, is joint director of the laboratory, in charge of physical research. My guide said, "We were just talking about the General Electric diamond. That's in your department, Dr. Custers. What do you think about it?"

Slowly and impressively, Dr. Custers replied, "I think—they have made a diamond." He smiled, his eyebrows arching above rimless spectacles, and looked attentive.

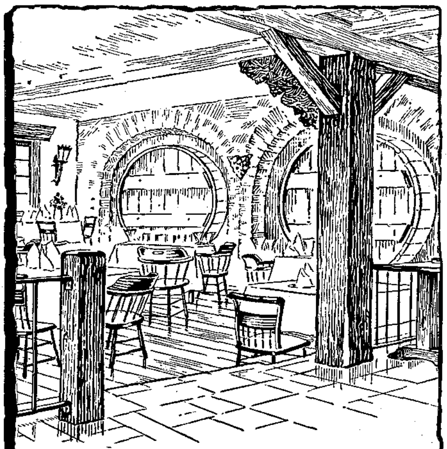
"But can they produce their diamonds in real bulk?" I asked.

"That's one of many things that remain to be seen," he said, and looked attentive again.

After a pause, my guide said philosophically, "Well, after all, what are we getting so excited about? A diamond is just carbon, when you come right down to it."

"No," Dr. Custers said. "Diamond is carbon, of course, but it is not *just* carbon. Diamond is a very interesting mineral, quite apart from the qualities for which we value it. Here at the laboratory, we are always trying to discover why it behaves as it does. We think we're on the way to finding some of the answers, and General Electric is undoubtedly finding others."

As we resumed our tour, Dr. Custers walked along with us. The next thing I was shown was some of the developmental work the laboratory was doing



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on tools of the sort I had seen in the museum. In one room, a man was plotting a diagram on a yard-square piece of paper; there were two concentric circles, with lines converging on their center from all directions, and in the space between the two circles there was an irregular pattern of dots. "The circles represent a drill crown—the head of one of those powerful drills that oil men and miners use—and the dots represent diamonds," the draftsman explained. "I'm trying to spot the diamonds where they'll achieve the best results in grinding. From the wear and tear on used crowns, we can tell where they got the hardest treatment, and we set our diamonds with this in mind. As you can see, the fellows at that table over there are resetting used diamonds. When the point wears down, we turn the stone so that a fresh point sticks out; that way, one diamond lasts a long time."

We moved on to a room where some men in work aprons were testing diamond-pointed drills on rotating discs, as if they were phonograph needles, and then to a room where wheels with a coating of oil and diamond dust on their rims were grinding diamonds down to the shapes needed for various kinds of cutting tools. We looked into a few other big, clean rooms, and all of them gave the impression not of workshops but of artists' studios—even one in which some men were trying out glass-cutters and, in the process, were deliberately smashing an occasional glass plate.

At length, we came to Dr. Custers' own laboratory, and there the atmosphere was different. I felt as if we had entered a hospital. The laboratory was equipped with, among other things, an X-ray unit, several high-powered microscopes, and a spectroscope. Dr. Custers explained that from the width and the intensity of the lines projected onto a spectrographic plate by any given diamond he could determine what elements besides carbon were present in it, and in what quantities. He told me that nearly all diamonds contain traces of foreign elements, some of which—cobalt, iron, titanium, and chromium, for instance—almost certainly affect their color. "One of my particular interests is color in diamonds," he said. "I'm curious to know what color those General Electric diamonds are. Well, perhaps we'll soon find out." He went on to say that there was still a lot to be learned about color in diamonds and that he had some theories of his own, but for the moment he didn't elaborate. Instead, he told us how the color of

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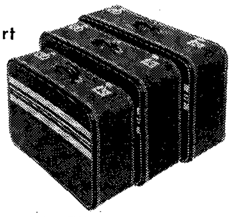

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diamonds can be changed in the laboratory. When blue-white diamonds are irradiated in an atomic pile, he said, they turn green. The depth and intensity of the green depend on the amount of irradiation; a strong dose produces a bottle-green so deep that it looks almost black. Then, when one of these green diamonds is heated, it changes color again—first to either amber or yellow, and later, if the heat is great enough, to something close to its original color. An irradiated stone, however, never loses its yellow tinge completely. "In other words," Dr. Custers said, "some of the radiation damage is permanent."

Speaking in what for him must have been baby talk, and looking alternately at my guide and at me, Dr. Custers explained the meaning of irradiation and the reason for these reactions. "You remember the fundamentals of atomic structure, of course," he said. "An atom consists of a nucleus, made up of protons and neutrons, with electrons moving ceaselessly around it, like planets around the sun. A proton carries a positive charge, an electron a negative charge, and a neutron no charge at all, which is why it's called a neutron. The atoms of any crystal are arranged in a fixed pattern, called the lattice. In some crystalline substances, the lattice is complicated, but in diamonds it is quite simple. When we irradiate a diamond, we bombard it with neutrons from a uranium pile, and they come along so fast and furious that they knock some of the diamond atoms out of their places in the lattice. This, naturally, starts up a lot of excitement inside the diamond. The atoms that receive direct hits push other atoms out of place, and these, in turn, crowd others, until the entire lattice is disarranged. When this happens, some of the properties of the crystal are changed—visible properties like light-absorption, or, as we see it, color, and invisible properties like thermal conductivity, thermal expansion, and electrical conductivity, which we can determine with these instruments. When the diamond in question is subjected to higher temperatures, things change again; the displaced atoms get stirred up and develop enough energy to return to something like their original positions in the lattice, and as they do, the green fades."

Listening, I recalled stories I had heard of old-time Kimberley traders who cooked off-color stones in various chemicals until they looked nearly clear, and then sold them quickly. After a while, the cooked stones reverted to their original color. Those traders may not have had Dr. Custers' education or

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equipment, but they, too, knew something about the properties of diamonds.

Bombarding a diamond with neutrons, Dr. Custers continued, is comparatively simple. Since the neutrons carry no electrical charge, they aren't drawn out of their trajectory by the protons and electrons in the atoms, and thus penetrate the diamond lattice without difficulty. Bombardment by protons would be more difficult, because the protons in the diamond atoms would repel them and the electrons would attract them. "We run into the same trouble with electrons as projectiles—or, rather, precisely the opposite trouble," he said. "Besides, electrons are much lighter than protons or neutrons, and therefore much more easily scattered. However, there is a kind of generator that can throw electrons with such force that they will penetrate diamonds, at least to a certain depth. Diamonds bombarded with electrons turn blue." Dr. Custers took an electron-bombarded diamond out of a box on his desk. "If you hold this stone sidewise, you will observe that the coloration is only a surface phenomenon," he said.

I saw that except for a thin layer of brilliant blue on one side, the stone was clear and colorless.

"The coloration never goes more than a fiftieth of an inch deep with this method," he said. "The electrons lose their energy and are absorbed or scattered. No one has yet discovered how to make this treatment any more effective, and I see little prospect of applying it to the production of fancy stones for the market. Any colored diamond you see today either was found in a mine with that color or has been doctored. Moreover, the blue of that thin layer is not the same as the blue of a natural blue diamond. Let us compare them."

He brought out a natural blue diamond, and we set the two stones side by side. He was right; the natural blue stone had the soft color of sapphire, whereas the other was a greenish blue.

"I have a theory about natural blue stones," said Dr. Custers. "Perhaps their color is not due to the presence of foreign elements. I find it significant that every natural blue stone I have examined belongs to Type 2-B."

I asked Dr. Custers what, exactly, the various types of diamonds were, and he told me. "For years," he said, "we have known that diamonds fall into two main categories—Type 1, the usual sort, and Type 2. One difference is that under ultraviolet rays Type 1 diamonds do not glow—that is, they are not

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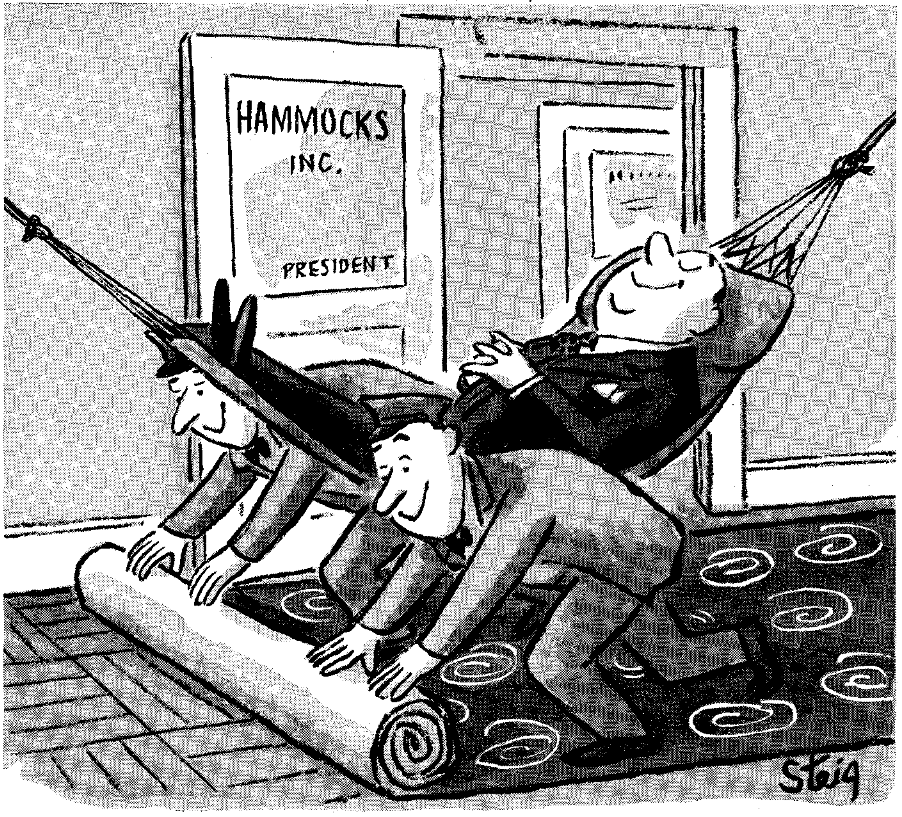

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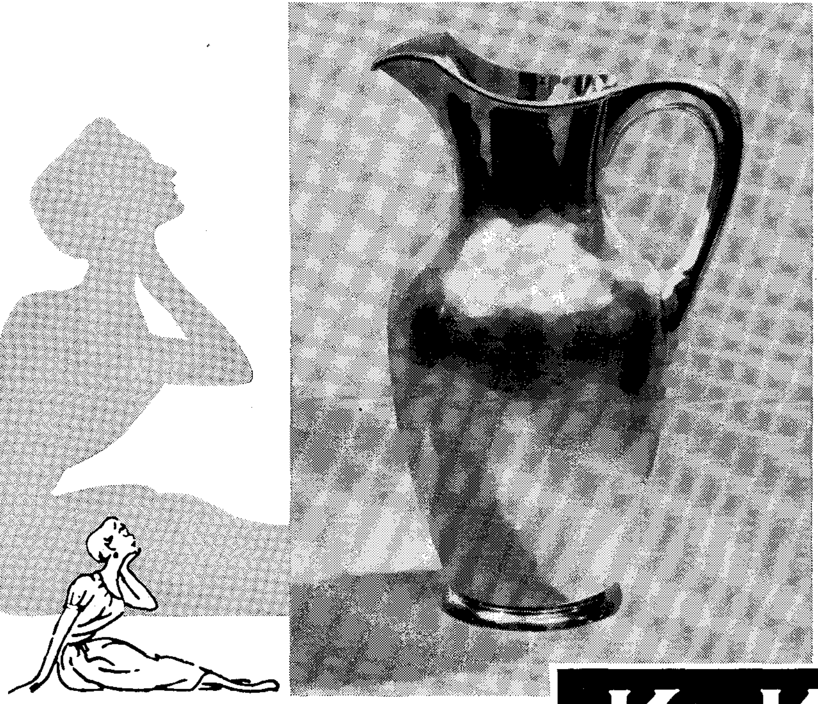

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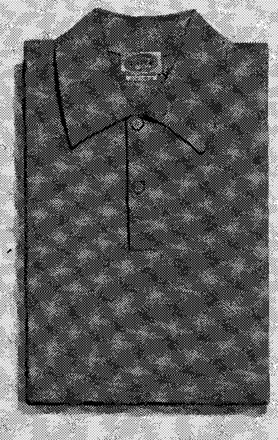

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fluorescent—while Type 2 diamonds do glow. Then, a few years ago, we discovered that there were two kinds of Type 2 diamonds. When the ultraviolet rays are removed, some Type 2 diamonds cease to glow at once—that is, they are not phosphorescent—while others are strongly phosphorescent. The first kind we call Type 2-A, and the second, Type 2-B. Moreover, Type 2-B diamonds, unlike all other diamonds, conduct electricity fairly well. Until recently, this hadn't been suspected; non-conductivity was one of the accepted facts about diamonds, and all diamonds were thought to be excellent insulators, although, of course, they were far too expensive to use for that purpose. Now let me show you an experiment." From his collection, Dr. Custers chose a roughly cubic uncut diamond. It was a beautiful rich blue, but he wasn't showing it to me because of its beauty. "Another 2-B diamond," he said. "I will place it between two electrodes, and I will run a very strong current through it. Remember, no other type of diamond would be affected at all, no matter how great the charge. It would remain cool. The current is on now. Watch."

I watched. Soon the blue diamond, wedged between two little metal plates, began to glow, and the blue gradually faded. As Dr. Custers stepped up the current, the diamond became a brilliant red, glowing as angrily as a piece of coal.

"You see?" Dr. Custers said, switching off the electricity.

I asked if the diamond would be blue again after it had cooled off. Dr. Custers said it would, and went on, "These natural blues of Type 2-B keep their color no matter how much heat we apply. And that raises the possibility that the blue may be due to some special structure—a structure more stable than that of the other types of diamond. That's my theory, anyway, but, of course, it still has to be worked out."

I looked speculatively at the blue diamond, from which the angry glow was now fading. A memory was troubling me, and it took me a minute or two to pin it down. It was the memory of a separation method used in the coastal diamond fields of South-West Africa. Diamonds are found there in an alluvial gravel that bears no resemblance to the diamondiferous blue ground in the deep mines around Kimberley, and the diamonds are not extracted in the same way. Diamonds from blue ground shed water and stick to grease, and they are extracted by washing the ore over grease tables. The coastal diamonds

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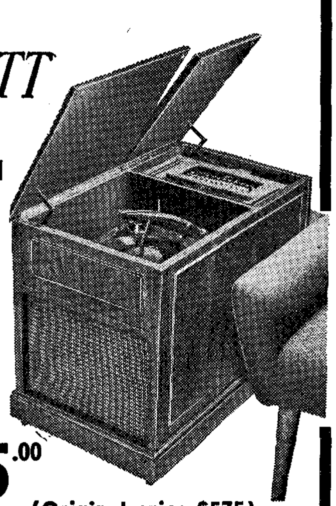

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have been carried great distances across Africa in rivers, and their long immersion has taken away their water-shedding property. Grease tables won't work unless the ore is first put through a corrective chemical bath—a special solution of oleic acid, which gives the diamonds, but not the gravel, a water-repellent film. Some South-West African miners treat them in this manner, but the usual method is electrostatic separation.

Recalling that electrostatic separation had something to do with the non-conductivity of diamonds, I asked Dr. Custers to explain the method. "Well," he said obligingly, "you start in the usual way. You take your ore and swirl it in a rotary separator, which gets rid of silt, pebbles, and the rest of the lighter stuff. What you have left is a concentrate that approaches the weight of diamond. This you feed into the electrostatic separator. The latest model is a huge machine—it handles a ton of the concentrate an hour—but the principle is quite simple. The concentrate is passed through a high-tension field between two electrodes, one grounded and one positive, and there everything in it acquires an induced charge. Now, most of the gravel is made up of substances that conduct electricity. Diamonds, however, do not conduct electricity. Therefore—"

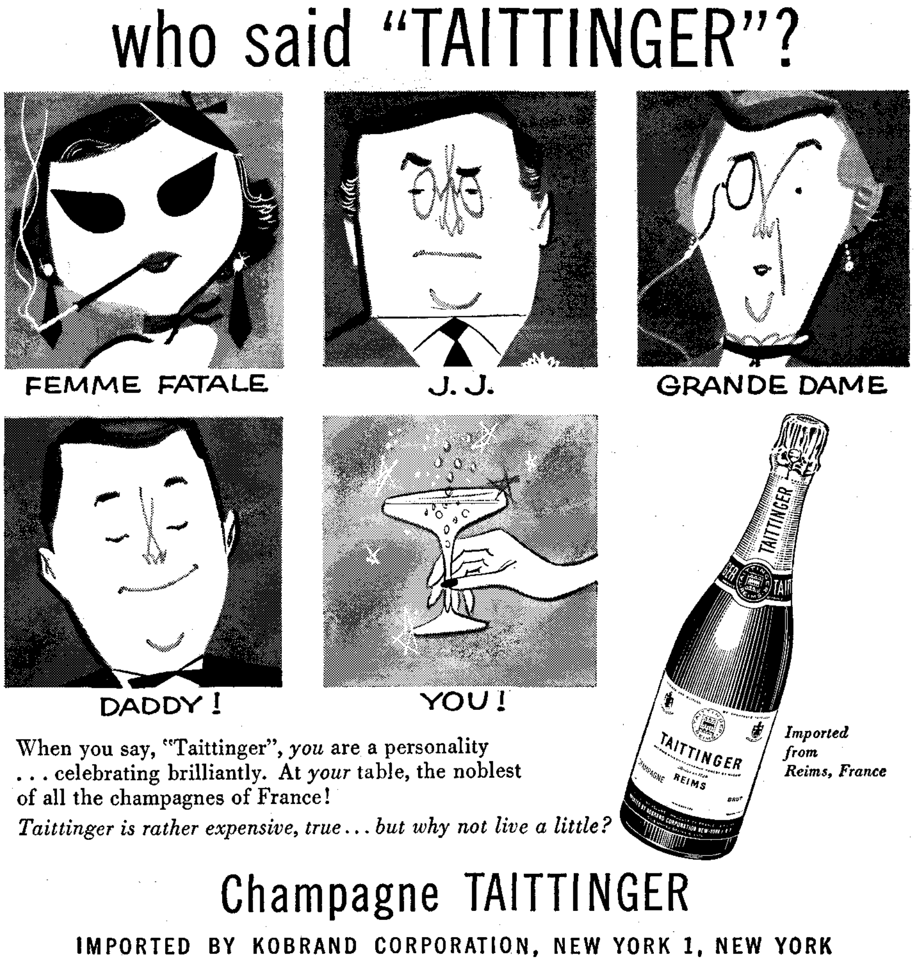
"Just a minute," I said, but Dr. Custers was far ahead of me.

"According to the theory on which this separation process is based, diamonds do *not* conduct electricity," he said firmly, "and so when the material passes through, the gravel and the diamonds behave differently. The gravel loses its charge to the grounded electrode, becoming negative, and then is drawn toward the positive electrode. The attraction carries it clean out of the field, into a reject bin. But the diamonds, not being conductors, don't lose their charge to the grounded electrode. They remain positive, and are repelled by the positive electrode. They fall into another bin, and there you are."

"But that only works if you have non-conductive diamonds," I said. "And so—"

"And so," he said, smiling, "you lose your 2-B diamonds. That is true, but we've only just found it out."

WHEN I returned to London, some weeks later, I discovered that, like the man in Mr. White's office, I couldn't help thinking about Hannay, so I went to the Museum of



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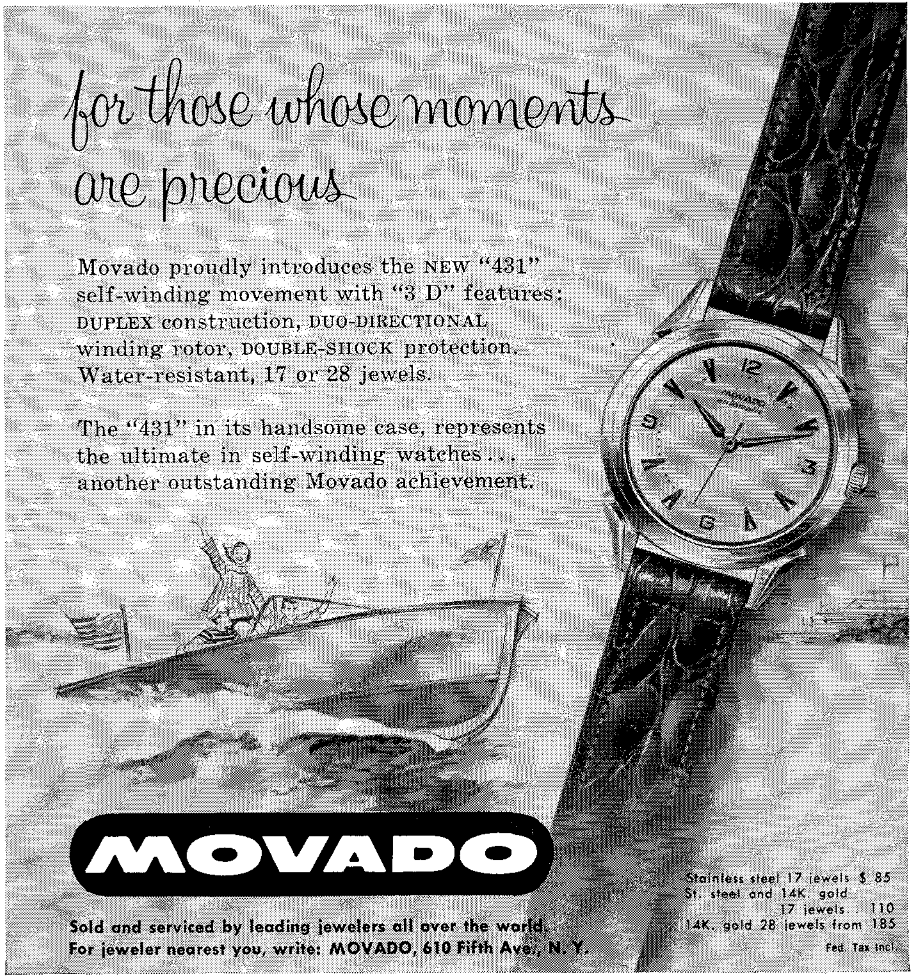

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Natural History to look at the Hannay diamonds. I had the idea that they would be on display under glass, perhaps with Hannay's apparatus laid out next to them, but they weren't, and after receiving directions from an attendant I wandered through a hall filled with awesome plaster models of dinosaurs and glass cases containing genuine dinosaur bones, and eventually came to a door with a sign on it reading, "Mineral Department Enquiries Office." I rang a bell, and after a long wait a young man in a smock appeared. I told him I would like to see the Hannay diamonds. "That's odd," he said. "A lot of people seem to be interested in Hannay these days. If you'll come in and wait a minute, I'll get Dr. . . ." His voice trailed off as he scurried away. He had led me into another long passage full of glass cases, these containing not dinosaur bones but rocks and minerals. Everything looked dusty, as everything should in a museum. In a little while, a brisk, crew-cut, spectacled man came in, walking fast.

"What do you want to know about the Hannay diamonds?" he asked, a trifle aggressively.

I said that I merely wanted to see them and, if possible, Hannay's equipment.

"Not a trace of the equipment's left," he said. "But we've got the diamonds. Come on up to my office; it's over on the other side."

As we went out of the rock-and-mineral room and walked back past the dinosaurs, he said, "I'm relieved that that's all you want. For a minute, I thought you intended to ask me what I think of them."

He didn't go on, so I asked, "Well, what *do* you think of them?"

He shrugged and smiled bitterly, but still said nothing. For some reason, I felt impelled to take up the cudgels for the long-dead Hannay. "They're Type 2, aren't they?" I asked.

"Yes," the Doctor said.

"A or B?" I asked.

"Why, I don't know," he said. "I don't imagine anyone has taken the trouble to find out. They're just specks, you know."

"Well, anyway, where would Hannay have got hold of so many rare Type 2 diamonds if he hadn't made them?" I demanded.

"Who said they were rare?" he retorted. "I'm not at all sure Type 2 is as hard to find as some people make out. Who can tell, until somebody does some really careful sampling? But, anyway, suppose we accept your premise:

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Type 2 is rare. That still doesn't mean Hannay made those diamonds. Just wait—I'll show you something. Here we are." He opened a door, let me into a good-sized office with large windows, and left me there for a minute; when he came back, he was carrying not diamonds but a book. He opened it, found his place, and put it down on his desk. "Read that, and then see what you think," he said triumphantly.

It was an article that included an excerpt from the correspondence column of the London *Times* of February 20, 1880—a letter signed by Professor N. Story-Maskelyne, of the Mineral Department of the British Museum. Professor Story-Maskelyne was taking this method—a common one in England even today—of informing the public of something he felt it should know. He said that a man named J. Ballantine Hannay, a Scot, "has today sent me some small crystallized particles, presenting exactly the appearance of fragments of a broken diamond." There was a lot more to the letter, but in the Doctor's eyes this was the important part. "What do you think of that?" he demanded. He read aloud emphatically, in case I had missed it, " '. . . exactly the appearance of fragments of a broken diamond,' " and added, "Isn't that quite suggestive? Isn't that enough? I hadn't noticed it until General Electric started everybody thinking about Hannay again and I read the article over. As soon as I came across that phrase, I hadn't any more doubts. That disposes of your argument. Hannay had to have only one of your rare Type 2 diamonds."

"Are you sure they're parts of one smashed-up stone?" I asked.

"Sure? How can we be sure?" he said. "They're much too small to tell. But that's one possibility, and as far as I'm concerned, it's as good as any other."

I wasn't convinced, and I started to say that some of the De Beers people in Johannesburg thought the world had done Hannay an injustice, but at the name De Beers he broke in with "How did they take the General Electric news? Knocked them pretty hard, didn't it?"

"I wouldn't say that," I answered. "The stock went down briefly, but it's gone up again, you know." He looked disappointed. "That's probably partly because General Electric has stated that it has no designs on the gem market," I added.

"I don't care about gems," he said impatiently. "They're just nonsense;

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that side of the industry's purely freak."

"Oh, come, now," I began, but he went right on.

"It's the way they hold back their industrials that has always been so bad," he said. "But now that General Electric is making industrials, De Beers is finished."

I repeated that I hadn't noticed much perturbation at the De Beers offices, and told him that the people there declared firmly that they had not been holding back production of industrials. This made him very impatient indeed. "Of course they have," he said flatly. "It's common knowledge. But the days when De Beers could do anything it pleased are over; the General Electric diamond has changed everything. Of course, it still costs more to produce than an industrial from the mines, but that's just a matter of time. And it's only twice as costly, even now—a tremendous achievement." He became thoughtful, almost dreamy. "It's the fact that they've conquered the process that is so exciting," he said. "Why, there's no limit now to what we can find out. And not only about diamonds. I'm not interested in diamonds for themselves. No, the important thing about this is the *process*." Then he recollected himself. "The Hannay specimens," he said. "I'll get them for you."

He came back carrying a shallow box about twice the size of a matchbox, with a glass top. Inside, two microscope slides lay on cotton. Mounted on one was a flat black blob hardly bigger than a pinhead. "I don't know what that is," said the Doctor, "but I do know it's not a diamond. It was found with the others." On the other slide were twelve specks, also black and even tinier, lined up in two rows.

"Good Lord!" I said. "Is that it? I mean are those all of them?"

"That's it. Those are your Hannay diamonds," said the Doctor. He handed me a magnifying glass. "You can see them quite well with this if you go over to the window."

Looked at through the glass, the little black specks came up, and showed that they had depth and weren't black at all; they even developed a bit of sparkle. They looked like diamonds, all right, and the three largest—if you can use the word "large" for anything so minute—looked like miniature replicas of diamonds I had seen and handled without being afraid that I might sneeze and disperse them. Perhaps I was prejudiced, but they didn't look to me like fragments of one big stone.

After a few minutes, I handed the

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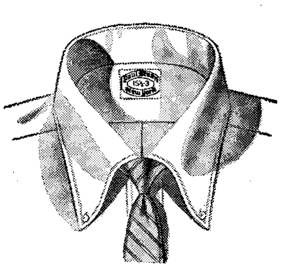

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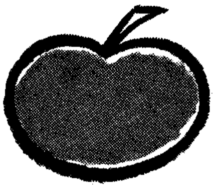

teacher of the year!

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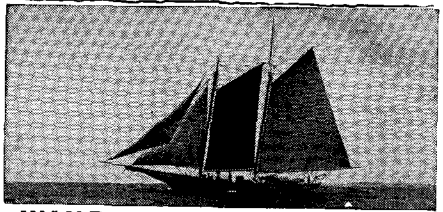

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box back to the Doctor. "And now all we've got to do is figure out if they could possibly have been made by Hannay," I said. "I already know what your opinion is."

He had calmed down by this time, and said quite genially, "Of course, not everybody agrees with me. Only yesterday, I was asked to bring these things out and show them to a couple of people from Canada. They've studied the matter for some time, and they think Hannay did make diamonds. Furthermore, they have an idea they can reproduce his method. They've scraped up some money, and they're going to have a try."

"But if General Electric's already done it, what's the point?" I asked.

"No explaining what some people will do," the Doctor said. "Manufacturing diamonds is a subject that seems to fascinate a lot of people, especially now that General Electric's put the cat among the pigeons. The thing I can't understand is what you say about the De Beers fellows not being worried. They ought to see for themselves that natural diamonds are finished. Finished!" The thought seemed to make him positively cheerful, and his eyes gleamed.

I THOUGHT about the Doctor a good deal on the way home, and practically everything about his attitude irritated me—his contempt for gems, his premature burial of De Beers, and his skepticism about Hannay. But the next morning, when I opened the *Times*, I saw an article that made me feel better. It was a report on a gathering that had taken place at Christie's, the famous London auction rooms, the previous afternoon, at just about the time I was squinting at Hannay's specimens through the magnifying glass. "The highest price, £34,000," I read, "was given by Messrs. Biggs, of Maidenhead, for a beautiful circular-cut diamond, weighing approximately 47.85 carats, mounted in the form of a pendant with a baguette diamond and circular-cut diamond loop of angular outline, and a single-line necklet of small diamonds." That took care of the Doctor on one point.

As for De Beers, it may one day be in for some competition, for just a few weeks ago General Electric announced that it had been making "steady progress in bridging the gap between the first experiments and the production line." (It also announced that it had presented a hundred carats of man-made diamonds to the Smithsonian In-

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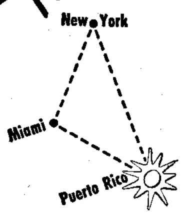

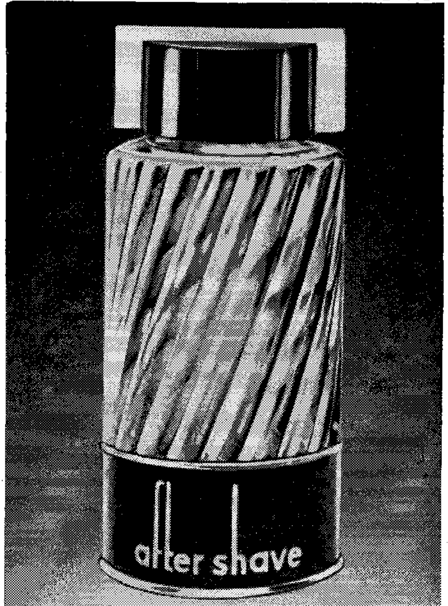

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stitution; these were of all three types—Type 1, Type 2-A, and Type 2-B.) But in the opinion of the diamond people I know, it will be a long time before De Beers has to go out and look for customers.

And as for Hannay— well, I still think he made those diamonds.

—EMILY HAHN

(*This is the fifth of a series of articles. The sixth will appear in an early issue.*)

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Family Living on $500 a Year," by Juliet Corson, 1888*]

The expenditure which the wife can actually regulate is that bearing chiefly upon the table. Upon her ability depends its use in right proportion to the sum of the income. When the ordinary expenses of living are considered, the table should not consume more than one third of the entire amount. Suppose this to be $1500. An average rent would be $25 per month; while in some cities it would be more, in many localities it would be considerably less, especially in young and spreading communities and their suburbs, and upon the line of metropolitan railways; in perfectly respectable city neighborhoods a floor or a part of a small house can be rented for from $25 to $30 a month. Fuel for a cooking-stove and two other fires, and lights, would cost about $8 per month, providing coke were used in cities, and the cinders of coal utilized, and if some of the lighting were done by kerosene. Upon this point it may be well to say here that actual tests have shown possible the entire lighting of a four-story city house with kerosene at an average cost of $3 per month, not including the cost of lamps. The average single servant's hire is about $12 per month. Then would come household wear and tear and medical attendance, that would probably be covered by $100 a year, the fact being remembered that the doctor's visits can be largely affected by the mother's own care of her family, and chiefly by keeping them properly nourished. Church dues, literature, and amusements would require at least $60 a year. And this estimate would leave $300 for clothing.

•

In spite of the bad weather, over 300 persons attended the dedication of the ultra-modern new post office at McLean last Saturday.

The McLean High School band and the Fairfax Jubilairs even exceeded their reputations. The talks by Congressman Broyhill and the Deputy Postmaster General were both instructive and enjoyable.

The parade scheduled to precede the ceremony was called off because of the weather. The only untoward incident was the misplacing of former postmaster H. A. Storm's wife.—*McLean* (*Va.*) *Providence Journal.*

Well, it doesn't augur well for the handling of mail.

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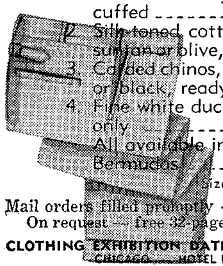
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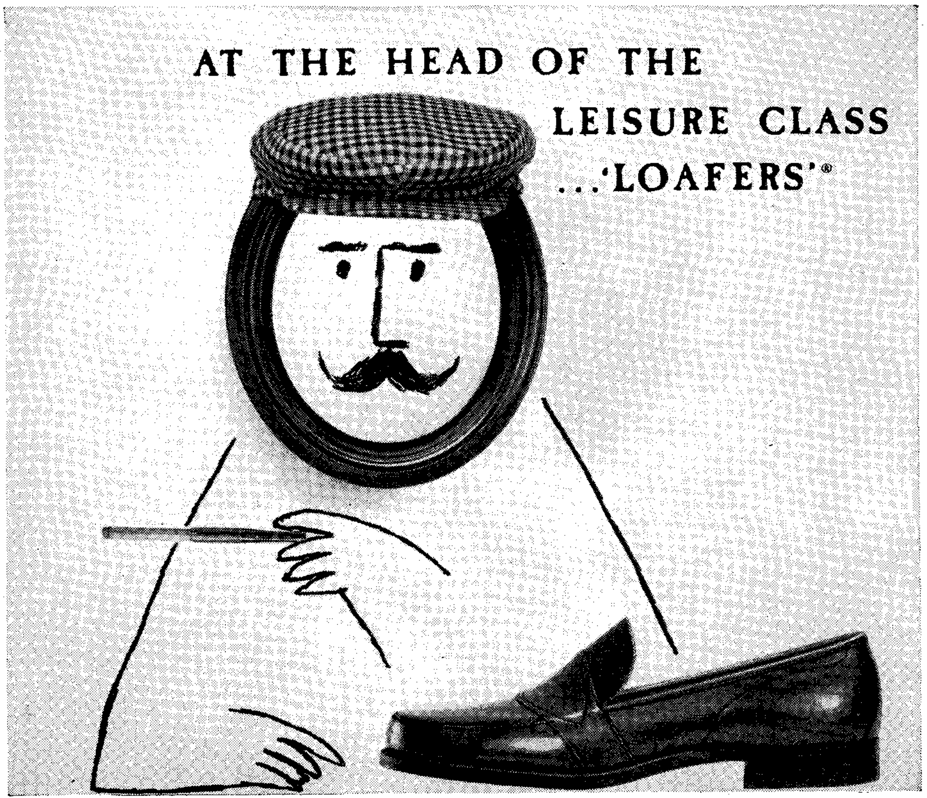
"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH" is an up-to-date VistaVision, Technicolor, American version of a narrow-screen, black-and-white English film made by Alfred Hitchcock twenty years ago. While the current product, also directed by Mr. Hitchcock, is unquestionably much bigger and shinier than the original, it doesn't move along with anything like the agility of its predecessor. There can be no doubt, of course, that Mr. Hitchcock at one time was a master of celluloid suspense, but increasingly of late he has been turning out movies that are too overweight to indulge in the tricks of his salad days. I forget now just how long "The Man Who Knew Too Much" was the first time around, but I do remember that there was hardly a moment when it wasn't engrossing. The same can't be said of the new version, which would indicate that Mr. Hitchcock, after his long stay in Hollywood, has lost his green, mysterious thumb. Even in the old days, he rarely had a plot that would bear scrutiny; his gift was to keep things moving so fast that nobody had time to pause and reflect that what he was up to was a massive and delightful swindle. Obviously, this was a good and entertaining idea, and, equally obviously, Mr. Hitchcock performed his legerdemain in picture after picture.

As we see the English master at work now, he has agreed to the notion that an American family without wit or enterprise is a subject worth wasting two hours on. The family consists of a husband, a wife, and a child. The husband, played by James Stewart, is an Indianapolis doctor whose manner would lead one to believe that he couldn't prescribe an aspirin. The wife, played by Doris Day, is the sort of woman who finds some humor in the fact that a doctor's holiday is paid for by appendectomies, tonsillectomies, and stomach-ache prescriptions. The child, played by Christopher Olsen, is an invitation to infanticide. Apparently, enough human misery has come the doctor's way to enable him to take the family abroad. On a stopover in Marrakech, he and his wife



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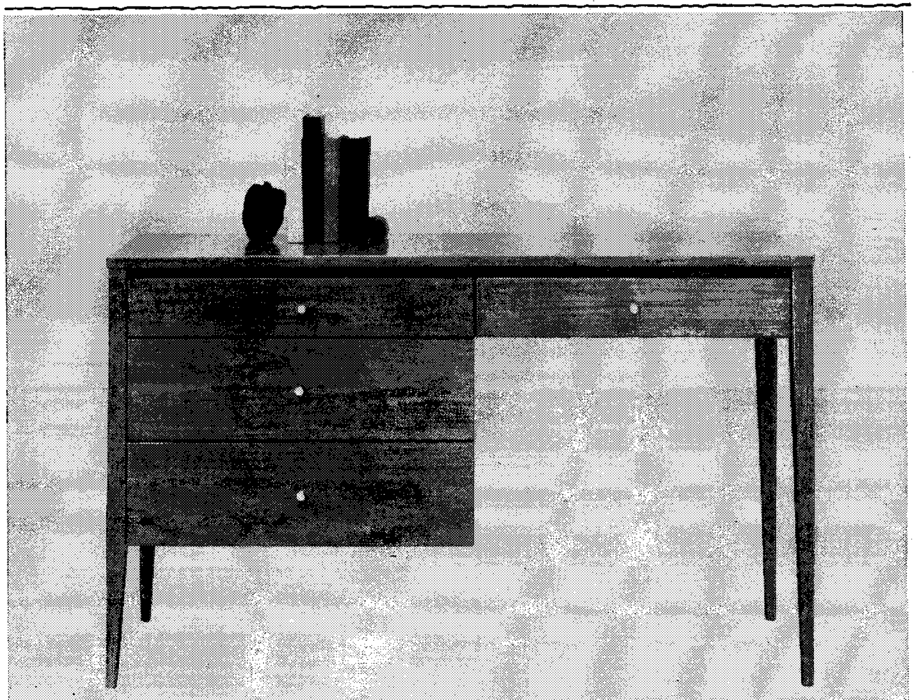

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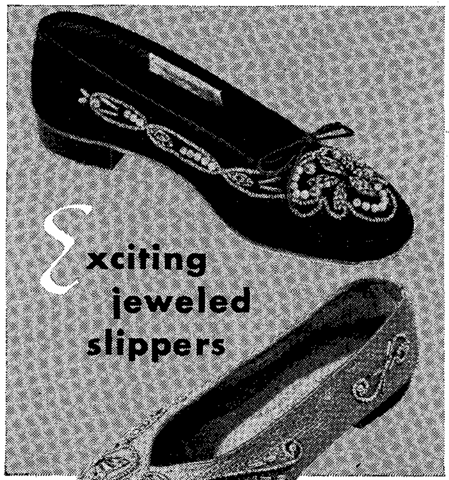

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are mistaken by an English secret-service agent for a couple tangled up with the mechanics of a big-league assassination. The killing is to be done in the Albert Hall, in London, during an orchestral performance, and Mr. Hitchcock makes the most of the slams and bangs of a noisy cantata by Arthur Benjamin and D. B. Wyndham-Lewis before he gets all this inanity resolved. There is nothing to say for the acting in the piece, and little to say for its direction. There are some pretty views of Marrakech, but a set of picture postcards will perform the same service.

Fritz Lang, one of the best movie directors around (do you remember "M" and "Fury"?), is currently not what you'd call up to his top form, either, in "While the City Sleeps." This one has to do with a struggle for power on a newspaper. The rivals for the post of executive editor are Thomas Mitchell, George Sanders, and James Craig, and the man trying to judge their respective merits is Vincent Price, who has inherited the paper. What Mr. Price really wants is to have Dana Andrews, who writes a column for him, take over, but Mr. Andrews would rather play detective; there is a strangler loose in town, and he is bent on finding him. The business goes on for quite a while, but only sporadically does Mr. Lang come up with the sort of eeriness he's so good at.

—John McCarten

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Nods and Becks," by Franklin P. Adams*]

Now "very" is a four-letter word that ought to be ruled out of conversation and writing; and if I were a potent force in the Newspaper Guild I would revise the constitution and make it read that the use of the word "very" would be just cause to discharge the reporter using it, and the copyreader for not deleting it.—*Page 125.*

Up pretty early, and so found D. Morton the teacher and poet, and good at both, I will be bound. And he had us to breakfast, and so out in the pretty country again, very warm, and to Watertown . . . —*Page 172.*

•

U.S. Fund-Raising Plan.—The Colgate-Palmolive Company, at a press luncheon in New York April 30, announced that it will contribute 10 cents to the Olympic Fund for the first 1,000,000 box tops or wrappers collected from specified soaps, detergents and toiletries between now and July 15.—*Australian Weekly Review.*

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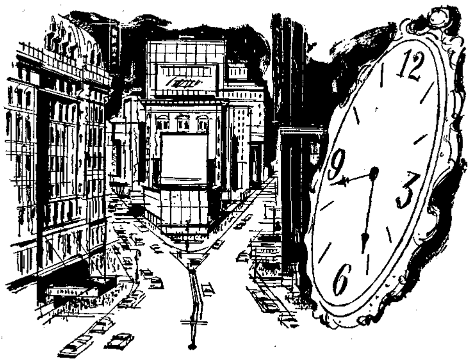

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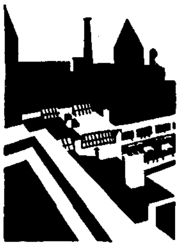
Philadelphia—II

ONE of the largest contemporary efforts to rebuild the central business area of a vast city is now under way in Philadelphia—the erection of a group of office buildings, a bus terminal, and a hotel that will form the new Penn Center, on the site of the old Broad Street Station and the Chinese Wall, the railway embankment that led to it. The mere fact that a hotel is being put up on such a valuable piece of real estate should be enough to make news in New York. Our own financial experts seem to think that New York should get along without hotels, since office buildings are more profitable, and that it won't make any difference to visitors here if they have to stay at hotels in Newark or Yonkers—or Philadelphia. It is still too early, though, to appraise the contribution of Penn Center, which combines public planning and private enterprise, to either architectural or civic order. Meanwhile, so many other buildings have lately been going up in Philadelphia that a commentator on them hardly knows where to begin. Till recently, the only important modern structure in Philadelphia was the PSFS Building, designed by William Lescaze and the late George Howe, and it was finished back in 1932. It is probably no accident that one of the most interesting additions is the new Evening Bulletin Building, designed by the senior architect of the PSFS Building, George Howe, in collaboration with Robert Montgomery Brown, for Howe, though not a prolific creator, was a bridge between the warm traditionalism of his early country-house days and the cold audacities that characterize modern business design of the present decade.



The Bulletin Building is a monumental structure, standing at the western end of that odd, nondescript district in downtown Philadelphia where the city's three main streets—Walnut, Chestnut, and Market—leap the Schuylkill, the low river flats beside it, streaked with virulent greens and viscid browns, and a wasteland of railway tracks. The most prominent neighbors of this building are two obese monuments that face each other across Market Street—the Thirtieth Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with a classic, columned portico so tall that in a high wind it fails in its primary purpose, which is to protect the passenger waiting for a taxi against snow or rain, and the Post Office, an even more depressing structure, whose washed-out classicism was once mistaken in Beaux-Arts circles for modern design. This area also harbored, till a short while ago, such dangerous neighbors as the grain silos whose recent explosion caused considerable damage to the Bulletin property. The Bulletin Building—it is really two buildings—is also at the intersection of Market Street and Thirtieth, but, like the Pennsylvania's station, which it faces, it is set well back from Thirtieth, far enough to provide for a broad plaza, which is partly paved with cobblestones and is elevated a couple of feet above the flanking sidewalk. Half of this plaza serves as a public parking lot. The two Bulletin buildings run a thousand feet along Market Street and the parallel Pennsylvania Boulevard, a thoroughfare flanking the railway yards below. (One of the reasons for placing the buildings on this site was that freight cars can unload their newsprint directly into the great storage space in the basement. To counteract the vibration set up by the passing trains, it was necessary, by the way, to float both buildings on a foundation of lead and asbestos.) The first, or main, building is the dominant architectural feature; separated from it by a high railroad viaduct that crosses Market Street is an immense printing plant. The Boulevard façade of the main building is seen by most people, if at all, only from the trains entering and leaving the Thirtieth Street Station, and the Market Street façade was until recently blanketed by the "L" that ran along this thoroughfare. Now that this structure has gone the way of our own Third Avenue "L" one wonders whether the designers realized how dull these walls would be when they were exposed to the passing eye.

But the first—and probably the only—view most of us will get is of the side that faces us as we leave the railway station. This façade presents itself as a wall of grayish buff brick, four stories high, that seems to float above the continuous panel of plate-glass windows on the ground floor. This brick wall is faintly—indeed, all

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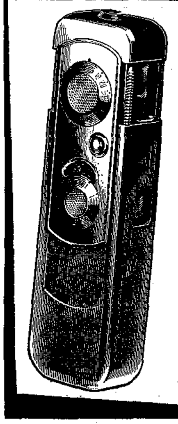

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too faintly and indecisively—rounded at the corners, and one wonders why the designers forfeited the crisp natural corner. The panel of windows is at the back of a loggia that runs the length of the ground floor behind the series of shining stainless-steel columns that sustain the wall at this level. This façade, in its muted elegance, owes an almost too obvious debt to Mies van der Rohe, though no one would mistake it for his work, but its principal feature, the wall that rises, blank and windowless, above these columns, is the result not of aesthetic imitation but of conformity to an entirely new set of conditions brought about by artificial ventilation and fluorescent lighting. From the standpoint of mechanical efficiency, the decision to emphasize wall and eliminate window was a sound one, but the architects did not allow themselves all the freedom in design that this decision gave them. The main building—which houses the editorial, reportorial, accounting, advertising, and circulation departments, to say nothing of the composing room and photographic department—offers the beholder no outside clue to its varied internal activities. On the Market Street and Pennsylvania Boulevard sides, conventional horizontal banks of windows have been provided to favor, with a glimpse of sky, the higher echelons whose offices are on the perimeter of the building. But the shape and placement of these windows make no aesthetic sense, and since their only function is to serve as peepholes—or portholes—rather than as ventilators, they should have been designed largely with a view to creating a handsome façade. On a building of these dimensions, so committed to the use of blank wall, separate squarish windows, correctly proportioned and placed, would have been more in keeping with the design. Such windows might be large ones, reaching from floor to ceiling, or much smaller and more frequent, to create a latticework pattern of wall and opening. And the uncompromising blankness of the printing-plant walls, which are ornamented only by some chaste lettering, could have been diminished by at least a few windows designed purely for aesthetic relief.

Precisely because so much is lost to architecture through submission to the overriding requirements of economy in air-conditioning and of freedom in organizing interior space, the failure to make more of the design of the side walls seems unimaginative. Happily, the administration building turns its strong-

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est façade to the railroad station, and here the blank brick surface really comes to life. Without using a single word from the ancient vocabulary of Roman form, the main building conforms to the classic monumentality of the station; if anything, it shows greater restraint and serenity. On one critical point, however, this façade seems weak. If the station makes the blunder of monumentalizing its entrance to the point of caricature, this building leaves the existence of its entrance in doubt. This is getting to be a common defect in modular construction—the architect's failure to depart from the standard pattern or the standard dimensions in order to give emphasis to a special function. All that was needed here was some visual device that would plainly say, "Come in!" Apart from its confusing uniformity, this façade registers well. The dark wall and the dark windows of the loggia gain by the contrast they offer to the fat columns of stainless steel along the outer rim of the loggia, all the more because these columns resemble the rolls of newsprint that are piled, three high, in the great underground galleries. At night, the happy choice of materials and colors is accented by the fact that the light from the conical red lamps set on aluminum standards in the forecourt turns the moonlight blue of the metal into a sort of unearthly pink marble. The excess of polished metal in our own Lever House needlessly adds its reflecting surface to the polished glass above it; in this building the metal provides a lively contrast to the impassive brick wall. That wall, again, serves as background for the signs that identify the building and decorate this façade—"THE EVENING AND SUNDAY" in small letters above and "BULLETIN" in big letters beneath, reaching about a third of the way across. This legend is in black letters, set away from the wall so that at night they may be illuminated indirectly by throwing light upon the surrounding wall. Thus, this handsome lettering justifies the blankness of the façade at the very moment that it relieves it. About the smaller, oblong sign below (at the second floor, near the Market Street corner), on which the news is projected in running lights, I am in doubt, but the architects perhaps knew what they were doing when they put it so near the corner.

When a design is as simple as this, any small vulgarity must be vigilantly guarded against. The pink neon sign that identifies the parking lot is more than merely irritating, it is downright

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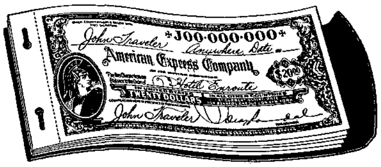

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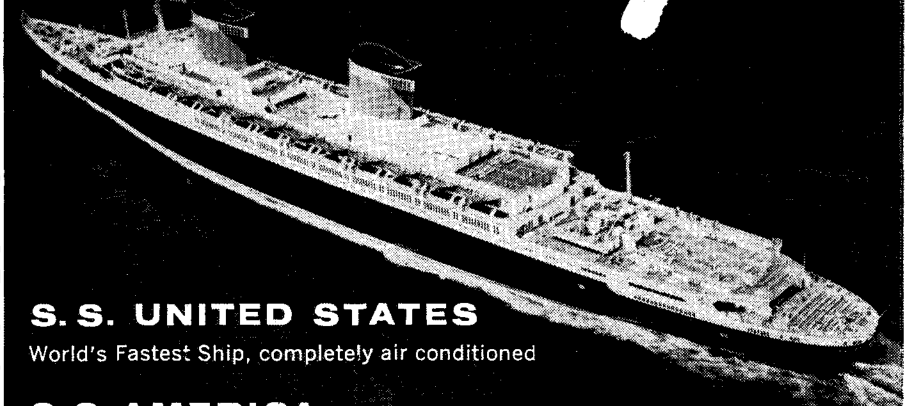

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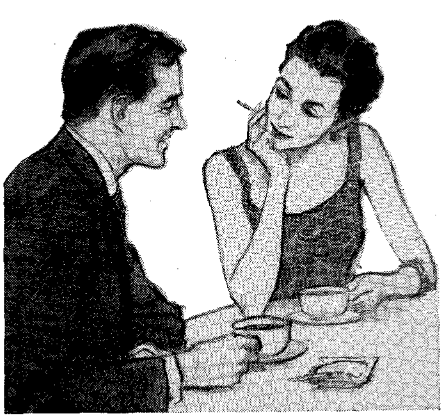

ruinous, and the same must be said of the blatant sky sign, cerise neon against blue enamel, that hovers over the north side of the building, for no very good purpose. Why should anyone pay for good architecture in the first place if it is to be ruined by such a finishing touch?

During last Christmas season, however, another kind of decoration blossomed on the main façade of this building and marvellously enriched it—a simple festoon of lights strung downward in widening lines, like an inverted fountain. We are so used to seeing light used on buildings only for commercial advertisement that we hardly realize how little use has been made of it (apart from Christmas decoration) as a positive form of nocturnal ornamentation, for beauty's sake alone. The blankness of the façade brought out the gaiety of the lights, and suggested how an imaginative designer might improvise such decorations from season to season. I must regretfully add that some mistaken soul came near to spoiling the whole effect by commissioning a panel of "Christmas murals" in the chromo-calendar tradition, for the loggia. One other form of decoration, not merely possible but urgent, has been overlooked in the design of this building. I am not thinking of the failure to do what McKim, Mead & White did so effectively in the old Herald Building, in New York; that is, opening up a great window that would disclose, to the passing spectators, the drama of the printing press disgorging itself to the waiting newsboys. (When one actually examines the regiment of printing presses, one has to admit that since mass production and automation have reached their present stage, there is no focal point to hold the eye, and no human actors to occupy the spotlight.) What is much more needed is a setting of trees and gardens, instead of cobblestones and metal lampposts, in the plaza, even if the red shades of the latter add a pleasant dab of color. And how much more would a hurtling fountain help to give the entrance of the main building the animation it lacks! The starkness of the surroundings could have been profitably blanked out by feathery lanes of trees, for the problem of providing soil here could doubtless have been licked, and both the building and the plaza would have gained immensely by such a humanizing touch.

In summation, I feel that the aesthetic weaknesses of this building stick out because of its utter simplicity, but it seems to me a considerable improve-

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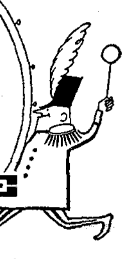

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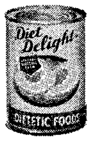

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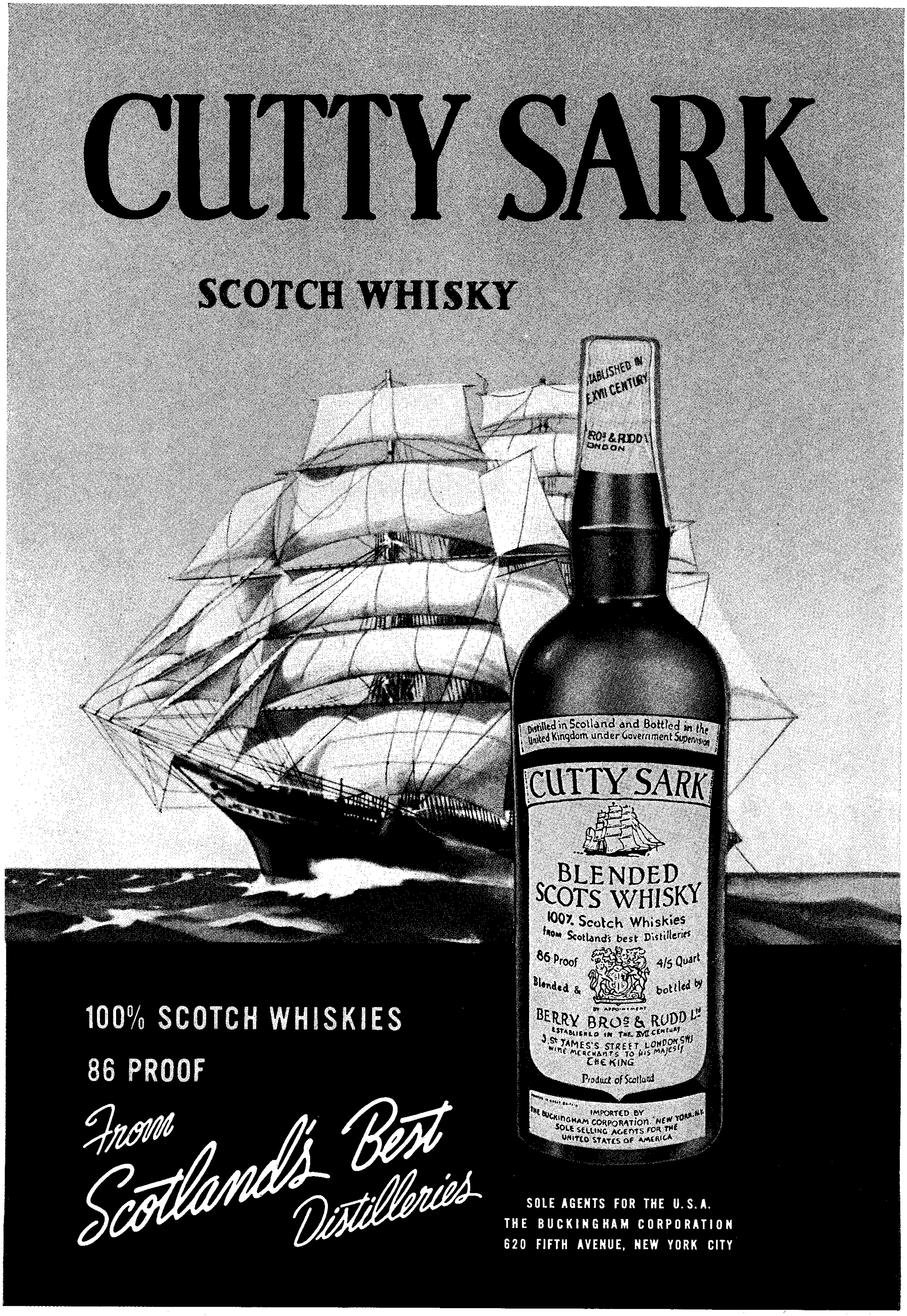
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ment over its two monumental pseudo-classic neighbors; in fact, it vies with William Strickland's old Custom House as one of the best examples of the classic tradition in Philadelphia.

AT the opposite pole from the Bulletin Building, architecturally, stands the new Mercantile Library Building, on Chestnut Street between Tenth and Eleventh Streets—the first vast, walled-in, monumental, with no necessary connection between the aesthetic envelope and the practical contents of the interior, the second small, open, almost nude, disarmingly transparent and inviting. Fortunately for the Mercantile Library, which is outwardly little more than a panel of huge windows, set in a stainless-steel frame, with an identifying name over the doorway in small cutout metal letters, its neighbor on the west is a building whose square-panelled façade is, paradoxically, at once neutral and distinguished. It is identified only by the Horn & Hardart name above the ground-floor shop, a shop that, for once, does justice by its appearance to the excellent quality of the food purveyed by this chain of cafeterias. The upper stories house a parking garage. Modest though it is, the Mercantile Library offers an ingenious solution to a series of difficult problems; indeed, it turns its embarrassments into riches. The site, to begin with, is a poser, for it has a frontage of only thirty-five feet, though the plot runs back a hundred and sixty-three feet to an alleyway in the rear. The architects, Messrs. Sydney Martin, Harry Stewart, and Robert Noble, have deftly converted that cramped lot into a spacious interior whose charm beckons through the panelled glass front to the pedestrian.

The building appears to be only one story high, but there are actually three floors—an entrance floor at street level, with a checking desk on the right, and inviting chairs, tables, and bookstands to the left; a mezzanine to the rear, up a short flight of stairs, that houses the collection of books for circulation and general reading; and, down an equally short flight, the reference books and the business library. The glass front, which is screened only across the top, by a thin curtain of bamboo, reveals the whole library at a glance, clear back through the rear windows, which give onto a little brick-walled garden. This openness serves the same purpose it does in a supermarket or in our own Manufacturers Trust Company Building, on Fifth Avenue: it turns the building into

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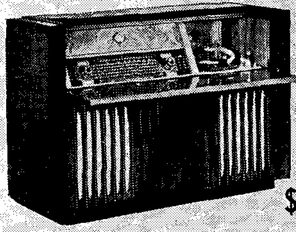

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The chief means of achieving this openness and spaciousness is not just the glass front itself but the use of a split-level plan, which gives the whole thing the visual height of one large room. Split-level plans far too often introduce an element of indecision as one enters a building. But the entrance hall of this one is spacious enough to enable the visitor to take in the alternatives before choosing whether to go up or down. The rooms, happily, do not seem as low as they are, for the yellow trim and opaque washboard glass over the fluorescent ceiling lights take away the coldness of that sort of illumination and seem to lift the ceiling. This ingenuity in making the best possible use of difficult conditions does not rest on any ostentatious parsimony; on the contrary, the dominant note is ease and largess. The only dubious aesthetic feature is the big mural that fills the left-hand wall of the entrance—an earnest but oppressive effort to embellish the obvious, since the figures in the mural only repeat what the eye beholds in life in the reading rooms beyond. This wall might better have been an exhibition space for a constantly changing series of paintings and prints; few murals that have been painted in the last twenty-five years, from Diego Rivera's on down, give one any reason to believe that a mediocre painting can be improved by magnifying it and embedding it irrevocably in a plastered wall. But I hasten to add that there is a pleasant birdlike mobile, hovering near the entrance, that by its very placement is in constant motion, and it provides just the right sort of entertainment for the eye while one is waiting to have a book checked.

As for the rest of the furniture and decoration, most of it is appropriate both in form and in color. The woodwork of the tables and bookshelves is a honey-colored hand-rubbed rock maple, and the back panels of the bookshelves are a dull red; where the walls are of plaster, they are done in a soft dull blue, while where the walls are done in exposed cinder blocks, they present a varied surface of gray, brown, and orangey-tan oblongs. The color and texture of these blocks have revised my very low opinion of bare cinder blocks as an inside finish. Up to now, the only excuse for them has been brute economy, but these particular blocks justify themselves by the same criteria of aesthetic decency, if not

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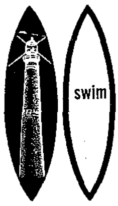

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positive beauty, that would justify bare pine boards, for instance. The arrangements of the chairs and tables and bookshelves are excellent. While the last are set at right angles to the left wall, to form alcoves, the chairs and tables are placed so as to break up the rest of the room into smaller enclosures—rooms, as it were, with invisible walls. Thus, at some slight loss, perhaps, of reading accommodation, the architects have removed the last touch of institutional regimentation.

One other feature is worth noting. In their efforts to attract patrons and defend their budgets to their often unsympathetic municipal governments, librarians, even in libraries of old-fashioned design, have tended in recent years to make them look like railroad terminals, plastered with posters and advertisements that plead with their customers to sample their wares. Indeed, when I remarked in print a while ago on the importance of being able to identify a modern library by its design, as easily as a Carnegie Library could be identified in New York, an up-and-coming librarian indignantly reproached me for being an obstructive old fogy, indifferent to the claims of modernity; he told me that the ideal in modern library design is to make a library indistinguishable from a corner drugstore. Without going into *that*, let me emphasize that this building identifies itself to perfection as a library, and nothing else, just by being visibly what it is, without need for any eye-catching displays but books. Anybody who needs more than what is provided here—light and color and books and comfortable chairs, and a garden with bushes, and even a tree—to tempt him into the library had better be kept out, as a potential nuisance. For the purpose it serves in a busy commercial area, this little Mercantile Library seems to me quite as great a success as the vast Bulletin Building. But who dares compare the virtues of a hummingbird and a hippopotamus?

—LEWIS MUMFORD

(*This is the second of a series of articles on the architecture of Philadelphia.*)

•

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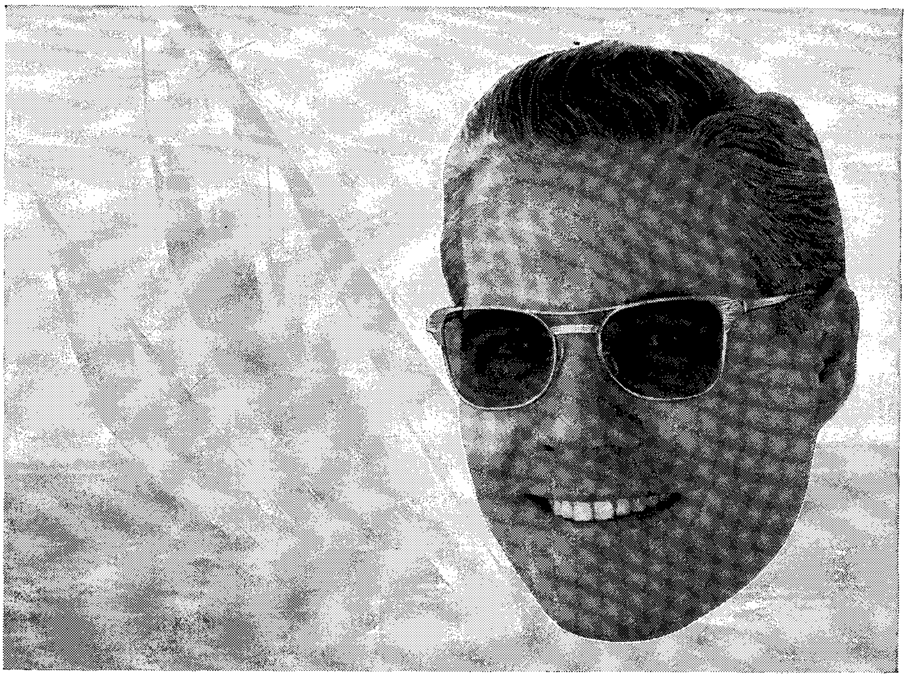

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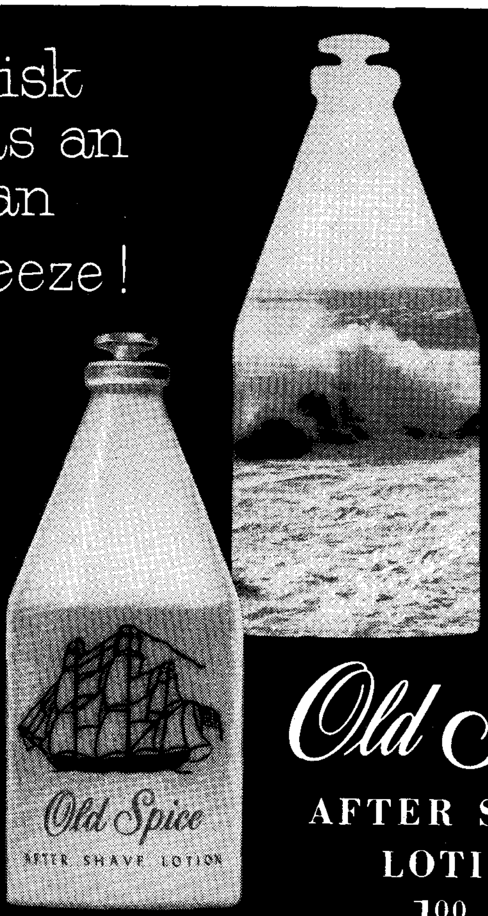

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

ELLIOTT CARTER's "The Minotaur," which can be heard on a new Mercury record, is a striking piece of work, readily recognizable as the product of a contemporary master. An orchestral suite derived from a ballet score he wrote ten years ago, it is lean, supple, and sure, and it expresses the content of the grim myth with admirable skill and dramatic power. The composition is an exciting one even when it is considered apart from the story it underscores, and while it is rhythmically complex and its melodic development very free, it progresses with a wonderful certainty. If the music may be said to have any shortcoming, it is a lack of emotional substance, but I suspect that this is not Carter's fault, because the emphasis of the ballet seems to be on the sensational aspects of the legend, rather than its romantic possibilities, and the score necessarily reflects that emphasis. Furthermore, there are indications that Carter is up to handling emotional situations with conviction. For example, although the pas de deux for Ariadne and Theseus has a cool, neoclassical musical line that is in keeping with the remoteness of the affair, there is an appealing lyricism present, too. And in the opening scene—Queen Pasiphaë's fateful tryst with the sacred bull—there are brief musical phrases that seem to humanize this mythical woman momentarily. As for the performance itself, by the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra, under Howard Hanson's direction, it would be difficult to imagine a more stunning account of this extraordinary score. The recording is also first-rate. On the other side of the record, the same group does full justice to Colin McPhee's "Tabuh-Tabuhan," subtitled "Toccata for Orchestra." An attempt to use the musical idiom of Bali in a Western musical structure, it is top-heavy and unconvincing except for the short middle section, which is a nocturne built around an authentic Balinese flute melody.

M-G-M RECORDS, which has been doing a commendable job of reviving Kurt Weill scores, has just come up with two more Weill recordings. One

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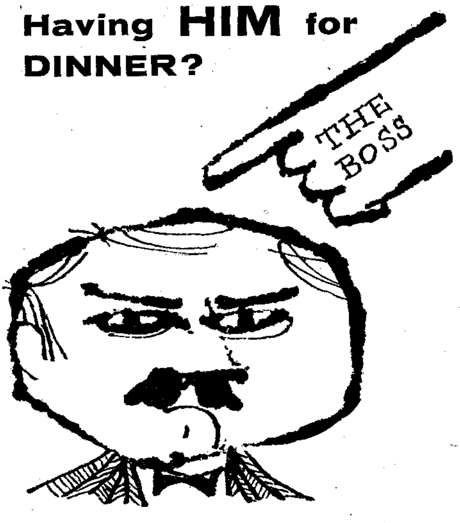

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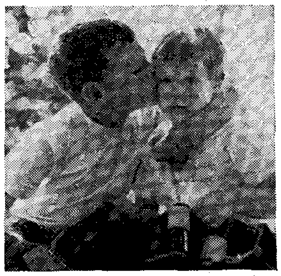
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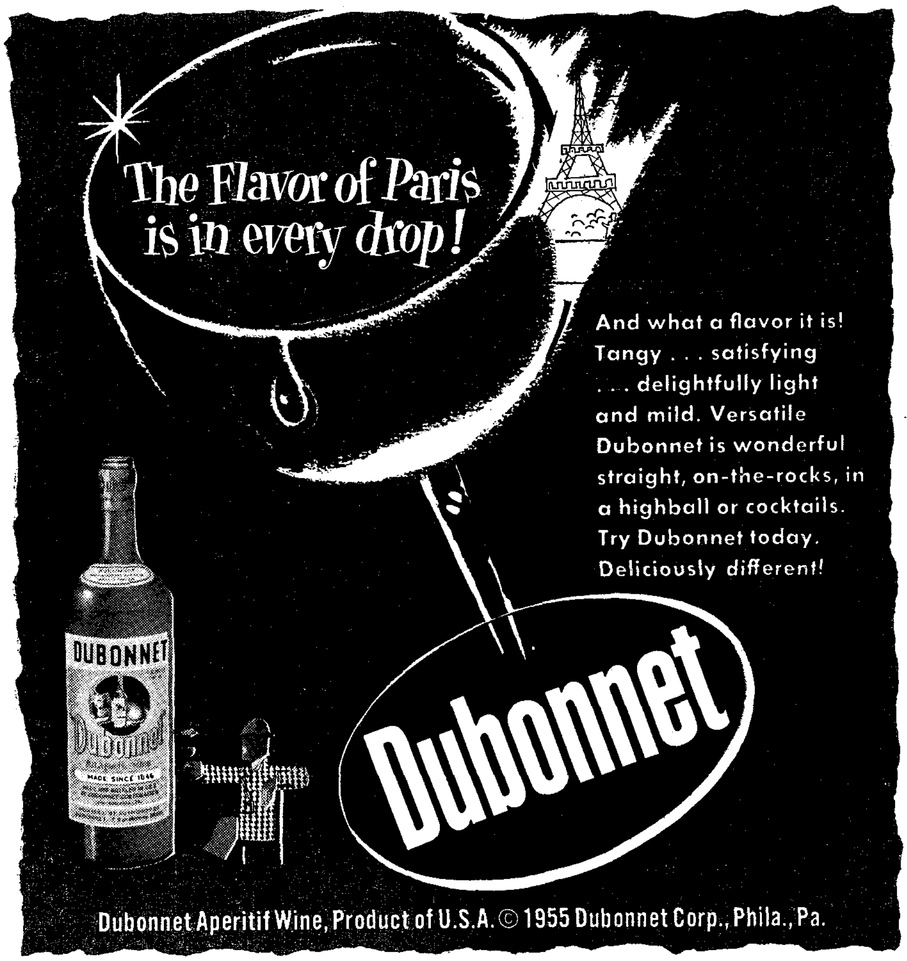
is devoted to "Der Jasager," a two-act opera written in 1930 and designed mainly for the use of amateur and semiprofessional groups. ("Down in the Valley," composed late in his career, is another such work.) The fascinating thing about "Der Jasager," which translates as "The Yes-Sayer," is that it manages to communicate a considerable depth of feeling without posing any great problems for its interpreters. I know I was moved throughout, and found myself profoundly touched by the climactic self-sacrifice of the yes-saying boy. This role, by the way, is sensitively sung by Josef Protschka. The other participants, all of them praiseworthy, too, are Lys Bert, as the mother; Willibald Vohla, as the teacher; the Düsseldorf Children's Chorus; and the Chamber Orchestra of Düsseldorf, directed by Siegfried Kohler.

The second record offers, on one side, an instrumental suite posthumously compiled from three of Weill's Broadway scores, which is expertly performed by a house chamber orchestra. The only weak spot in the music, to my way of thinking, is the rather obvious "Cowboy Song," from "Johnny Johnson." The rest of it—two more excerpts from that show; the "Dance of the Tumblers," from "Lady in the Dark;" and "Gold," from "Lost in the Stars"—is superior stuff of its kind, and hangs together nicely in this form. On the other side, the orchestra traverses the pleasant, if insubstantial, measures of Aaron Copland's "Music for Movies," a suite arranged by the composer from his background stuff for "The City," "Of Mice and Men," and "Our Town."

THE latest in the series of Delius recordings that Columbia has been issuing, mostly by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, is one of the best. Beecham's men give us "Paris," an affectionate tone poem, and "Sea Drift," a setting, for baritone and chorus, of one of Walt Whitman's more celebrated poems. Delius had left Paris a couple of years before he wrote the first work, and it is a lingering backward look at the great city. There are flashes of gaiety (the earliest of these, with its somewhat Moorish theme and the rhythmic beat of tambourines, could lead the unsuspecting listener to assume that the subject was Spanish), but Delius is more concerned with remembered longing, expressed in a manner that is both sweet and touching. "Sea Drift," too, is filled with longing, and the music is frequently of the utmost poignancy. The baritone soloist,



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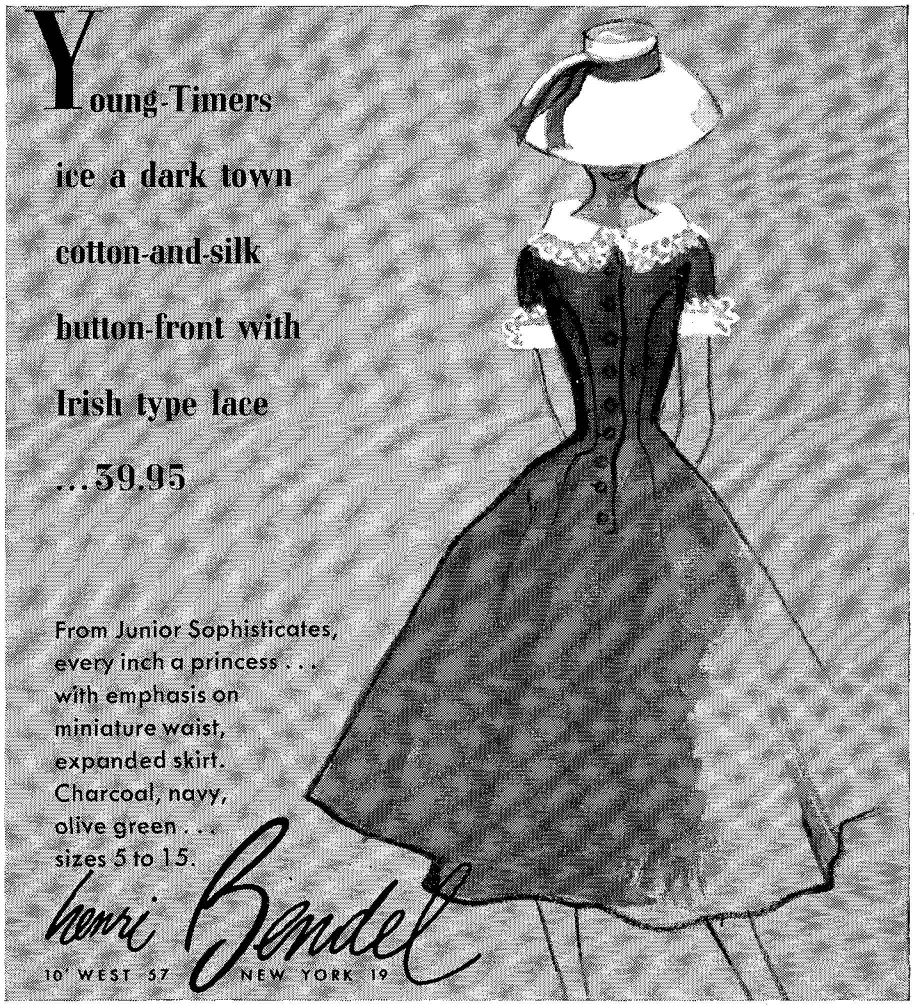

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Bruce Boyce, handles his part ably, except for a string of minor misfortunes with the sibilants, and the chorus work is effective.

ANGEL has lately put out Stravinsky's brief fairy-tale opera "Le Rossignol" in an excellent performance by a French cast and orchestra under the leadership of André Cluytens. Stravinsky wrote the first act in 1909, and didn't get around to the two other acts until four years later; he approached the task then with some misgivings, because of the changes his composing style had undergone. As good luck (and the fellow who dramatized the Hans Christian Andersen story) would have it, the action doesn't really begin until Act II, when we are whisked from a nocturnal landscape into a splendid Chinese court, so the changes worked out very well. Stravinsky, forsaking the appropriately limpid style he had employed for Act I, plunged into the bizarre court scenes with savage glee, filling his pages, and the air of future concert halls, with striking tonal effects and rhythms.

A SPLENDID rendition of Mozart's opera "The Magic Flute" is available in a new Decca set. Singing the principal roles in this recording, made in Germany, are Maria Stader, as Pamina; Ernst Häfliger, as Tamino; Josef Greindl, as Sarastro; Lisa Otto, as Papagena; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, as Papageno; and Rita Streich, as Queen of the Night. The orchestra is the RIAS Symphony, of Berlin, and the conductor is Ferenc Fricsay. . . . Carl Nielsen's Symphony No. 3 ("Sinfonia Espansiva"), a spirited, tightly constructed work in which many lovely themes are resourcefully developed, is attractively performed on an Epic record by the Danish National Orchestra and two singers, who are called upon to do some wordless vocalizing in the second of the four movements. . . . Bach's "Goldberg Variations" are superbly set forth on a new Columbia record by the painstaking young Canadian pianist Glenn Gould, who has what used to be described in piano circles as "a beautiful touch."

—D. W.

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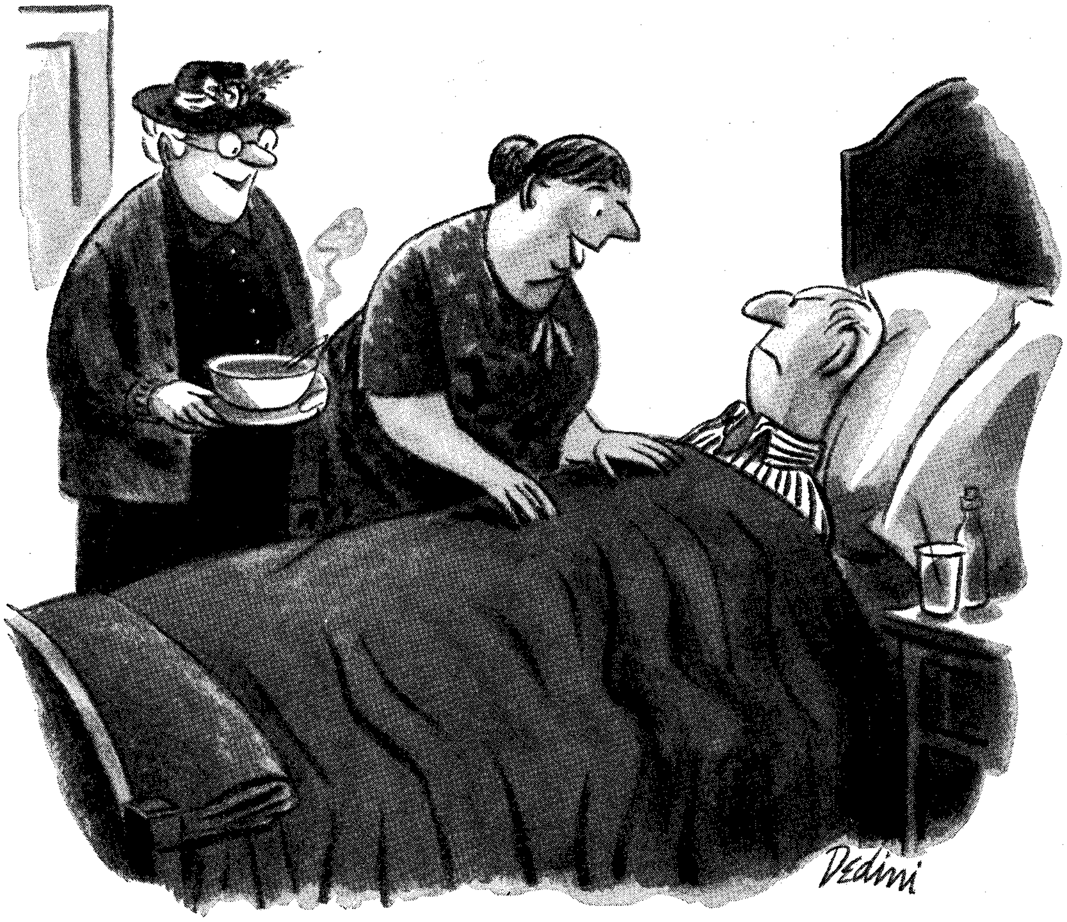
BOOKS

The Grand Monster

“OLYMPIO,” André Maurois's at once brilliantly written and thoroughly scholarly biography of Victor Hugo (Harper), is a book it has been possible to foresee ever since the appearance, nearly twenty years ago, of his biography of Chateaubriand. It was not so much the similarities between the characters of the two men which made it seem inevitable that, having written about the one, M. Maurois would feel compelled to give an account of the other; it was the temptation offered by his description of Chateaubriand's end. On July 4, 1848, Victor Hugo, who was himself the embodiment of the second phase of French romanticism, went to see the creator of its first phase lying on his deathbed. The manuscript of the “Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe” was in a pine box at the end of the plain iron bedstead on which the body lay, and a blind old woman was kneeling at a *prie-dieu* in the room. This was that Mme. Récamier whose youth and beauty had been transformed by the painter David into a symbol—which still retains its validity—of civilized hedonism. Fate, which had been so kind in making her so lovely, had cruelly made her too timid, or too vain, to be capable of loving while she was young, and had preserved her to fall a victim of the most self-centered of egotists in her middle age. When she surrendered herself to Chateaubriand he was already elderly and, out of his depth in the politics of a new era he no longer understood, was becoming absurd. For the last part of her life she was doomed to be a species of psychological nursemaid, perpetually soothing and restoring a damaged vanity. He died at a moment when events had brought him to a point of supreme irrelevance; Paris was shocked and stunned into a sort of coma by the brutalities of the street fighting of June, 1848, and Chateaubriand slipped out of life in the silence. It is typical of the dominant tone of Victor Hugo's life that he should have seen this pitiful anticlimax to two lives devoted so largely to self-admiration, since it was his extraordinary destiny to be involved, at some point, in almost everything that made up the history of France in his time. Indeed, the width of his experience is, as M. Maurois fascinatingly shows, so vast that anyone who claimed its parallel would be suspected of acute megalomania; there is a great deal of truth in Cocteau's joke that “Hugo was a madman who believed himself to be Victor Hugo.”

When he was a child, he and his three brothers had for a playground the enormous run-down garden of a nunnery, just outside Paris, that had been secularized during the Revolution and sold as a private house. The boys were allowed to go anywhere they liked and to do anything they pleased in this garden, so long as they did not investigate the half-ruined chapel at its farther end. The prohibition only excited their interest, and presently they discovered that their mother's lover, General Lahorie, was hiding there. He was then brought into the house, under the name of M. de Courlandais, to become a kind of tutor to the boys. He taught them Latin and indoctrinated them with a hatred of tyranny and tyrants by reading Tacitus with them. After two years, in which Victor Hugo became extremely fond of his teacher, the secret police came and took Lahorie away in a snowstorm, on the next-to-last day of December, 1810. He had been Chief of Staff of the Army of the Rhine, and he was the most active of the Army officers who in 1804 were conspiring to depose Napoleon before he could complete his usurpation of power by making himself emperor. Since then Lahorie had been on the run for six years, hidden for part of that time by Hugo's mother. Hugo saw this blow fall on his mother, and in 1812 he saw her take another. When General Malet tried to seize power, during Napoleon's absence in



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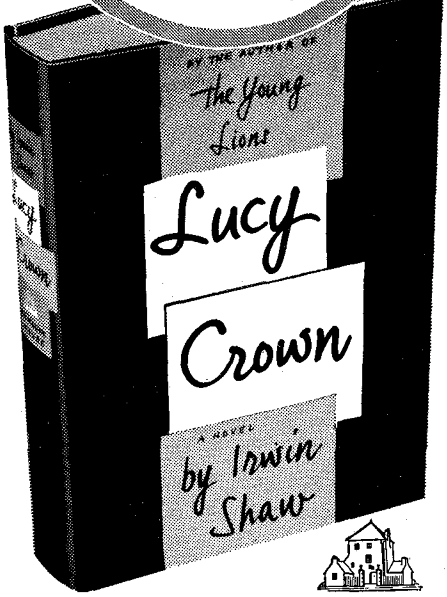

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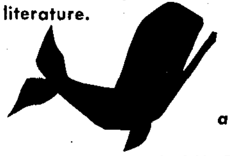

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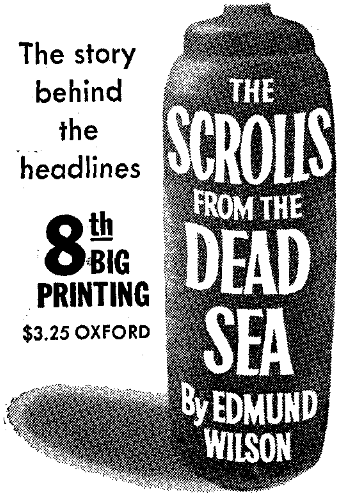
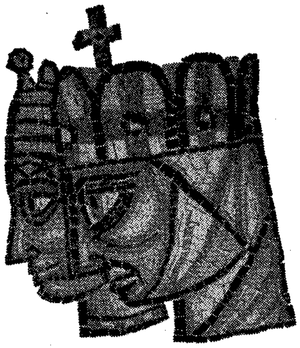


Russia, one of his first acts was to free Lahorie from prison and put him in charge of the police. He was in control for a few hours, until the *coup d'état* failed; then he was taken back to prison to await court-martial and execution. It was Hugo's mother who had acted as intermediary between the General and Lahorie and who had committed him to a part in a conspiracy in which he had no faith.

She had been driven to this measure of desperation by the collapse of all her other hopes of getting Lahorie out of prison. Soon after his arrest she had gone to Madrid, taking her sons with her, to effect a reconciliation with her husband, General Hugo, Count of Siguenza and Governor of Guadalajara. This was a maneuver designed to please Napoleon's brother Joseph, the King of Spain, who liked them both and regretted their separation, and it was also almost certainly a preliminary to begging him to intervene on Lahorie's behalf. For Victor Hugo it meant an excursion into that world of vision recorded in Velázquez's court paintings and in Goya's "Disasters of War." The roads to Madrid, through country held by the resistance against the French-imposed regime, could be passed only by heavily escorted government convoys, and the family joined one of these, travelling in an immense coach drawn by six horses. In Madrid, Hugo's life alternated between the splendors and unrealities of King Joseph's court and the Collège des Nobles, where he slept in a dormitory with a hundred and fifty young Spanish aristocrats, who were in effect hostages, governed by a court fool, a hunchback dressed in a scarlet jacket, blue breeches, and yellow stockings. The Spanish boys naturally hated the son of General Hugo, whose principal occupation as Governor of Guadalajara was repression and reprisal, and the Collège des Nobles became a place of torment. It was a relief for him to escape to his mother's splendid baroque apartment and the state rooms of the Masserano Palace, in which he was allowed to wander, admiring the painted hangings and the ancestral portraits of the legitimate royal house of Spain. In the palace, the ten-year-old boy was made a pet by the fourteen-year-old Pepita, daughter of the Marquise de Monte-Hermoso and already a mistress of King Joseph. This prematurely experienced child left an ineffaceable impression on his mind. When his mother, who had accomplished nothing on her mission, took him back to Paris, his head was filled with splendid images of the



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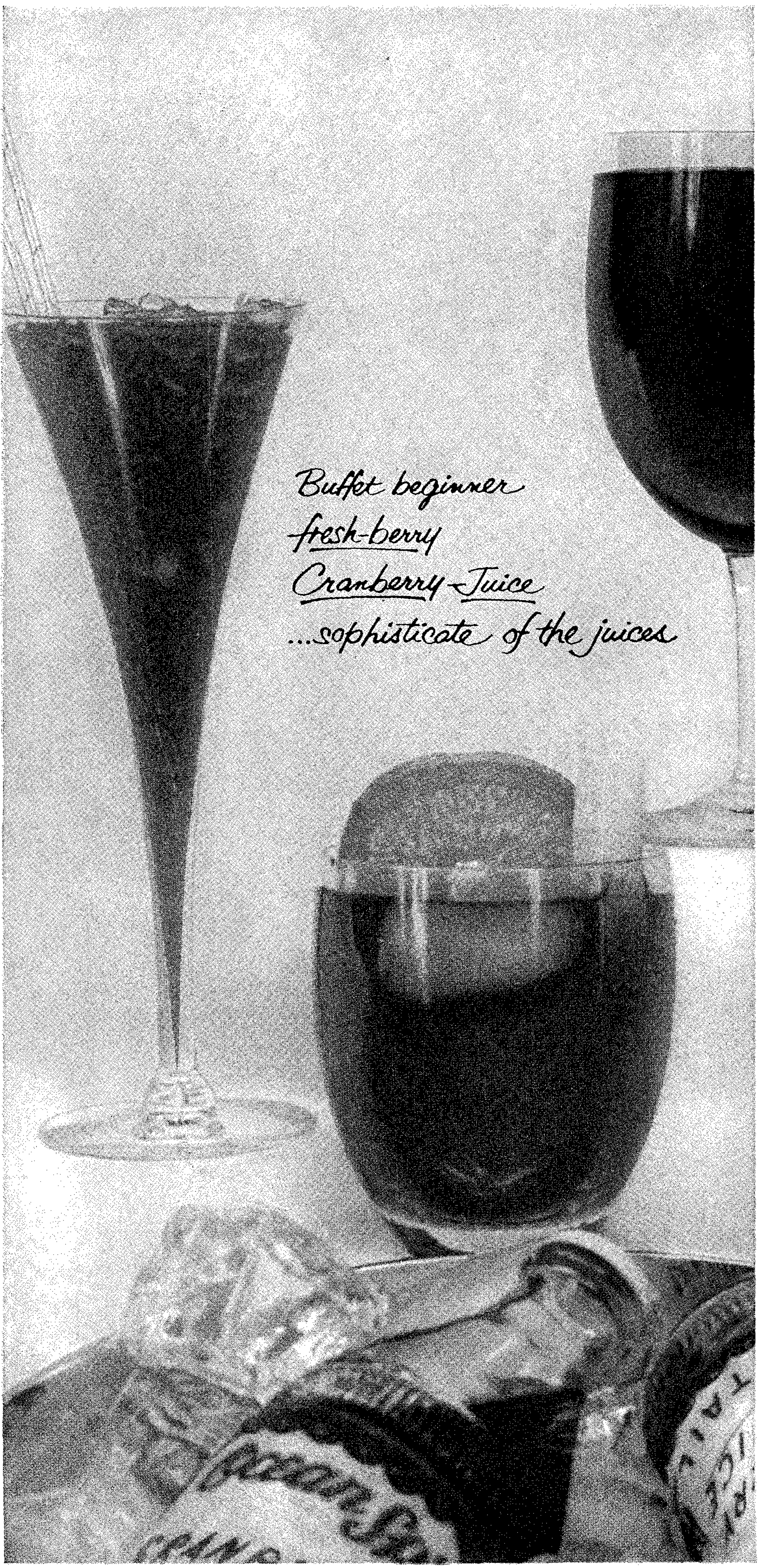

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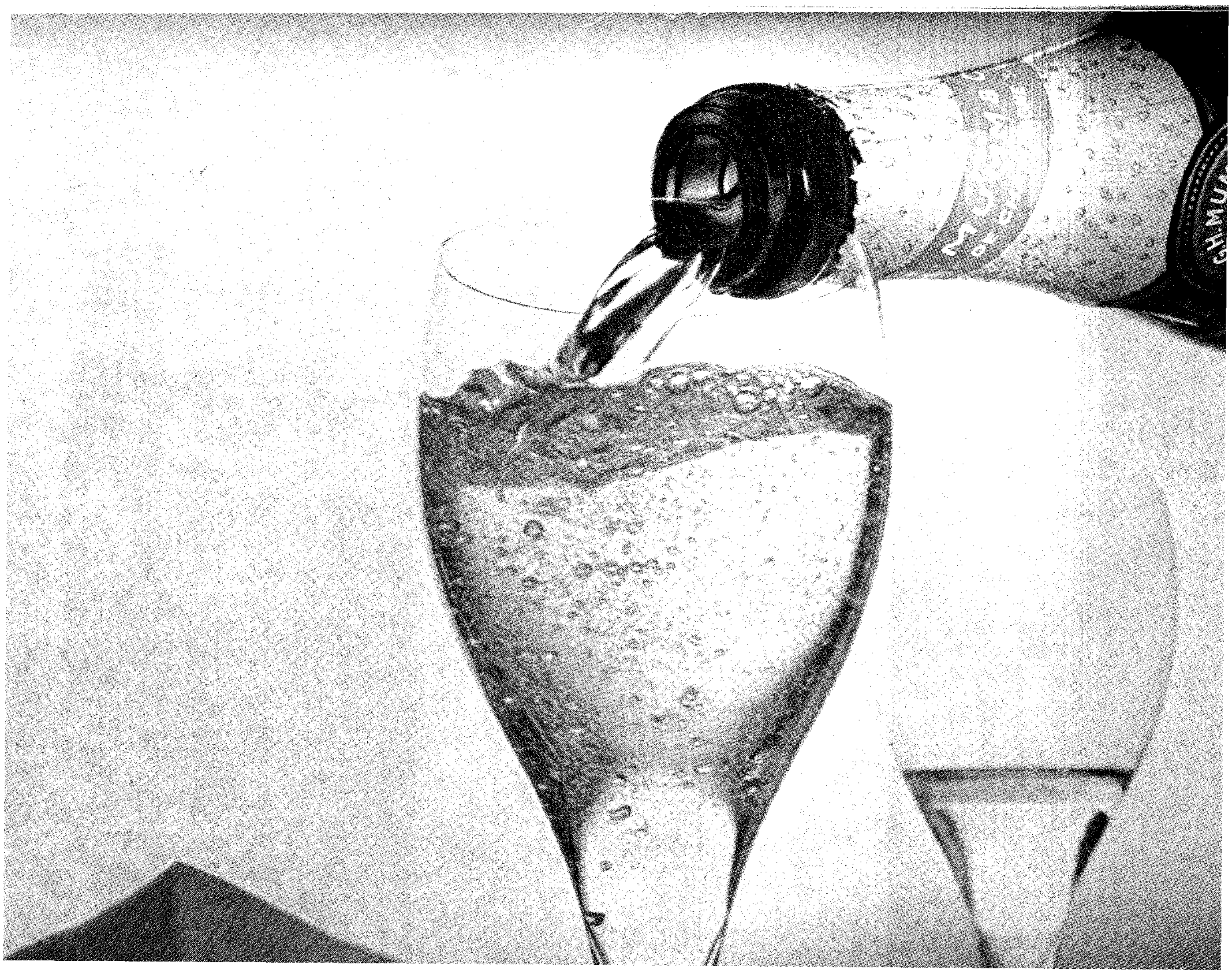
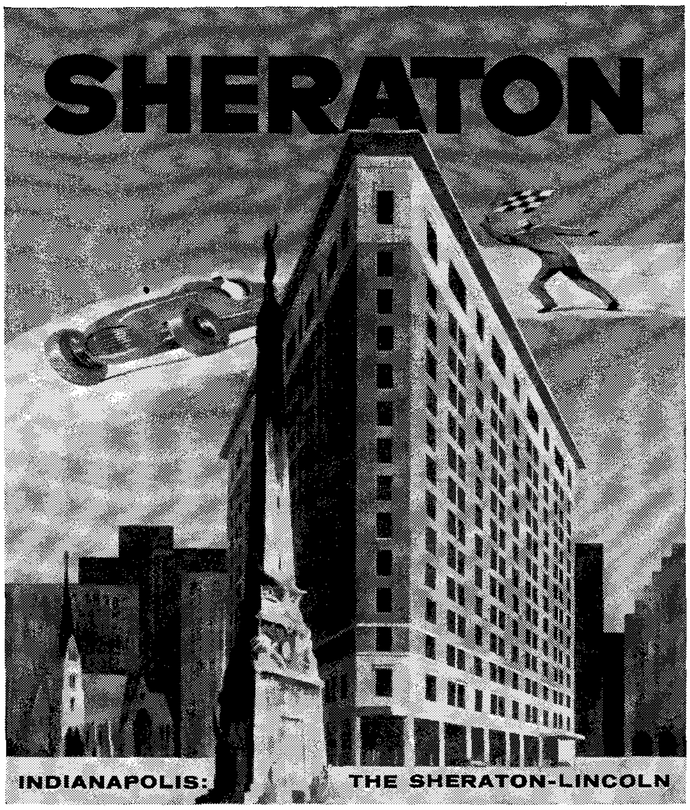

G.H.MUM

fierce nobility of the indomitable Spaniards, of the savage landscape that fed their pride, and of the sombre dignity of Spanish art and architecture, but the image of the dark, uninhibited, and passionate girl came before everything else. She was, though M. Maurois does not pursue the point beyond its effect on Hugo's marriage, to be the fata morgana that he pursued indefatigably and often grotesquely throughout his life.

The first episode in the story of this pursuit is extremely moving. Hugo made the tragic error of marrying a girl he had known since childhood because of her resemblance to his cherished image of Pepita—a girl called Adèle Foucher. Behind the physical façade Hugo associated with Pepita's pride, viciousness, emotional freedom, and sensuality there was a timid, gentle, and kindly woman with a rather low vitality, whose special gifts were motherliness and an unfailing generosity of spirit. They were both altogether inexperienced when they married, and as unconscious of their own natures as of each other's. At first the rush of Hugo's rapid success as a writer and the movement of the life his inexhaustible energy provided obscured the extent of the failure of the marriage, but the awakening ultimately came. In the physical exhaustion following the birth of her fourth child, Adèle realized that her husband was utterly unaware of her character or her needs and that she was being swept along by a storm that was centered on Hugo's own necessities. She turned away to seek a broken spirit for whom her kindness and gentleness would have some meaning. Her husband's friend Sainte-Beuve, the literary critic, was close at hand. As he was haunted by a sense of unworthiness and by a belief that he was unfit to receive the love of any woman who was not a prostitute, Adèle found a perfect fulfillment in quieting his doubts and ending his miseries.

The realization that it was Sainte-Beuve, with his pitiful maladjustment to life, who was Adèle's true complement seems to have made Hugo realize how unlike the image of Pepita she was and to have made him seek her opposite. He found Juliette Drouet, a practical joke who had been prepared for him by fate. She had been the model-mistress of the sculptor Pradier at the age of nineteen, and he had taught her how to further her career on the stage by prostituting herself to managers and backers. She had been the mistress of a Russian sadist, and she had been the



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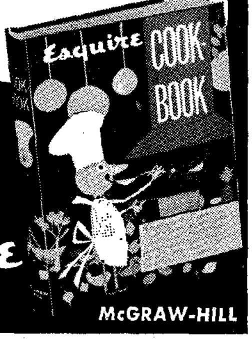

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victim of a journalist who had borrowed money from her and had wanted her to take lessons in depravity in a brothel. Here, surely, was the *vicieuse* of Hugo's secret dreams. In fact, she was the soul of virtue, and from the time they met she was single-mindedly devoted to him, living austerely and worshipping him with absolute fidelity until she died, at the age of seventy-seven, in 1883. There should have been storms of sensuality, infidelities, cruelties, reproaches, breaches, partings, reconciliations, forgiveness, and renewed storms of sensuality in the relationship; instead there was submission and a pure devotion. In a few years the sparkling courtesan capable of anything became a demure, modestly dressed little lady with graying hair, whose conduct was irreproachable. It was this psychological disappointment which introduced the element of the grotesque that was never to be banished from Hugo's life.

In a youthful diary Hugo had said that he wished "to be Chateaubriand or nothing." In 1845 he appeared to have reached that height. Poet, playwright, novelist, and Member of the Academy, he was the literary man of France, he received the confidences of King Louis-Philippe, and in April he was elevated to the peerage as M. le Vicomte Victor Hugo. It was rumored that he was about to be appointed Ambassador to Spain, and it seemed certain that before long he would be a Minister, as Chateaubriand had been. But in July he was surprised *in flagrante delicto* with the pretty wife of the painter Auguste Biard by the Commissary of Police of the Vendôme district. Under the law, both parties were liable to imprisonment, and Hugo escaped only by claiming immunity as a peer. All hopes of the ambassadorship and of the Ministry vanished.

After 1845, rapid alternations between magnificence and bathos were the quality of his life. He was magnificent in 1848, reading the proclamation of the abdication of Louis-Philippe and announcing the regency to hostile mobs in the Place Royale and at the plinth of the July Column in the Place de la Bastille. But he had just come from a ridiculous scene with a young courtesan called Alice Ozy and the painter Chassériau. Chassériau was under the impression that he had persuaded her to leave Hugo's son Charles to become his mistress, and he had fainted dead away when he realized that it was her surrender to Hugo that had driven Charles off and that she was not his exclusive property. Hugo was magnificent again

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It was there that Marie Mercier came to him. Her husband had been Governor of the Mazas Prison under the Commune, and he had been shot without trial by the government of Versailles. She had followed his body, on a wagon loaded with corpses, to a mass grave in the Bercy Cemetery, and had then fled. Hugo has recorded how deeply she touched him "with her grief, her loneliness, the melancholy charm of her eighteen years, and the tears which lay like pearls on her pink cheeks under her crape veil." He comforted her with "praises of all that my husband and I had loved—liberty, justice, the Republic," and he went on, with what had become a kind of automatism, to add God, Immortality, the flowers, trees, the Infinite, and love, and to make her, too, his mistress.

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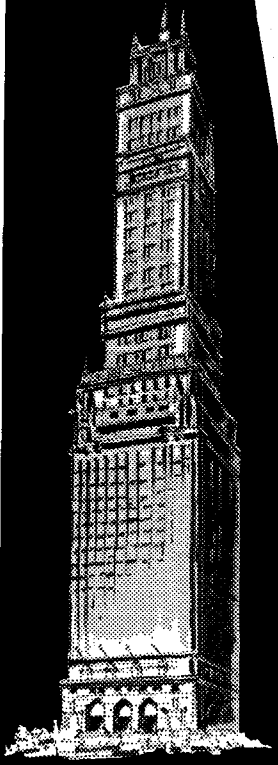

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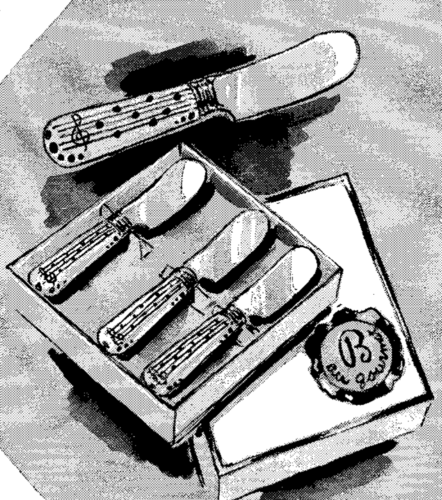

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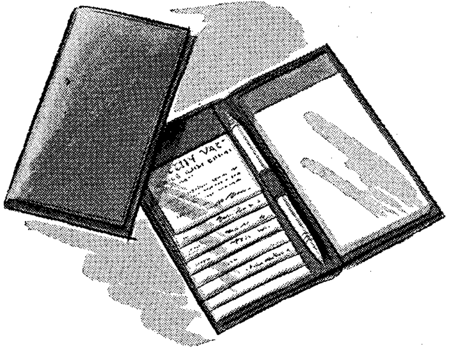

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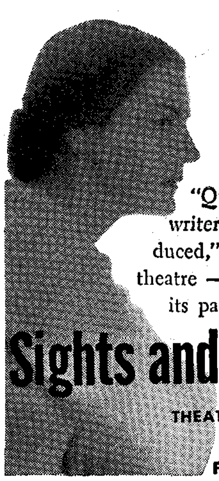

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as a man and as a writer. While not in any way wishing to denigrate a book for which it is possible only to be grateful, one must remark that this apologia for the biography was unnecessary. In 1949 we saw Victor Hugo shouldering his way past André Gide to occupy a major position in the "Anthology of French Poetry" Gide had edited for the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade of the *Nouvelle Revue Française.* In his introduction to it, M. Gide told of the agonizing attempt he had made to diminish Hugo's role in the name of taste, restraint, and sensibility. But despite all the vulgarities of thought and the barbarisms of language ("*Qu'Othman, fils d'Ortogul, vive en chacun de vous*"), and the automatism that made him throw out perfect lines even in the delirium of his last hours ("*C'est ici le combat du jour et de la nuit*"), he was not to be denied. The old monster who had devoured all his children (only one survived him, and at the expense of going mad), the obsessed sexual athlete, the merchant of the obvious about God, Immortality, the Infinite, and the Nation, was a poet, and perhaps the greatest French poet. For better or for worse, the vast flood of his work was a substantial part of the main stream of French literature in the nineteenth century and colors all of it, as Baudelaire admitted. There has been no loss in the magic of his images, or in the sustained power of his work, since he compelled Gide's grudging submission in that introductory essay, written a decade ago. The poet and his work are in fact alive, and it is their abundant vitality that justifies and illuminates M. Maurois's unforgettable and altogether enjoyable study.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FOR ALL WE KNOW, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan). Miss Stern has the material for a wonderful London novel here, but her attitude is so capricious and offhand as she tells one bit of the plot and then another that it is hard to make anything at all of what she puts before us. We perceive that there are a good many provocative people in the story, and that something scandalous is going on among them—or has been going on among them—but the tale is too long-drawn-out; first we lose interest, and presently our patience goes. The central figure, as far as one exists here, is Gillian Aylesford, a young member of a brilliant family of de-

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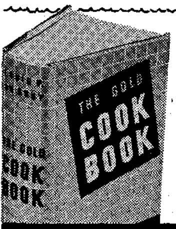

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termined individualists, and the only really clear fact about Gillian is that she appointed herself the family biographer and then did the job badly.

A House in Peking, by Robert Payne (Doubleday). Mr. Payne's novel can hardly be called exhilarating, and the picture he gives of imperial life in eighteenth-century China may not be entirely truthful, but he embroiders in bright and pleasing colors, and his account of conspiracy and romance in the Emperor's household is lively and soothing. Most important to the plot, besides the aged Emperor and the mysterious enemy who tries to assassinate him, are a splendidly beautiful red-haired concubine and a handsome and gloomily voluptuous young prince.

The Girl He Left Behind, by Marion Hargrove (Viking). A fortunately unpretentious jest about the new Army and how it makes a man out of a spoiled youth named Andrew Sheaffer.

GENERAL

King James VI and I, by D. Harris Willson (Holt). The character of the man who succeeded Queen Elizabeth I was a puzzling one, and no wonder. His mother conspired to murder his father, and later her head was chopped off for another offense. He became King of Scotland at the age of thirteen months, and although he spent most of his youth as a semi-prisoner—a pawn of high politics—and in deep poverty, he never relinquished the notion that royal personages were divine. There was a religious ambivalence in him—he was a Protestant, his mother a Catholic—and a sexual ambivalence, too; he had a very pronounced liking for the company of men, and in one of his last letters he addressed the young Duke of Buckingham as his "sweet child and wife," and signed himself "thy dear dad and purveyor." This biography, which is nicely written and graced with a scholarly wit, sticks close to the facts and paints a sharp portrait of a complex man—learned and rather talented in letters, vain, religious, prurient, alcoholic, athletic, and bad-mannered—who was probably as baffled as he was baffling.

Minority Report, by H. L. Mencken (Knopf). A collection of ripsnorting *pensées* that the author was preparing for publication at the time of his incapacitating stroke in 1948. It is thus, despite its posthumous appearance, al-

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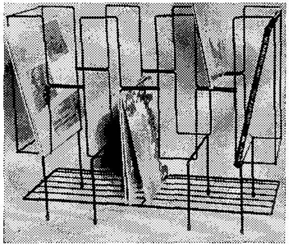

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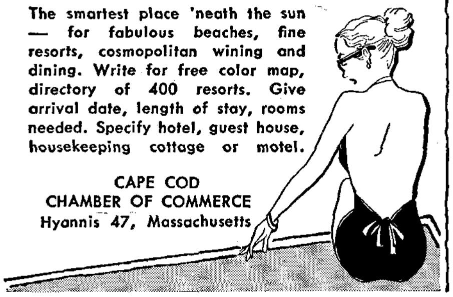

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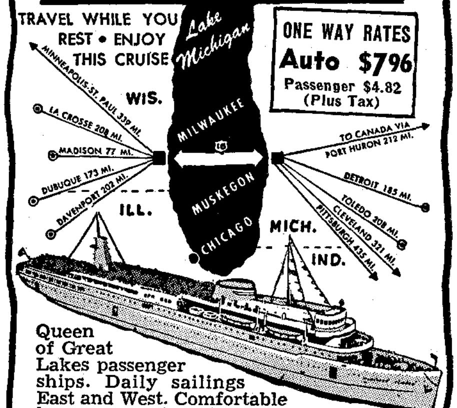

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together a Menckenian product. It is also, with its brain-tickling shrewdness and its hair-raising prejudice, as happy a last testament of a great man as we could possibly ask for.

MAN UNDER THE SEA, by James Dugan (Harper). A fascinating account of man's submarine experiments, from the age of Alexander the Great down to the mid-twentieth century and its rash of enthusiasts with goggles, Aqua-Lungs, and spears, who bid fair to annihilate the fish population of the Mediterranean and the coastal waters of Florida and California. Mr. Dugan writes about the evolution of the submarine, adventures in marine salvage and treasure hunting, pearl fishing and underwater spelunking, and such persons as William Beebe, Georges Houot, who has descended, in a bathyscaphe, to the greatest depth ever reached by man, and, of course, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau and his little company of dedicated divers. The book, which is illustrated with good photographs and many drawings, describes the food, minerals, and chemicals lying under the surface of the sea, which have recently become a sort of international political football, with nation after nation revising its maritime claims and rights. A thoroughgoing, expert book.

AMERICA, I LIKE YOU, by P. G. Wodehouse (Simon & Schuster). An autobiographical effort that melts into a potpourri practically on the first page, which may be because the author is a man in whom amiability is almost a vice. When Mr. Wodehouse's publishers put him up to writing his memoirs, we learn, he told them that he couldn't remember anything much, and that such anecdotes as he could recall—of noted people, for example—lacked point, but Mr. Simon and Mr. Schuster apparently urged him to go ahead and write a book anyway. There are pleasant moments in it—Mr. Wodehouse says some merry things about his favorite reading matter, the masthead of *Time*, and he has an interesting theory about the relationship between shaving and literary criticism, maintaining that a man with a two-day beard cannot write a favorable review—but in what purports to be an account of a fifty-year *affaire de cœur* with the United States there is hardly one recognizable fact. Drawings by Marc Simont, and very nice ones, too.

AT HOME IN INDIA, by Cynthia Bowles

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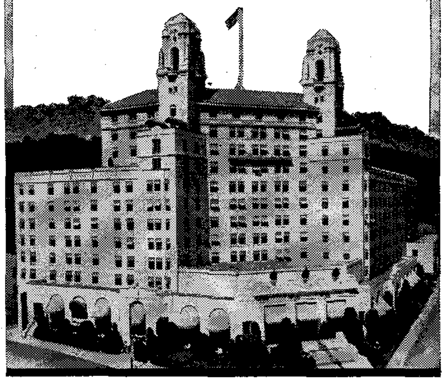

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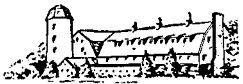

(Harcourt, Brace). Miss Bowles, the daughter of our former Ambassador to India, was fifteen when she went to New Delhi with her family in 1951, and much of this book was written during her two-year stay there. Confining her story to what she did and saw—she has little to say about her father's mission—she tells us about the public school where she studied, side by side with Hindu, Moslem, Sikh, and Buddhist children; about the friends she made and her visits to their homes; about her summer jobs, in a children's hospital and a public-health clinic; and about Indian village life as she encountered it in her travels. All this is vivid, intelligent, and provocative, and Miss Bowles appears to have been a valuable, if self-effacing, adjunct to the American Embassy. Photographs.

NAPOLEON I, by Albert Guérard (Knopf). Another Great Life in Brief, and one that does credit even to that generally excellent series. Not only has Mr. Guérard brought off the enormous feat of illuminating the whole of Napoleon's career (martial, marital, and mythical) in something like fifty-five thousand words but, by the lucidity of his insight ("In him, personality was more than egotism, more even than egomania; it reached the level of solipsism") and the firmness of his style ("That there should be an independent power, even a friendly one, was to him an insufferable affront"), he has produced something very close to a genuine work of art.

LANGUAGE, THOUGHT, AND REALITY, by Benjamin Lee Whorf (Wiley-Technology Press of M.I.T.). Mr. Whorf, a fire-prevention engineer who died in 1941, at the age of forty-four, had a scintillating avocational career as a theoretical linguist, and his friend John B. Carroll has edited a posthumous selection of his papers. Stuart Chase, who has done much to popularize the so-called "Whorfian hypothesis"—that the ways in which we think and perceive are ultimately dependent on the structure of our language—contributes a glowing foreword, comparing Whorf to Einstein and William James. Some of the papers are forbiddingly studded with charts and equations, but others—among them an essay showing why Hopi is superior to English as a scientific language, a criticism of Basic English as Complex English, and an account of the

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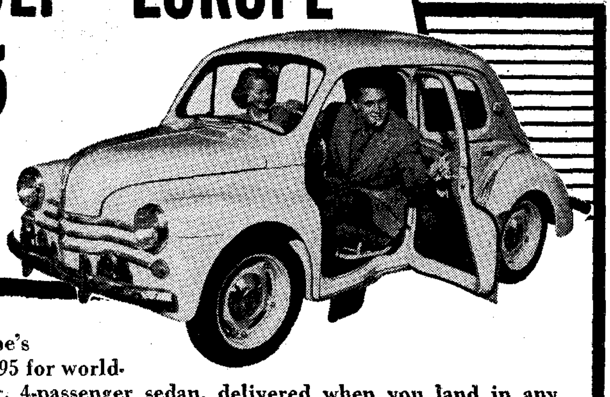

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D. H. LAWRENCE: NOVELIST, by F. R. Leavis (Knopf). An exegesis in awesome depth of Lawrence's brilliance as it manifested itself in "The Rainbow," "Women in Love," "St. Mawr," and a handful of shorter works. The author's all but evangelical purpose (and one that he never lets us forget for a moment) is to demonstrate that Lawrence was "the great creative genius of our age, and one of the greatest figures in English literature," "one of the great masters of comedy," and "the supreme master" of the short story. It would be hard to deny that recent fashions in literary preference have tended to obscure Lawrence's gifts, but it is equally hard to believe that Mr. Leavis's extravagant contentions do much to clarify the problem. And since he finds it impossible to celebrate Lawrence without thrashing his detractors with bad temper and invective, he ends by merely vexing us.

TOSCANINI AND THE ART OF ORCHESTRAL PERFORMANCE, by Robert Charles Marsh (Lippincott). This latest addition to the long list of books dealing with the most noted maestro of modern times is concerned with his methods and his craftsmanship, rather than with his personality. Its chief value lies in a complete and well-documented survey of Toscanini's recorded music, with a perceptive critical appraisal of each record.

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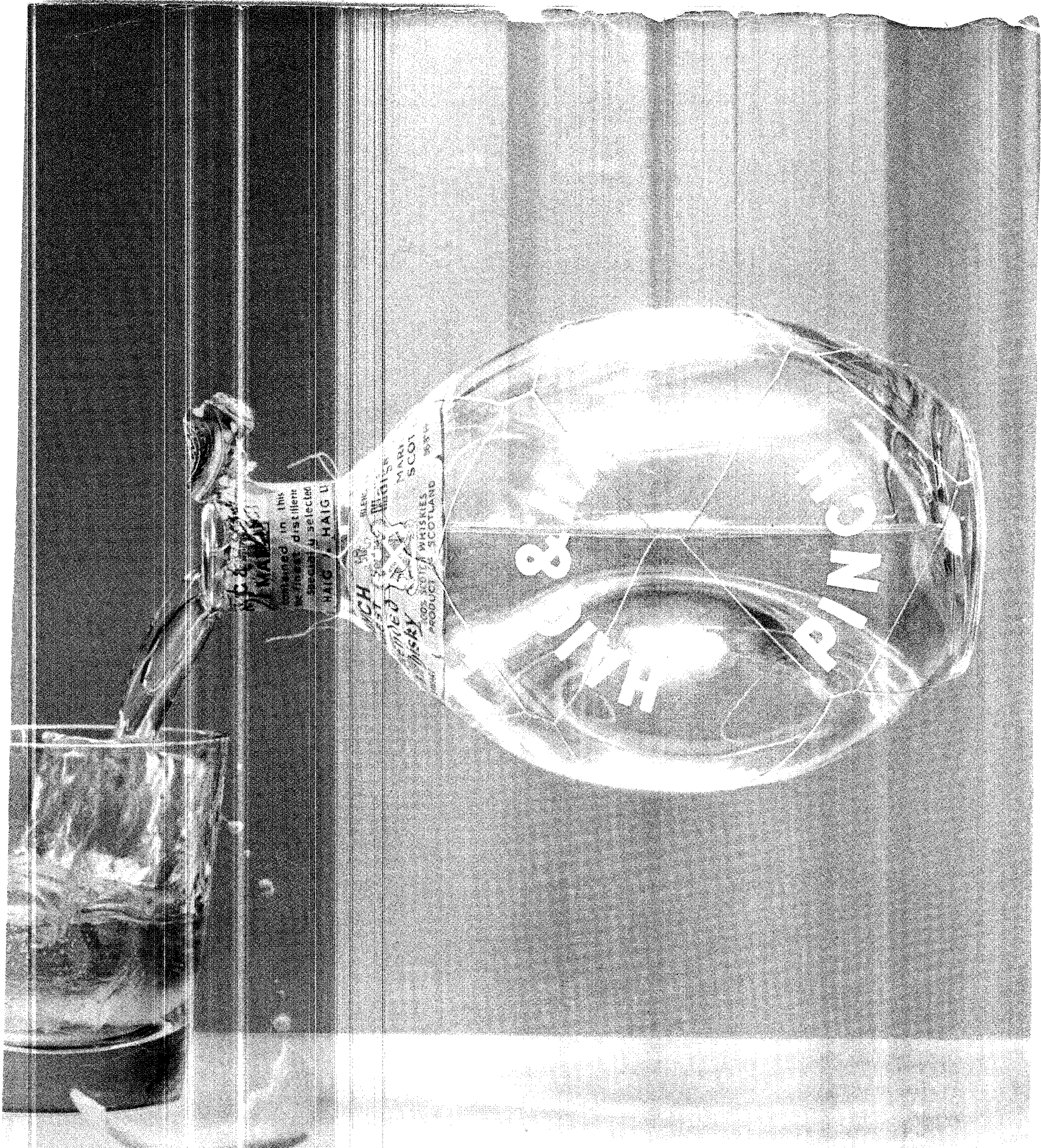

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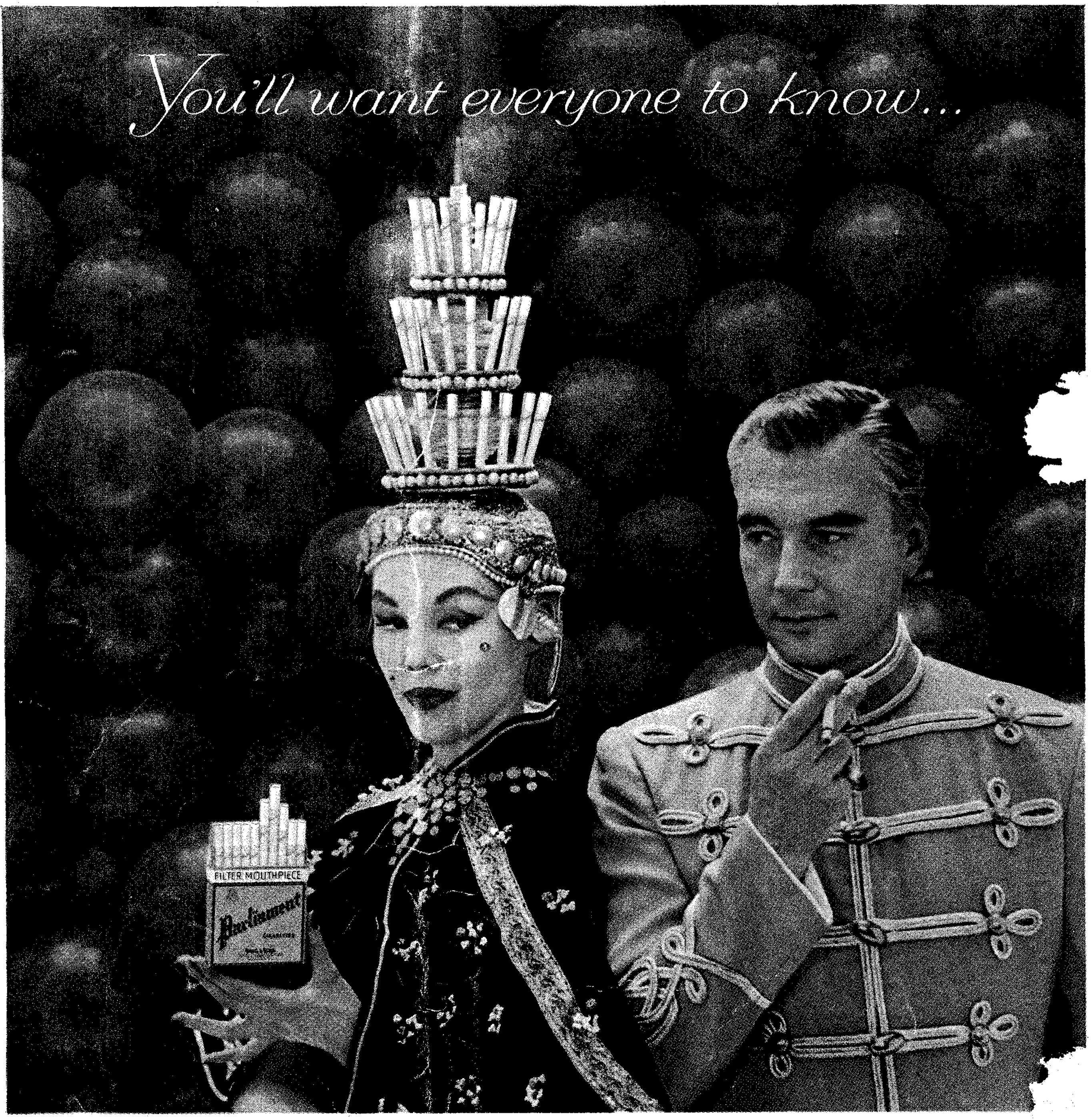
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